We read their monuments; we sigh, & while
We sigh, we sink, & are what we deplor'd.
Lamenting or lamented, all our lot.

NIGHT THOUGHTS

ON

LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY,

with his

POEM on the LAST DAY

and a PARAPHRASE on

Part of the BOOK of JOB; by the late

D^R YOUNG.

to which are added

the LIFE of the AUTHOR, with NOTES,

Illuſtrations & a Complete Index

By W. WARING,

late of Magdalen-College, Oxford

VOL. II.

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NIGHT the EIGHTH.

VIRTUE's APOLOGY:

OR,

The MAN *of the* WORLD *Answered.*

In which are Considered,

The LOVE *of* This LIFE;

The AMBITION *and* PLEASURE, *with the* WIT *and* WISDOM, *of the* WORLD.

The ARGUMENT.
BOOK VIII.

THE author alludes to the proofs contained in the foregoing book in defence of immortality.—Man of the world, a reproachful epithet.—Addreſs to Lorenzo.—The omnipotence of God diſplayed.—Baſeneſs in chooſing a life whoſe grand objects are pleaſure, grandeur, gold.—Various purſuits of mankind.—The deceits of time and fortune.—Addreſs to the Deity.—Vanity of worldly ambition.—The author's alluſion to the ocean.—Complaint, the ſure attendant of our reſearches.—The author directs Lorenzo's attention to his ſon Florella.—Unhappy conſequences of an early introduction to worldly vices.—Alluſion to Machiavel.—Deceit and diſguiſe deſcribed, with their ſchemes and views.—Meanneſs required in the majority of public poſts.—The calls of ambition.—Man to be judged not from outward appearances.—Excellence of an honeſt heart.—The ever impending dangers attendant on pride.—Review of pleaſure.—From thence ariſes every malignant ſcheme.—Happineſs not the effect of chance or fortune.—The nature, purpoſe, and parentage of pleaſure.—The author ſtrengthens his arguments in a comparative conſideration of piety, virtue, and humanity.—The united excellencies of faith, praiſe, and prayer.—Reproach to Lorenzo on his neglect of religious rites.—Mirth, an empty comfort to the diſturbed mind.—The folly, and even immorality of laughter.—Pains, the real ſtream of pleaſure.—Joy, in one ſenſe, laudable, in another, the contrary.—What is meant by virtue and vice.—Happineſs not real, unleſs freed from envy.—Reaſon inconſiſtent with ſudden ſallies of delight.—The ſuperior value of worth.—The guilt and follies of imagination.—Peculiar merits of patience and reſignation.—Comparative examination of mortal and immortal man.—The author beautifully paints the religious man, who, tho' on earth, looks on eternity as his grand and future felicity.—No real bliſs unleſs in immortality.—Reproachful admonitions to Lorenzo.—Omnipotence of wit.—The folly and contempt of a half-wit.—Baleful conſequences of a diſſolute life.—Morality and common ſenſe introduced to the reader's attention, as the only real origin of felicity.

THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the EIGHTH.

VIRTUE'S APOLOGY:

OR,

The MAN *of the* WORLD *Answered.*

In which are Conſidered,

The LOVE *of* This LIFE;

The AMBITION *and* PLEASURE, *with the* WIT *and* WISDOM, *of the* WORLD.

AND has all nature, then, eſpous'd my part?
Have I brib'd heav'n, and earth, to plead againſt thee!
And is thy ſoul *immortal?*—What remains?
All, all, LORENZO!—Make immortal, bleſt.
Unbleſt immortals!—What can ſhock us more?

Line 1. *And has all nature, then, eſpous'd my part?*]
Alluding to the former Book, line 1138.
Lorenzo! thou haſt ſeen (if thine to ſee)
All nature and her God, (by nature's courſe,
And na ure's courſe controul'd) declare for me
The ſkies above proclaim "Immortal Man!"

And yet LORENZO ſtill affects *the world*;
There, ſtows his treaſure; thence, his title draws,
Man of the world! (for ſuch wouldſt thou be call'd)
And art thou proud of that inglorious ſtyle?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it *was*,
In ancient days; and CHRISTIAN,—in an age,
When men were men, and not aſham'd of heaven,
Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.
Sprinkled with dews from the *Caſtalian* font,
Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer
A purer ſpirit, and a nobler name.
Thy fond attachments fatal, and inflam'd,
Point out my path, and dictate to my ſong:
To thee, *the world how fair!* how ſtrongly ſtrikes
Ambition! and gay *pleaſure* ſtronger ſtill!
Thy triple bane! thy triple bolt, that lays
Thy virtue dead! be *theſe* my triple theme;
Nor ſhall thy *wit*, or *wiſdom*, be forgot.
Common the theme; not ſo the ſong; if ſhe
My ſong invokes, URANIA, deigns to ſmile.

Line 10. ——————*For a reproach it was.*] Our Saviour's addreſs to the multitude, delivered to us in St. Matthew, Chap. XXIII. exemplifies how contrary to chriſtianity was held the prevailing attachment to worldly purſuits and honours. The Redeemer of mankind reproaches the phariſees with their intereſted views; and concludes his arguments with this momentous conſequence, "Behold, your houſe is left unto you deſolate."

Line 14. *Sprinkled with dews from the Caſtalian font.*] This fountain was at the foot of Parnaſſus, ſacred to Apollo and the muſes, and ſituated in Bæotia.

Line 25. *My ſong invokes, Urania, deigns to ſmile.*] Urania was one of the nine muſes, and peculiarly preſided over aſtrology. The author here addreſſes her as replete with religious inſpiration. Virgil, in his review of the particular duties allotted to each muſe, has this line on Urania:

Uranie cœli motus ſcrutatur, et aſtra
Signat cuncta manu.——————

The

The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
If ſhe diſſolves, the *man of earth*, at once,
Starts from his trance, and ſighs for other ſcenes;
Scenes, where theſe ſparks of night, theſe *ſtars* ſhall ſhine
Unnumber'd ſuns (for all things, as they *are*,
The bleſt behold); and, in one glory, pour
Their blended* blaze on man's aſtoniſht ſight;
A blaze,—the leaſt illuſtrious object *there*.
LORENZO! ſince *eternal* is at hand,
To ſwallow *time*'s ambitions; as the vaſt
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride
High on the foaming billow; what avail
High titles, high deſcent, attainments high,
If unattain'd our *higheſt?* O LORENZO!
What lofty thoughts, theſe elements above,

---

* United glories.

Line 34. *Lorenzo! ſince eternal is at hand.*] The ravages of time, the vanity of human ambition, even to thoſe who diſbelieve a future ſtate, muſt operate in a manner ſomewhat forcible, when they conſider, in how irreſiſtible, how untimely a cloſe, their fondeſt wiſhes muſt aſſuredly terminate. Horace, who naturally, tho' not religiouſly, deſpiſed ſuch momentary greatneſs, has the following lines in his Ode to Delius:

Dives-ne, priſco natus ab Inacho,
Nil intereſt, an pauper, et infima,
De gente ſub dio moreris
Victima nil miſerantis Orci.

Book II. Ode 3.

Line 36. *Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride.*] I cannot recommend the reader to a more poetical, or completely excellent deſcription of the Leviathan, than in our author's Paraphraſe on the Book of Job:

His paſtimes, like a cauldron, boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the riſing mud;
The billows feel him, as he works his way;
His hoary footſteps ſhine along the ſea.

What tow'ring hopes, what ſallies from the ſun,
What grand ſurveys of deſtiny divine,
And pompous* preſage of unfathom'd fate,
Should roll in boſoms, where a ſpirit burns,
Bound for eternity! in boſoms read
By *Him*, who foibles in archangels ſees!
On human hearts *He* bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in heav'n's regiſter inrolls,
The riſe, and progreſs, of each option there;
Sacred to doomſday! *That* the page unfolds,
And ſpreads us to the gaze of gods and men.
And what an option†, O LORENZO! thine?
This world! and this, unrivall'd by the ſkies!
A world, where luſt of *pleaſure*, *grandeur*, *gold*,
Three *demons* that divide its realms between them,
With ſtrokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's reſtleſs heart, their ſport, their flying ball;
Till, with the giddy circle, ſick, and tir'd,
It pants for peace, and drops into deſpair.
Such is the world LORENZO ſets above
That glorious *promiſe* angels were eſteem'd
Too *mean* to bring; a promiſe, their *Ador'd*
Deſcended to communicate, and preſs,

---

* Momentous forethought of a deſtiny, whoſe wonders we are unable to comprize.

† Acceptable wiſh.

Line 48. *And marks, and in heav'n's regiſter inrolls.*] An alluſion to Book II. Line 276.

Line 55. *Three demons that divide its realms between them.*] There is a beauty and natural imagery in this ſentiment, which we cannot fail admiring. The revolutions of every individual pleaſure, the varied bent of man's mind and affections, are ſo many, and ſo contradictory oppoſitions, that the ſimilarity of thought alluded to, is expreſſed with peculiar aptneſs.

By

By counſel, miracle, life, death, on man.
Such is the world LORENZO's wiſdom wooes,
And on its thorny pillow ſeeks repoſe;
A pillow, which, like opiates ill-prepar'd,
Intoxicates, but not compoſes; fills
The viſionary mind with gay chimeras,
All the wild traſh of ſleep, without the reſt;
What *unfeign'd* travel, and what dreams of joy!
How frail, men, things! how momentary, both!
Fantaſtic chaſe, of ſhadows hunting ſhades!
The *gay*, the *buſy*, equal, tho' unlike;
Equal in wiſdom, differently wiſe!
Through flow'ry meadows, and through dreary waſtes,
One buſtling, and one dancing, into death.
There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
Betrays ſome ſecret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him ſick of ſeeing more.
The ſcenes of *buſineſs* tells us---"What are men;"
The ſcenes of *pleaſure*---"What is all beſide:"
There, others we deſpiſe; and *here*, ourſelves.
Amid *diſguſt* eternal, dwells delight?
'Tis *approbation* ſtrikes the ſtring of joy.
What wond'rous prize has kindled this career,

Line 77. *One buſtling, and one dancing, into death.*] However oppoſitely the courſe of life may tend, Death, a fixed centre, is the goal which nature obliges us conſtantly to keep in view. Horace, Book III. Ode 1. deſcribes man's different purſuits all terminating in a natural and worldly ſenſe, at one fixed point:

Moribus hic, melior quæ fama
Contendat: illi turba clientium
Sit major: Æqua lege neceſſitas
Sortitur, inſignes & imos
Omne capax movet urna nomen.

Stung

Stuns with the din*, and choaks us with the duſt,
On life's gay ſtage, one inch above the grave?
The *proud* run up and down in queſt of eyes;
The *ſenſual*, in purſuit of ſomething worſe;
The *grave*, of gold; the *politic*, of power;
And all, of other butterflies, as vain!
As eddies draw things frivolous†, and light,
How is man's heart by *vanity* drawn in;
On the ſwift circle of returning toys, [ingulph'd‡,
Whirl'd, ſtraw-like, round and round, and then
Where gay deluſion darkens to deſpair!
"*This is a beaten track.*"---Is this a track
Should *not* be beaten? Never beat enough,
Till enough learnt the truths it would inſpire.
Shall truth be ſilent, becauſe folly *frowns*?

---

* Tumultuous noiſe. † Trifling.

‡ Immerſed in the ocean.

Line 88. *On life's gay ſtage, one inch above the grave?*] The author alludes to a former ſentiment, Book II. Line 360.

Life's little ſtage is a ſmall eminence,
Inch high the grave above.

Line 89. *The proud run up and down in queſt of eyes.*]

Hunc, ſi mobilium turba quiritium
Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus.

Horace, Book I. Ode 1.

Line 92. *And all, of other butterflies, as vain!*] This poignant turn of wit is aptly directed, and very pleaſingly introduced. The grand aim of thought contained in this page, is on a ſimilar plan with Horace's Ode to Mæcenas.

Line 96. *Whirl'd, ſtraw-like, round and round, and then ingulph'd.*] Our author's compariſon of vanity to an eddy, is highly worthy commendation. The natural imagery with which he deſcribes a whirlpool, is evidently taken from Virgil's firſt Æneid:

Aſt illam ter fluctus ibidem
Torquet agens circum, & rapidus vorat æquore vortex.

Line 116.

Turn

Turn the world's hiſtory; what find we there,
But *fortune*'s ſports, or *nature*'s cruel claims,
Or *woman*'s artifice, or *man*'s revenge,
And endleſs inhumanities on man?
Fame's trumpet ſeldom ſounds, but, like the knell,
It brings bad tidings: how it hourly blows
Man's miſadventures round the liſt'ning world!
Man is the tale of narrative old *Time*;
Sad tale! which high as *paradiſe* begins;
As if, the toil of travel to delude,
From ſtage to ſtage, in his eternal round,
The *Days*, his daughters, as they ſpin our hours
On *Fortune*'s wheel, where accident unthought
Oft, in a moment, ſnaps life's ſtrongeſt thread,
Each, in her turn, ſome tragic ſtory tells,
With, now-and-then, a wretched farce between;
And fills his chronicle with human woes.
Time's daughters, true as thoſe of men, deceive us;
Not one, but puts ſome cheat on all mankind:
While in their *father*'s boſom, not yet *ours*,
They

Line 111. *As if, the toil of travel to delude,*] If we can candidly overlook the immoderate length this period contains, there is doubtleſs an inimitable ſtength and elegance of imagination in the machinery, and a true poetical taſte in the arrangement and congruity of each ſelect idea.

Line 116. *Each, in her turn, ſome tragic ſtory tells.*] Is an alluſion to the ſiſters in Ovid's Metamorphoſes, who alternately relate the hiſtory of ſome tranſformation.

Line 121. *While in their father's boſom, not yet ours.*] It is peculiarly obſerved, that the generality of poet's, unleſs, like Ovid, amouroufly inclined by nature, were inveterate againſt the ladies. Virgil abſolutely refuſes them their proper gender. "Varium

They flatter our fond hopes; and promiſe much
Of amiable; but hold *him* not o'er-wiſe,
Who dares to truſt them; and laugh round the year
At ſtill-confiding, ſtill-confounded, man,
Confiding, tho' confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
And ever-looking for the never-ſeen.
Life to the laſt, like harden'd felons, lyes;

& mutabile ſemper, fœmina." Milton, tho' authoriſed by Eve's Tranſgreſſion, is rather too ſeverely angry with woman-kind. Dryden, in his tragedy of Primitive Innocence, is unbounded in his anger; and not only paſſes the bounds of good manners, but of good ſenſe. Young, in his enraptured ſentiments on his former wife, ſeems to hint, how uninterrupted and united a happineſs he enjoyed in her, his daughter, and Philander.—Report affirms, tho' we meet with no proofs of it in his life, that he was married a ſecond time, and that the latter ſpouſe proved equally bitter and moroſe, as his former was amiable and placid. If ſo, like the immortal Milton, he had private cauſe to murmur.——— The poetical thought of future moments attracting our attention, while remote, and in the boſom of old time, and conſequently hiding their deceits, is expreſſive and pleaſing.

Line 126. *Confiding, tho' confounded; hoping on.*] This pictureſque view of man's ſubjection to deluſion, originating from a too implicit confidence in unknown and unexperienced moments, is naturally ſtriking. Hope, which directed to a ſuitable object, becomes our fondeſt and moſt real felicity; when fixed on tranſient and even non exiſting ſchemes, proves her effect exactly oppoſite. Dryden, in his Aurengzebe, briefly deſcribes the vanity of ill-founded expectation:

Hope, with a goodly proſpect feeds the eye,
Shows from a riſing ground poſſeſſion nigh;
Shortens the diſtance, or o'erlooks it quite,
So eaſy 'tis to travel with the ſight.

Line 129. *Life, to the laſt, like harden'd felons, lyes.*] The ſimile is ſomewhat diſagreeable, neither does it ſtrike us with its aptneſs. To render a ſimilitude truly poetical, a delicate reſemblance, both in the nature and ſeparate parts of each image, is abſolutely required.

Nor

Nor owns itſelf a cheat, till it expires.
Its little joys go out by one and one,
And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night;
Night darker, than what, *now* involves the pole.*
— O THOU, who doſt permit theſe ills to fall,
For gracious ends, and wouldſt, that man ſhould mourn!
O THOU, whoſe hands this goodly fabric fram'd,
Who know'ſt it beſt, and wouldſt that man ſhould know!
What is this ſublunary world? A vapour;
A vapour all it holds; itſelf, a vapour;
From the damp bed of Chaos, by thy beam
Exhal'd ordain'd to ſwim its deſtin'd hour
In ambient air, then melt, and diſappear. —
Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;
As mortal, tho' leſs tranſient, than her ſons;
Yet they doat on her, as the world and they
Were both eternal, ſolid; THOU, a dream.

---

* Environs this earthly ſphere, alluding to midnight.

Line 134. *O Thou, who doſt permit theſe ills to fall.*] Milton's majeſty and dignity of expreſſion are evident in our author's addreſſes to the Deity. The ſpeech of God the Father to our Saviour, in the third Book of Paradiſe Loſt, tho' differently penned, as to ſentiment, has a flow of language much reſembling the invocation of Young.

Line 143. *Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom.*] Pſalms 90, Verſe 9. "For all our days are paſſed away in thy "wrath: we ſpend our years as a tale that is told."

10. "The days of our years are threeſcore years and ten; and "if, by reaſon of ſtrength, they be fourſcore years, yet is their "ſtrength labour and ſorrow; for it is ſoon cut off, and we fly "away."

They doat, on what? *Immortal views* apart,
A region of outſides! a land of ſhadows!
A fruitful field of flow'ry promiſes!
A wilderneſs of joys! perplext with doubts,
And ſharp with thorns! A troubled *ocean*, ſpread
With bold adventurers, their *all* on board;
No ſecond hope, if here their fortune frowns:
Frown ſoon it *muſt*. Of various rates they ſail,
Of enſigns various; all alike in this,
All reſtleſs, anxious; toſt with hopes, and fears,
In calmeſt ſkies; obnoxious* all to ſtorm;
And ſtormy the moſt gen'ral blaſt of life:
All bound for happineſs; yet few provide
The chart† of *knowledge*, pointing where it lies;
Or *virtue*'s helm, to ſhape the courſe deſign'd:
All, more or leſs, capricious fate lament,
Now lifted by the tide, and now reſorb'd,
And farther from their wiſhes, than before:

---

* Subjected by fate. † Maſs.

Line 147. *They doat, on what? Immortal views apart.*] Prior, in his Solomon, remarks nearly in a ſimilar train of reaſoning, the miſtruſt neceſſary in life's concerns:

That from the womb we take our fatal ſhares
Of follies, paſſions, labours, tumults, cares:
And at approach of death ſhall only know
The truths, which from theſe penſive numbers flow,
That we purſue falſe joy, and ſuffer real woe.

Line 162. *All, more or leſs, capricious fate lament.*] The univerſal diſcontent which reigns ſo viſibly, and, as an introduction to the belief of immortality, ſo providentially amongſt mankind, requires the pen of nature only, and experience, to evince its reality. As far as the powers of language can prevail, Young has demonſtrated each natural revolution, which, aſſiſted by the omnipotent intelligence and ſtudy of man, will prove the mind's viciſſitudes, and verify the poet's arguments.

All, more or leſs, againſt each other daſh,
To mutual hurt, by guſts of paſſion driven,
And ſuff'ring more from folly, than from fate.
Ocean! Thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where moſt he domineers,
With all his choſen *terrors* frowning round,
(Tho' lately feaſted high at * *Albion*'s‡ coſt)
Wide op'ning, and loud roaring ſtill for more!
Too faithful mirror! how doſt thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The ſtrong reſemblance tempts me farther ſtill:
And, haply, *Britain* may be deeper ſtruck
By *moral truth*, in ſuch a mirror ſeen,
Which nature holds for ever at her eye.
Self flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When *young*, with ſanguine chear and ſtreamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and ſtar our friend;
All, in ſome darling enterprize embarkt:
But where is he can fathom its event?
Amid a multitude of artleſs hands,
Ruin's ſure perquiſite! her lawful prize!

---

* Admiral Balchen, &c. loſt in the Victory Man of War.

‡ England.

† A ſea term, alluding to our confidence in deluſive images.

Line 173. *Wide op'ning, and loud roaring ſtill for more!*] The tumultuous effect of ocean is naturally deſcribed. Horace, in his Ode, addreſſed to the Veſſel which conveyed Virgil to Athens, has the following thought:

Illi robur, & æs triplex,
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commiſit pelago ratem
Primus.———

Some ſteer aright; but the black blaſt blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: With hearts of proof,
Full againſt wind, and tide, *ſome* win their way;
And when ſtrong effort has deſerv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis loſt!
Tho' ſtrong their oar, ſtill ſtronger is their fate:
They ſtrike; and, while they triumph, they expire.
In ſtreſs of weather, *moſt*; *ſome* ſink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows cloſe;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a ſhort memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd;
It floats a moment, and is ſeen no more:
One CÆSAR lives; a thouſand are forgot.
How few, beneath auſpicious planets born,
(Darlings of Providence! fond fate's elect!†)
With ſwelling ſails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wiſhes freighted‡! yet ev'n theſe,
Freighted with all their wiſhes, ſoon complain:
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,

† Choſen out by fortune. ‡ Completely ſatisfied.

Line 188. *Some ſteer aright; but the black blaſt blows hard.*] Young has partly taken the diſpoſition of this thought from Virgil's deſcription of the naval conteſt in his Æneid. "The black blaſt blows hard," is very figuratively expreſſive and poetical. Had the author ſupplied the place of firſt epithet, with ſomething leſs alluding to the latter, the effect, would, I think, become more pleaſing.

Line 197. *To-morrow knows not they were ever born.*] Horace's wish at the cloſe of his ſecond book, "Abſint inani funere næniæ," ſeems to be perfectly fulfilled in the ſentiments and conduct of mankind, on the uſual ravages of death. Man, during life, may claim the admiration of his fellows; but we may generally obſerve, when he no longer charms, he is no more remembered.

They

They ſtill are men; and when is man ſecure?
As fatal *time*, as *ſtorm*: the ruſh of years
Beats down their ſtrength; their numberleſs eſcapes
In ruin end: and, now, their proud ſucceſs
But plants *new* terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, juſt made their own,
Their neſt ſo deeply down'd, and built ſo high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the ſtars.
Woe then apart (if woe apart can be
From mortal man), and fortune at our nod,
The gay! rich! great! triumphant! and auguſt!
What are they?—The *moſt* happy (ſtrange to ſay!)
Convince *me* moſt of human miſery:
What are they? Smiling wretches of *to-morrow!*
More wretched, *then*, than e'er their ſlave *can* be;

Line 215. *Too low they build, who build beneath the ſtars.*] The author, while he proves, by the moſt natural arguments, the folly and never-anſwered ſucceſs of ambition, regards it as a paſſion peculiarly devoted to worldly intereſt. He does not, in direct terms, declare it in itſelf criminal, only as directed by the acting principles of man.—Attached to heavenly concerns, it is the united aſſemblage of every excellent and moral virtue. True laudable ambition is but a ſecond term for unfeigned chriſtianity.

Line 219. *What are they?*——————] Life's conditions exempt us not from life's viciſſitudes and cares. The appearance and ſhadow is varied, but the ſubſtance the ſame;

Et timor & minæ
Scandunt eodem, quo dominus.

Horace, Book III. Ode 1.

Line 222. *More wretched, then, than e'er their ſlave can be.*] Satan's ſoliloquy on the innate cares and miſery, veiled under a ſeeming ambition and grandeur of ſpirits, very pleaſingly deſcribes the certain ills attending ill-gained honours; as well as natural fears and care converſant with the powerful and ambitious:

——Ah

Their treach'rous bleſſings, at the day of need,
Like other faithleſs friends, unmaſk, and ſting:
Then, what provoking indigence in wealth!
What aggravated* impotence in power!
High titles, *then*, what inſult of their pain!
If that ſole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal hope! defies not the rude ſtorm,
Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage,
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.
Is this a *ſketch* of what thy ſoul admires?
"But here (thou ſayſt) the miſeries of life
"Are huddled in a group. A more diſtinct
"Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."
Look on life's ſtages; they ſpeak plainer ſtill;
The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou ſigh.

——————Ah me! they little know
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and ſceptre high advanc'd,
The lower ſtill I fall, only ſupreme
In miſery; ſuch joy ambition finds.

Line 231. *And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.*]
Alluding to a foregoing exclamation:
"Oh! when will death (now ſtingleſs) like a friend,
"Admit me of his choir."

Eloiſa's epiſtle to Abelard is replete with religious and moral ſentiments, peculiarly on the ſubjects of life and death. As penned by Pope, the reader moſt undoubtedly be prepoſſeſſed in favour of its excellence. Young's ſentiments co incide exactly with the following lines, where, after regretting her errors in conduct, ſhe exclaims,

Thither, where ſinners may have reſt, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breaſts ſeraphic glow.

* Calumniated poverty.

Look

Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold
The beſt that can befal the beſt on earth;
The boy has virtue by his *mother*'s ſide:
Yes, on FLORELLO look; a *father*'s heart
Is tender, tho' the *man*'s is made of ſtone;
The truth, through ſuch a medium ſeen, may make
Impreſſion deep, and fondneſs prove thy friend.
FLORELLO lately caſt on this rude coaſt
A helpleſs infant; now a heedleſs child;
To poor CLARISSA's throes, thy care ſucceeds;
Care full of love, and yet ſevere as hate!
O'er thy ſoul's joy how oft thy fondneſs frowns!
Needful auſterities his will reſtrain;
As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm.
As yet, his *reaſon* cannot go alone;
But aſks a ſterner nurſe to lead it on.

Line 238. *Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold.*] This intereſting addreſs to the paſſions of the reader, (as well as Lorenzo) whoſe conduct, in many reſpects, may, by the report of conſcience, have proved equally faulty, has every particular beauty which can unite in forming an inimitable and completely excellent ſubject for admiration. Our feelings, as men and chriſtians, have been raiſed by the more weighty arguments in the foregoing books of religion and morality. Our natural paſſions, as attached to the ſenſations of objects equally liberal, tho' leſs extenſive, are now worked to the higheſt pitch, and conjunctively, with the former, awaken all the attention of the mind and tenderneſs of ſoul.

Line 241. ——————*A father's heart.*] There is a pleaſing expreſſion and natural truth in this ſentiment, which actuates greatly on our ſenſibility.—The dignity of man is not entirely effaced, whilſt the feelings of the heart, tho' unhappily confined, convey their wonted affections. On the whole, I fear, we have the empty merit to purſue the natural biaſs of the ancients, and forgot the momentous concern of a revealed religion.

Line 250. *Needful auſterities his will reſtrain.*] The united beauty of the ſimile, and ſtriking excellence of the ſentiment, render theſe lines a pleaſing flower in the fields of poetry.

His little heart is often terrify'd;
The bluſh of morning, in his cheek, turns pale;
Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye;
His harmleſs eye! and drowns an angel there.
Ah! what avails his innocence? The taſk
Injoin'd muſt diſcipline his early powers;
He learns to ſigh, ere he is known to ſin;

Line 254. *His little heart is often terrify'd.*] How lovely and expreſſive are theſe affecting images of innocence! Shakeſpeare, that prince of nature and poetry, only excells them. I would willingly quote an entire ſcene between Hubert and Arthur, as its numerous and connected beauties deſervedly merit it; but ſince the limits of annotation diſallow this liberty, I ſhall confine myſelf to the following ſelection:

Arth. ——Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor ever ſhall
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I've ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.
Arth. Oh! if an angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me Hubert ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him: No tongue but Hubert's.
Hub. * * * * * * * * *
* * *
Arth. Alas! What need you be ſo boiſt'rous rough?
I will not ſtruggle: I will ſtand ſtone ſtill.
For heav'n's ſake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive theſe men away;
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily;
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Act 4. Scene 1.

By the peculiar compoſition of tragedy, the poet has not any, or very little ſcope, to deſcribe the paſſions, as the ſilent effect of grief; otherwiſe, this ſcene of King John muſt have exceeded almoſt the warmeſt conceptions we could have formed of the author's excellence.

Guiltleſs,

Guiltleſs, and ſad! a wretch before the fall!
How cruel this! More cruel to forbear.
Our *nature* ſuch, with *neceſſary* pains
We purchaſe proſpects of *precarious* peace:
Tho' not a *father*, this might ſteal a ſigh.
Suppoſe him diſciplin'd aright (if not,
'Twill ſink our poor account to poorer ſtill);
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
He leaps incloſure*, bounds into the world;
The world is taken, after ten years toil,
Like ancient *Troy*; and all its joys his own.
Alas! the world's a tutor more ſevere;
Its leſſons hard, and ill deſerve his pains;
Unteaching all his virtuous nature taught,
Or books (fair virtue's advocates!) inſpir'd.
For who receives him into public life?
Men of the world, the terræ-filial† breed,
Welcome the modeſt ſtranger to their ſphere,
(Which glitter'd long, a diſtance, in his ſight)
And, in their hoſpitable arms, incloſe:

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* The reſtraints of education. † Sprung from earth.

Line 269. *He leaps incloſure, bounds into the world.*] As this is a real repreſentation of the conduct in moſt of our modern heirs, we cannot ſufficiently admire the natural and moral leſſons the poet intended to convey. The ſtile and language of poetic ſtrains are peculiarly adapted to the enforcing leſſons of morality and moment. Horace, in one of his epiſtles, hints at the degeneracy and ill conduct of the nobility of his time, and after warmly recommending a virtuous education, has theſe reflections in favour of the poet:

Os tenerum pueri, balbumque poeta figurat:
Torquet ab obſcœnis jam nunc ſermonibus aurem:
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Aſperitatis, & invidiæ corrector, & iræ.

Men,

Men, who think nought ſo ſtrong of the romance,
So rank knight-errant, as a real friend:
Men, that act up to *reaſon*'s golden rule,
All weakneſs of *affection* quite ſubdu'd:
Men, that would bluſh at being *thought* ſincere,
And feign, for glory, the *few* faults they want;
That love a lye, where truth would pay as well;
As if, to them, *vice* ſhone her own reward.
LORENZO! canſt thou bear a ſhocking ſight?
Such, for FLORELLO's ſake, 'twill now appear:
See, the ſteel'd‡ files of ſeaſon'd veterans,
Train'd to the world, in burniſht§ falſhood bright;
Deep in the fatal ſtratagems of peace;
All ſoft‖ ſenſation, in the throng, rubb'd off;
All their keen purpoſe, in politeneſs, ſheath'd;

Hi

‡ Accoutred ranks of men, long armed, and fighting in the cauſe of vice.

§ Deceitfully concealed under the mark of integrity.

‖ Feelings of humanity.

Line 281. *Men, who think nought ſo ſtrong of the romance.*] Satire, and the ſevere reproof of ſerious immortality conjunctively, render the author's reflections on mankind, in the preſent view, natural and perſuaſive. An intimacy with one peculiar vice, neceſſarily and naturally gives riſe to a multitude of concomitant errors, inſeparably connected with it. Launching by degrees into immoral conduct, we perceive not the depravity of our dignity, and the injuries we inflict on virtue.—Deeply immerſed in vice, we wiſh to recall our miſguided footſteps, but 'tis too late.

Line 291. *See, the ſteel'd files of ſeaſon'd veterans.*] The imagery is very apt and poetical.

Line 295. *All their keen purpoſe, in politeneſs, ſheath'd.*] Rome and Greece, on arriving at the forbidden heights of luxury, and (as they term'd it) politeneſs, ſullied their priſtine glories, loſt every delicate and feeling ſenſe of virtue, and exchanged the natural and primitive lovelineſs of innocence and honour, for folly, baſeneſs,

His friends eternal—during intereſt;
His foes implacable—when worth their while;
At war with ev'ry welfare, but their own;
As wiſe as LUCIFER; and half as good;
And by whom, none, but LUCIFER, can gain—
Naked, through theſe (ſo common fate ordains),
Naked of heart, his cruel courſe he runs,
Stung out of all, moſt amiable in life, [feign'd;
Prompt truth, and open thought, and ſmiles un-
Affection, as his ſpecies, wide-diffus'd*;
Noble preſumptions to mankind's renown;
Ingenuous truſt, and confidence of love.
Theſe claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
Will coſt him many a ſigh; till time, and pains,
From the ſlow miſtreſs of this ſchool, *Experience*,
And her aſſiſtant, pauſing, pale, *Diſtruſt*,
Purchaſe a dear-bought clue† to lead his youth
Through

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neſs, and indignity. The revolutions of time, the ſimilarity of riſe and fall between nations, will, I fear, in the end, operate the ſame unhappy effect to Britain.

Line 296. *His friends eternal—during intereſt.*]

Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos;
Nullus ad amiſſas ibit amicus opes.

Ovid's Epiſt.

* Impartially extended to every object of the creation.

† Thread.

Line 307. *Ingenuous truſt, and confidence of love.*] While we peruſe Florella's amiable character by nature, we muſt regret the unhappy truths the lines contain. Amongſt the numerous enmities between mankind, no one impreſſes more horror on the mind, than an external ſemblance of amity, joined to a hidden and deceitful hypocriſy.

Line 310. *From the ſlow miſtreſs of this ſchool, experience.*] From that knowledge alone which unhappily conveys, perhaps, a greater fatality, we can experience the baleful truths contained in this

Through ſerpentine‡ obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human hearts
And happy! if the clue ſhall come ſo cheap;
For, while we learn to fence with public guilt,
Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,
If leſs than heav'nly virtue is our guard.
Thus, a ſtrange kind of curſt neceſſity
Brings down the ſterling§ temper of his ſoul,
By baſe alloy‖, to bear the current ſtamp,
Below call'd wiſdom; ſinks him into ſafety;
And brands him into credit with the *world*;
Where ſpecious titles dignify diſgrace,
And nature's injuries are arts of life;
Where brighter reaſon prompts to bolder crimes;
And heav'nly talents make infernal hearts;
That unſurmountable extreme of guilt!
Poor MACHIAVEL* ! who labour'd hard his plan,
Forgot, that genius needs not go to ſchool;
Forgot, that man, without a tutor wiſe,
His plan had practis'd, long before 'twas writ.
The world's all *title-page*, there's no *contents*;

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this natural depictured ſcenes of the ſtratagems and policy of man. Ovid's review of the different ages of the world, thus deſcribes that, under the influence and dominion of vice:

Vivitur ex rapto. Non hoſpes ab hoſpite tutus
Non ſocer e genero; fratrum quoque gratia rara eſt.
Imminet exitio vir conjugis, illa mariti
Lurida terribiles miſcent aconita novercæ
Filius ante diem patrios inquirit in annos.

‡ Paths interwoven with each other, alluding to the deceits of life.

§ Natural innocence and virtue.

‖ By fixing the impreſſions of policy and intereſt.

* A French author, who wrote on natural and civil right.

The world's all *face*; the man who ſhews his *heart*,
Is whooted for his nudities†, and ſcorn'd.
A man I knew, who liv'd upon a ſmile;
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;
While rankeſt venom foam'd through ev'ry vein.
LORENZO! what I tell thee, take not ill!
Living, he fawn'd on ev'ry *fool* alive;
And, dying, curs'd the *friend* on whom he liv'd.
To ſuch proficients thou art half a ſaint.
In foreign realms (for thou haſt travell'd far)
How curious to contemplate two ſtate-rooks,
Studious their neſts to feather in a trice,
With all the *necromantics*‡ of their art,

† Native unveil'd innocence.

‡ Magic ſchemes.

Line 335. *Is whooted for his nudities, and ſcorn'd.*] The Lex Talionis of the ancients, on however juſt and equitable a plan it may be formed, as to the intereſt of individuals, when viewed in a general ſenſe and general influence, muſt naturally appear the overthrow of every laudable and benevolent affection of man to his fellow creatures. It reverſes the whole ſyſtem of our nature, and in lieu of univerſal love, we deſcend to the meaneſt ſtratagems of policy. By meeting with deceit in our tranſactions with mankind, we are led towards a ſimilar conduct, both for our aggrandizement and ſelf-defence. In a worldly ſenſe, it may be called a neceſſary evil; but in a moral view, 'tis human ferocity.

Line 336. *A man I knew, who liv'd upon a ſmile.*] The baſe origin from whence flattery and hypocriſy take their riſe, is ſufficient of itſelf, not only to diſcourage, but, by its horrors, to terrify mankind from an attachment to arts ſo mean and unworthy the human ſpecies. The art and the ſentiments of its purſuer are, in general, equally baleful. Fenton, in his Mariamne, has the following ſalutary admonition againſt cultivating ſo noxious a plant:

Beware of flatt'ry, 'tis a flow'ry weed,
Which oft offends the very idol vice,
Whoſe ſhrine it would perfume.

Playin

Playing the game of *faces* on each other,
Making court ſweet-meats of their latent gall,
In fooliſh hope, to ſteal each other's truſt;
Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd;
And, ſometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone!
Their parts we doubt not; but be that their ſhame;
Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
Stoop to mean viles, that would diſgrace a fool?
And loſe the thanks of thoſe few friends they ſerve?
For who can thank the man, he cannot *ſee?*
Why ſo much cover? It defeats itſelf.
Ye, that know all things! know ye not, mens hearts
Are therefore known, *becauſe* they are conceal'd?
For why conceal'd?—The cauſe they need not tell.
I give him joy, that's aukward at a lye;
Whoſe feeble nature *truth* keeps ſtill in awe;
His incapacity* is his renown.
'Tis great, 'tis manly, to diſdain *diſguiſe*;
It ſhews our ſpirit, or it proves our ſtrength.
Thou ſayſt, 'Tis *needful.* Is it therefore *right?*
However,

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* Heſitation in vice.

Line 351. *And, ſometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone!*] Hiſtory is a moſt agreeable proof, how frequently the plans of wickedneſs operate to the overthrow of their malicious founders. Since ſtate policy is but a ſecondary term for every ſpecies of fraud and deceit, which man, diſguiſed under that favourable veil, can form. Ovid's ſentiments are, I think, the real language of juſtice:

Nec lex eſt æquior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire ſua.

Line 366. *Thou ſayſt, 'Tis needful. Is it therefore, right?*] To add ſomewhat of juſtice to a cauſe, that on a primary examination, appears oppoſed to virtue, and diſhonourable to man, public, or even private intereſt, are introduced as objects annulling every apparent vice; and laudably demanding the mean aids of policy,

Howe'er, I grant it ſome ſmall ſign of grace,
To ſtrain at an excuſe. And wouldſt thou then
Eſcape that cruel *need?* Thou mayſt, with eaſe;
Think no poſt *needful* that demands a knave.
When late our civil† helm was ſhifting hands,
So *P*——thought: think better, if you can.
But this, how rare! The public path of life
Is dirty:—Yet, allow that dirt its due,
It makes the noble mind more noble ſtill:
The world's no neuter; it will wound, or ſave;
Our virtue quench, or indignation fire.
You ſay; The world, well-known, will make a *man.*
The world, well-known, will give our hearts to heaven,
Or make us *demons*, long before we die.
To ſhew how fair the world, *thy* miſtreſs, ſhines,
Take *either* part, ſure ills attend the choice;
Sure, tho' not equal, detriment enſues.

policy, inconſiſtent with the grand and amiable ſyſtem of virtue. A rectitude of conduct, were it not contraſted with a life of immorality, would in itſelf, contrary to the general rule of oppoſites, preſent ſo amiable a picture, that man, conſidered as ſeparated from the world, muſt naturally deteſt and abhor whatever deviates from that ſelf-applauding ſyſtem.

† Legiſlative government.

Line 370. *Think no poſt needful that demands a knave.*] The depravity of manners, and entire reſignation of delicacy in ſentiment, and even virtue, ſo neceſſary in our tranſactions with courts, almoſt perſuade us into a belief, that the centre and favourite reſidence of vice exiſts in that peculiar ſpot from whence the ſtream ſhould be moſt tranſparently pure.

Line 372. *So P—— thought: think better, if you can.*] This compliment to the late duke of Newcaſtle is very pleaſingly addreſſed, and penned in the true elegance of delicacy. Horace, after recommending the warmeſt and moſt ſalutary moral precepts, concludes his epiſtle as follows:

——Si quid noviſti rectius illis
Candidus imperti, ſi non, his utere mecum.

Not *virtue*'s ſelf is deify'd on earth;
Virtue has her relapſes, conflicts*, foes;
Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
Virtue has her peculiar ſet of pains.
True friends to virtue, *laſt*, and *leaſt*, complain:
But if *they* figh, can *others* hope to ſmile?
If *wiſdom* has her miſeries to mourn,
How can poor *folly* lead a happy life?
And if *both* ſuffer, what has earth to boaſt,
Where he *moſt* happy, who the *leaſt* laments?
Where *much*, *much* patience, the moſt envy'd ſtate,
And *ſome* forgiveneſs, needs, the beſt of friends?
For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
Of neither ſhall he find the ſhadow *here*.

The world's ſworn advocate, without a fee,
LORENZO ſmartly, with a ſmile, replies:
"Thus far thy ſong is right; and all muſt own,
"Virtue *has her peculiar ſet of pains*.—
"And *joys peculiar* who to *vice* denies?

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* Oppoſitions with vice.

Line 387. *Virtue has her peculiar ſet of pains.*] Pope, in his Eſſay on Man, beautifully reflects on the ill returns an adherence to virtue meets with in worldly recompence, and on her allotted ſubjection to the viciſſitudes of misfortune, and ravages of diſeaſe. The former are peculiarly to be condemned in the mere ſenſe of good and evil. As to morality and revealed religion, they are a needful and beneficial taſk.

The generous pride of virtue
Diſdains to weigh too nicely the returns
Her bounty meets with—Like the liberal gods,
From her own gracious nature ſhe beſtows,
Nor ſtoops to aſk reward.

Thomſon's Coriolanus.

Line 391. *How can poor folly lead a happy life.*] Is a logical de-[illegible] of the profound misfortunes and error into which a life of [illegible]leads mankind. Virgil, in one of his Paſtorals, [illegible]roof from a ſimilar plan of reaſoning:
[illegible]iant, audent cum talia fures.

If

" If vice it is, with nature to comply:
" If *pride*, and *ſenſe*, are ſo predominant†,
" To *check*, not *overcome*, them, makes a ſaint,
" Can nature in a plainer voice proclaim
" *Pleaſure*, and *glory*, the chief good of man?"
Can *pride*, and *ſenſuality*, rejoice?
From purity of thought, all *pleaſure* ſprings;
And, from an humble ſpirit, all our *peace*.
Ambition, *pleaſure!* let us talk of theſe:
Of theſe, the PORCH, and ACADEMY, talk'd;
Of theſe, each following age had much to ſay;
Yet unexhauſted, ſtill, the needful theme.
Who talks of *theſe*, to mankind all at once
He talks; for where the ſaint from either free?
Are theſe thy refuge?---No; theſe ruſh upon thee;
Thy vitals ſeize, and *vulture*-like, devour:
I'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy rock;
PROMETHEUS! from this barren ball of earth;
If *reaſon* can unchain thee, thou art free.
And, firſt, thy *Caucaſus**, ambition, calls;
Mountain of torments! eminence of woes!
Of courted woes! and courted through miſtake;
'Tis not ambition charms thee; 'tis a cheat

† Prevailing. * A fabulous mountain.

Line 412. *Of theſe, the Porch, and Academy, talk'd.*] Alluding to the method of education among the ancients, and their orations on natural and moral ſubjects.

Line 420. *Prometheus! from this barren ball of earth.*] Prometheus, according to the ancient mythology, is ſaid to have animated a ſtatue by ſtolen fire from heaven, and, as a puniſhment for the ſacrilege, to have been confined to a rock, and his entrails preyed on by a vulture. The emblematical alluſion is poetical and pleaſing, tho' I think the ſimilarity, in many parts, is by no means apt.

Will make thee ſtart, as *H*——at his *Moor*.
Doſt graſp at greatneſs? Firſt, know what it is.
Thinkſt thou thy greatneſs in *diſtinction* lies?
Not in the feather, wave it e'er ſo high,
By *Fortune* ſtuck, to mark us from the throng.
Is glory lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverſe;
In that which joins, in that which equals, all,
The monarch, and his ſlave;---"A deathleſs ſoul,
"Unbounded proſpect, and immortal kin,
"A Father God, and brothers in the ſkies:"
Elder, indeed, in time; but leſs remote
In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man:
Why greater what can fall, than what can riſe?
If ſtill delirious, now, LORENZO! go;

[Line 428. *Think'ſt thou thy greatneſs in diſtinction lies?*]

Non ebur neque aureum,
Mea renidet in domo lacunar
Non trabes * * * * *
At fides, & ingeni
Benigna vena eſt.

Line 430. *By fortune ſtuck, to mark us from the throng.*] I would recommend a change in the punctuation, and inſtead of a full-point at the word "throng," think a comma much more ſtrictly juſt.

Line 433. *The monarch, and his ſlave.*——] The ideas which the ancient poets entertained of an equality between mankind, were exactly the ſame with Young's, allowing, that the one centred the purity in the body's diſſolution by Death; the other, in its capability of immortal enjoyments.

Line 436. *Elder, indeed, in time; but leſs remote.*] We cannot refuſe that juſt commendation which the author merits in his ſublime review of man's dignity; but now and then, it muſt be confeſſed, he endeavours to ſtrengthen it by a means ſomewhat unbecoming, in diſparaging the excellence of angelic beings. There is a medium between Roman catholic ſuperſtition, and a ſyſtem devoid of veneration.

And

And with thy full-blown* brothers of the *world*,
Throw ſcorn around thee; caſt it on thy ſlaves;
Thy ſlaves, and equals: how ſcorn caſt on them
Rebounds on thee! If man is mean, as man,
Art thou a god? If *fortune* makes him ſo,
Beware the conſequence: a maxim that,
Which draws a monſtrous picture of mankind,
Where, in the drapery, the *man* is loſt;
Externals flutt'ring, and the ſoul forgot.
Thy greateſt glory, when diſpos'd to boaſt,
Boaſt *that* aloud, in which thy ſervants ſhare.
We wiſely ſtrip the ſteed we mean to buy:
Judge we, in their capariſons, of *men*?
It nought avails thee, *where*, but *what*, thou art:
All the diſtinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous†, foreign to the man.
When, through death's ſtreights, *earth*'s ſubtle ſerpents creep,

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* Ripened and expert in vice.

† External, incongruous with the ſoul.

Line 443. ——————*If man is mean, as man.*] Plutarch, in his life of Cato the Elder, ſeems to feel ſomewhat of chriſtian benevolence, however unenlightened by revealed religion. "I "would not, ſays he, even deprive an ox of ſhelter on account of "age, or diſpoſe of him in merchandize, much leſs a man. "For, by exerciſing benevolence towards the brute creation, we "ſhould learn a ſimilar kindneſs to man, which would give riſe "to a more ſalutary ſyſtem than all the combinations of law "and juſtice."

Line 453. *It nought avails thee, where, but what, thou art.*] In this ſhort epitome of true greatneſs, as far as human powers can aſſiſt, is contained a complete view of the errors incident to our paſſions, and the native lovelineſs of virtue and honour. Public and private experience, joined, perhaps, to a ſecret and beneficial ſelf conviction, are a demonſtration clearly enforcing its many amiable truths.

Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,
As crooked *Satan* the forbidden tree,
They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen creſts, and hiſs at us below.
Of fortune's *fucus*‡ ſtrip them, yet alive;
Strip them of body, too; nay, cloſer ſtill,
Away with all, but *moral*, in their minds;
And let, what then remains, impoſe their name;
Pronounce them weak, or worthy; great, or mean.
How mean that ſnuff of glory *fortune* lights.
And *death* puts out! doſt thou demand a teſt,
A teſt, at once, infallible, and ſhort,
Of *real* greatneſs? That man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies;
High-fluſh'd with hope, where heroes ſhall deſpair.
If *this* a true criterion*, many courts,
Illuſtrious, might afford but few grandees.
Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth ſurveys
Nought greater, than an honeſt, humble heart;
An humble heart, *His* reſidence! pronounc'd
His ſecond ſeat; and rival to the ſkies.
The private path, the ſecret acts of men,
If noble, far the nobleſt of our lives!

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‡ Colour. * Undoubted and perfect truth.

Line 465. *And let, what then remains, impoſe their name.*]
——Nobilitatis, virtus, non ſtemma, characles.
Juvenal.

Line 476. *Nought greater, than an honeſt, humble heart.*]
Alluding to that beautifully noble ſentiment of Pope's:
A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,
An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God.

How

How far above LORENZO's glory ſits
Th' illuſtrious maſter of a name *unknown*;
Whoſe worth unrivall'd, and unwitneſs'd, loves
Life's ſacred ſhades, where gods converſe with men;
And *peace*, beyond the world's conceptions ſmiles!
As thou (now dark), before we part, ſhalt ſee.
But thy great ſoul this *ſkulking* glory ſcorns.
LORENZO's ſick, but when LORENZO's ſeen;
And, when he ſhrugs at public buſ'neſs, lyes.
Deny'd the public eye, the public voice,
As if he liv'd on others breath, he dies.
Fain would he make the world his pedeſtal;
Mankind the gazers; the ſole figure, he.
Knows he, that mankind praiſe againſt their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can?
Knows he, that faithleſs *fame* her whiſper has,

Line 484. *Life's ſacred ſhades, where gods converſe with men.*] There is a neceſſary diſtinction to be made between a religious diſregard to the world, and that paſſive virtue which exiſts but on a freedom from temptations. 'Tis in avoiding allurements by a ſenſe of their oppoſition to virtue, not as too potent for reſiſtance, that the true end of virtue conſiſts. Where there is no perſuaſive arguments to the contrary, there is no merit in action. But what Young wiſhes to expreſs, is, that a freedom from earthly purſuits, and from the predominance of paſſion, is the ſtate moſt adapted to a contemplative converſe with the Almighty.

Line 496. *Knows he, that faithleſt fame her whiſper has.*] This ſentiment, ſo frequently verified, is prettily expreſſed. Detraction and applauſe, however oppoſite in their natures, are inſeparable companions; for what the virtuous admire, the immoral part of mankind have an averſion to. An itch of ſcandal actuates the whole, nor can the beſt eſcape indignity. Like the evils incident to our corporeal frame, "Diſeaſe invades the chaſteſt temperance," which, in a moral ſenſe, Young thus explains, "Even Philander had his foes."

As

As well as trumpet? that his vanity
Is ſo much tickled from not hearing *all?*
Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praiſe,
Or, from an itch more ſordid, when he ſhines,
Taking his country by five hundred ears,
Senates at once admire him, and deſpiſe,
With modeſt laughter lining loud applauſe,
Which makes the ſmile more mortal to his fame?
His *fame*, which (like the mighty CÆSAR), crown'd
With laurels, in full ſenate, greatly falls,
By *ſeeming* friends, that honour, and deſtroy.
We riſe in glory, as we ſink in pride:
Where boaſting ends, there dignity begins:
And yet, miſtaken beyond all miſtake,
The blind LORENZO's proud—of being proud;
And dreams himſelf aſcending in his fall.

An eminence, though fanſy'd, turns the brain:
All vice wants *hellebore*; but of all vice,
Pride loudeſt calls, and for the largeſt bowl;
Becauſe, unlike all other vice, it flies,
In *fact*, the point, in *fancy* moſt purſu'd.
Who court applauſe, oblige the world in *this*;
They gratify man's paſſion to *refuſe*.

Line 507. *By ſeeming friends, that honour, and deſtroy.*] Hiſtory aſſures us, that the fall of Cæſar was concerted in ſo ſecret and plauſible a manner, that neither himſelf, or his real friends, entertained the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion of it. Under the fatal maſk of admiration, under the covert of a feigned applauſe, the baleful ſcheme ſucceeded. How many, equal in misfortune, tho' inferior in dignity, have ſtriking inſtances of a ſimilar fate; and even in the boſom of death have fatal reaſon to exclaim with Cæſar, "Et tu, Brute!"

Superior

Superior honour, when *aſſum'd*, is *loſt*;
Ev'n good men turn *banditti*, and rejoice,
Like KOULI-KAN, in plunder of the proud.
Tho' ſomewhat diſconcerted, ſteady ſtill
To the *world*'s cauſe, with half a face of joy,
LORENZO cries—"Be, then, *ambition* caſt;
"Ambition's Dearer far ſtands unimpeach'd,
"Gay *pleaſure!* proud *ambition* is her ſlave;
"For her, he ſoars at *great*, and hazards *ill*;
"For her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes;
"And paves his way, with crowns, to reach her ſmile;
"Who can reſiſt her charms?"—Or, *ſhould?* LORENZO!
What mortal ſhall reſiſt, where angels yield?
Pleaſure's the miſtreſs of ethereal powers;
For her contend the rival gods above;

Line 520. *Superior honour, when aſſum'd, is loſt.*] Mr. Melmoth remarks this as particularly ſtriking in the turn of the expreſſion. The contempt juſtly paid to thoſe who affect dignity and honours unbecoming their ſtation and abilities, verifies the truth of the aſſertion. Voltaire, in his Henriade, pointing out the erroneous conduct of a man who aims at diſtinction ſuperior to his merit, makes this obſervation:

Tel brille au ſecond rang, qui s'eclipſe au premier.

Line 522. *Like Kouli-Kan, in plunder of the proud*] This Perſian plunderer rendered himſelf famous about the year 1745, in his depredations on the mogul's country. His peculiar pleaſure conſiſted in attacking the haughty and overgrown in wealth. In ſhort, he was a character rather uncommon in ſo modern an æra.

Line 528. "*For her, he ſoars at great, and hazards ill.*]

Otium divos rogat in patenti
Prenſus Æges * * * * * * *
Otium bello furioſa Thrace:
Otium Medi pharetra decori.

Horace, Book II. Ode 16.

Pleaſure's

Pleaſure's the miſtreſs of the world below ;
And well it is for man, that *pleaſure* charms :
How would all ſtagnate*, but for *pleaſure*'s ray !
How would the frozen ſtream of action ceaſe !
What is the pulſe of this ſo buſy world ?
The love of *pleaſure:* that, thro' ev'ry vein,
Throws motion, warmth ; and ſhuts out death from life.

Tho' various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleaſure's gay family holds all in chains :
Some moſt affect the black ; and ſome, the fair ;
Some honeſt *pleaſure* court ; and ſome, obſcene.
Pleaſures *obſcene* are various, as the throng
Of paſſions, that can *err* in human hearts ;

---

* Be rendered inanimate, ceaſe to flow.

Line 535. *Pleaſure's the miſtreſs of the world below.*] The ancients were peculiaaly expreſſive in their emblematical deſcriptions of pleaſure. As actuating the mind of man in the higheſt ſenſe, ſhe ſerved, in various forms, as the general theſis of their poetical writings.

——Achæmeneum ſpirabat vertice odorem,
Ambroſius diffuſa comas, & veſte refulgens
Oſtrum quæ fulvo Tyrium ſuffuderat auro.
Sil. Ital. Book 25.

Line 542. *Tho' various are the tempers of mankind.*]

Torva leæna lupum ſequitur, lupus ipſe capellam ;
Florentem cytiſum ſequitur laſciva capella :
Te Corydon, o Alexi. Trahit ſua quemque voluptas.

Line 544. *Some moſt affect the black ; and ſome, the fair.*] Oppoſition and variety of taſte is a privilege ſo univerſally allowed, and with ſo great reaſon, that we accuſe ourſelves when we impute a want of it in others.

Sylvius is raviſh'd when he hears a hound,
His lady hates to death the odious ſound :
Yet both love muſic, tho' in diff'rent ways.
He in a kennel——She at op'ras.

Miſtake

Miſtake their objects, or tranſgreſs their bounds.
Think you there's but *one* whoredom? Whoredom,
But when our *reaſon* licenſes delight. [all,
Doſt doubt, LORENZO? thou ſhalt doubt no more.
Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs
An ugly, common harlot, in the dark;
A rank adulterer with others *gold*:
And that hag, *vengeance*, in a corner, charms.
Hatred her brothel has, as well as love,
Where horrid *epicures** debauch in blood.
Whate'er the motive, *pleaſure* is the mark;
For her, the black aſſaſſin draws his ſword;
For her, dark ſtateſmen trim their midnight lamp,
To which no *ſingle* ſacrifice may fall;
For her, the ſaint abſtains; the miſer ſtarves;

---

* Men attached to the indulgence of the paſſions and pleaſures of ſenſuality.

Line 555. *And that hag, vengeance, in a corner charms.*] That fear, more than diſintereſted regard for virtue, actuates the generality of our favourable ſentiments towards morality, is a truth no one need doubt. Youth and age are equally affected with the ſame paſſions, tho' what is an error in the one, is a crime in the other. The force of reputation, more than of principle, leads the venerable ſage to moral counſels; refrains his fondneſs for irregularity, and turns the ſtream to hypocritical contempt of modern manners.

Line 558. *Whate'er the motive, pleaſure is the mark.*] It is ſurpriſing to think how great, and how oppoſite are the variety of ſchemes tending to one grand point. The moſt natural and moral contrarieties direct their aim to pleaſure. "Sunt quos curriculo" has for its oppoſite "Otium, & oppidi laudat rura ſui." The contemplatiſt, and the macaroni, the courtier, and the cit, ſteer to the ſame port, though in a courſe directly contrary.

The *Stoic* proud, for pleaſure, pleaſure ſcorn'd;
For her, *affliction*'s daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
For her, guilt, ſhame, toil, danger, we defy;
And, with an aim *voluptuous*, ruſh on death.
Thus univerſal her deſpotic power.
And as her empire wide, her praiſe is juſt.
Patron of pleaſure! doater on delight!
I am thy rival; pleaſure I profeſs;
Pleaſure, the purpoſe of my gloomy ſong.
Pleaſure is nought but virtue's gayer name;
I wrong her ſtill, I rate her worth too low;
Virtue the root, and pleaſure is the flower;
And honeſt EPICURUS' foes were fools.
But this ſounds harſh, and gives the *wiſe* offence;
If o'erſtrain'd wiſdom ſtill retains the *name*.
How knits *auſterity* her cloudy brow,
And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the *praiſe*
Of *pleaſure*, to mankind, *unprais'd*, too dear!
Ye modern *Stoics!* hear my ſoft reply;
Their ſenſes men *will* truſt: we can't impoſe;
Or, if we could, is impoſition right?

Line 563. *The Stoic proud, for pleaſure, pleaſure ſcorn'd.*] Diogenes, in his tub, was happy, Alexander, in his conqueſts, wiſhed to be ſo: and yet how differently did the ſame pleaſure lead its votaries!

Line 576. *And honeſt Epicurus' foes were fools.*] The Epicurean and Stoic doctrine were exactly oppoſite. The one fixed man's dignity in an attachment to every ſource from whence the pleaſure of a moment could be traced; nothing, in their judgment, was mean, nothing beneath purſuit. The other profeſſed a languid inattention to every thing earthly. Unleſs man teſtified a diſregard to the moſt ſalutary effects in his favour, he diſhonoured his nature, and injured his becoming pride.

Own *honey ſweet*; but, owning, add this *ſting*;
"When mixt with poiſon, it is deadly too."
Truth never was indebted to a lye.
Is nought but *virtue* to be prais'd, as good?
Why then is health preferr'd before diſeaſe?
What nature loves *is* good, without *our* leave.
And where no future drawback cries, "*Beware*;"
Pleaſure, though not from virtue, *ſhould* prevail.
'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to Heaven:
How could our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
The *love of pleaſure* is man's eldeſt-born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
Wiſdom, her *younger* ſiſter, tho' more *grave*,
Was meant to *miniſter*, and not to mar*,
Imperial *pleaſure*, queen of human hearts.
LORENZO! Thou, her majeſty's renown'd,
Tho' uncoift†, counſel, learned in *the world!*
Who think'ſt thyſelf a MURRAY, with diſdain
Mayſt look on me. Yet, my DEMOSTHENES‡!
Canſt thou plead *pleaſure*'s cauſe as well as I?
Know'ſt thou her *nature*, *purpoſe*, *parentage*?

---

* Act in contradiction to.

† Alluding to the coverings of the head, borne by the Judges.

‡ A renowned Greek orator.

Line 586. "*When mixt with poiſon, it is deadly too.*"]

Iperne voluptatem: nocet empta dolore voluptas,

Is a ſentiment of Horace, which regards pleaſure, equally predominant as man's purſuit, but differing in its effect, on the poſſeſſion of our wiſhes.

Line 600. *Lorenzo! Thou, her majeſty's renown'd.*] On an examination of theſe lines, we may ſo far enter into the character of Lorenzo, as to have ſome certainty of his being engaged in the law, and particularly in a poſt under the late queen. The complement paid to Lord Mansfield is elegant, and delicately penned.

Attend my ſong, and thou ſhalt know them all;
And know thyſelf; and know thyſelf to be
(Strange truth!) the moſt abſtemious man alive.
Tell not CALISTA; ſhe will laugh thee dead;
Or ſend thee to her hermitage with L——.
Abſurd preſumption! Thou, who never knew'ſt
A ſerious thought! ſhalt thou dare dream of joy?
No man e'er found a *happy life* by chance;
Or yawn'd it into being, with a wiſh;
Or, with the ſnout of grov'ling *appetite*,
E'er ſmelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
An *art* it is, and muſt be learnt; and learnt
With unremitting effort, or be loſt;
And leave us perfect blockheads, in our bliſs.
The clouds may drop down titles and eſtates;
Wealth may ſeek us; but *wiſdom* muſt be ſought;
Sought before all; but (how unlike all elſe
We ſeek on earth!) 'tis never ſought in vain.
First, *pleaſure*'s birth, riſe, ſtrength, and grandeur, ſee:
Brought forth by *wiſdom*, nurſt by *diſcipline*,
By *patience* taught, by *perſeverance* crown'd,
She rears her head majeſtic; round her throne
Erected in the boſom of the juſt
Each virtue, liſted, forms her manly guard.

Line 613. *No man e'er found a happy life by chance.*] The conjunctive union of rectitude, in action and in ſentiment, muſt uſe their two-fold intereſt to ſtamp the impreſſion of happineſs upon man ind.

"Tis no where to be bought, 'tis always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John, dwells with thee,
Pope's Eſſay on Man.

For what are *virtues?* (Formidable name!)
What, but the fountain, or defence, of joy?
Why, then, commanded? Need mankind commands,
At once to *merit*, and to *make*, their bliſs?—
Great Legiſlator* ! Scarce ſo great, as kind!
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law but flatters human choice;
In the tranſgreſſion lies the penalty;
And they the moſt indulge, who moſt obey.
Of *Pleaſure*, next, the final cauſe explore;
Its mighty *purpoſe*, its important *end*.
Not to turn *human* brutal, but to build
Divine on human, *pleaſure* came from heaven.
In aid to *reaſon* was the goddeſs ſent;
To call up all its ſtrength by ſuch a charm.
Pleaſure, firſt, ſuccours *virtue*; in return,
Virtue gives *pleaſure* an eternal reign.
What, but the pleaſure of food, friendſhip, faith,
Supports life *nat'ral*, *civil*, and *divine?*
'Tis from the pleaſure of repaſt, we live;
'Tis from the pleaſure of applauſe, we pleaſe;
'Tis from the pleaſure of belief, we pray
(All pray'r would ceaſe, if unbeliev'd the prize):
It ſerves ourſelves, our ſpecies, and our GOD;
And to ſerve more, is paſt the ſphere of man!
Glide, then, for ever, pleaſure's ſacred ſtream!

* Founder of moral laws.

Line 655. *Glide, then, for ever, pleaſure's ſacred ſtream!*] Pleaſure, in this review of its effects, ſeems to be partly a ſecondary word, for that ſelf approving felicity which the mind receives from a conſcientious ſenſe of purſuing the paths of peace and virtue. That the moſt ardent attachments to objects, unauthorized by conſcience, produce no real ſatisfaction, is a truth the voluptuous and

Through *Eden* as *Euphrates* ran, it runs,
And foſters ev'ry growth of happy life;
Makes a new *Eden* where it flows;—but ſuch
As *muſt* be loſt, LORENZO! by thy fall.
"*What mean I by thy fall?*—Thou'lt ſhortly ſee,
While pleaſure's *nature* is at large diſplay'd;
Already ſung her *origin*, and *ends*.
Thoſe glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,
When *pleaſure* violates, 'tis then a vice,
And vengeance too; it haſtens into pain.
From due refreſhment, life, health, reaſon, joy;
From wild exceſs, pain, grief, deſtruction, death;
Heav'n's juſtice *this* proclaims, and *that* her love.
What greater evil can I wiſh my foe,
Than his full draught of pleaſure, from a caſk

---

and profligate cannot controvert. And yet, that innate deſire of happineſs, which ſoftens the moſt arduous difficulties, when directed to laudable purſuits, how tranquil a lenient does it prove to the rugged calamities of life; how fondly does it recommend the firm and pleaſing leſſons of morality.

Line 656. *Through Eden as Euphrates ran, it runs.*] Geneſis, Chap. II. Verſe 10. "And a river went out of Eden to water "the garden, and from thence it was parted, and became into "four heads."

Verſe 14. "——And the fourth river is Euphrates."

Line 668. *Heav'n's Juſtice this proclaims, and that her love.*] From a critical review of the paſſions, and concomitant circumſtances of good and evil, originating from the above ſource, we may trace this providential truth, that vice is generally productive of the conſequences it merits. Either in regard to public or private injuries, we meet with few inſtances where the contrary has been the caſe. Offences, whether againſt the moral or divine code of laws, whether aiming at vice, in indulging the paſſions to our own or other's prejudice, are equally fatal in the courſe of nature and juſtice.

Unbroach'd

Unbroach'd* by *juſt authority*, ungaug'd†
By *temperance*, by *reaſon* unrefin'd?
A thouſand demons lurk within the lee.
Heav'n, others, and ourſelves! Uninjur'd *theſe*,
Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more divine;
Angels are angels from indulgence *there*;
'Tis unrepenting pleaſure makes a God.
Doſt think thyſelf a God from other joys?
A victim rather! ſhortly ſure to bleed.
The wrong *muſt* mourn: can Heav'n's appointments fail?
Can man outwit Omnipotence? Strike out
A ſelf-wrought happineſs unmeant by *Him*
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?
Who forms an inſtrument, ordains from whence
Its diſſonance, or harmony, ſhall riſe.
Heav'n bid the ſoul this mortal frame inſpire;
Bid virtue's ray divine inſpire the ſoul
With unprecarious flows of vital joy;
And, without breathing, man as well might hope
For life, as, without piety, for peace.
"Is *virtue*, then, and *piety* the ſame?"—
No; piety is more; 'tis virtue's ſource;
Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digeſt;
They ſmile at piety; yet boaſt aloud
Good-will to men; nor know they ſtrive to part
What *nature* joins; and thus confute‡ themſelves.

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* Its contents unlawfully taſted.
† Its qualities unmeaſured.
‡ Condemn themſelves by their own arguments.

With *piety* begins all good on earth;
'Tis the firſt-born of rationality.
Conſcience, her firſt law broken, wounded lies;
Enfeebled, lifeleſs, impotent to good;
A feign'd affection bounds her utmoſt power.
Some we can't love, but for th' Almighty's ſake;
A foe to GOD was ne'er true friend to man;
Some ſiniſter† intent taints all he does,
And, in his kindeſt actions, he's unkind.
On piety, humanity is built;
And, on humanity, much happineſs;
And yet ſtill more on piety itſelf.
— A ſoul in commerce with her GOD, is heaven; —

† Ill-intentioned, oppoſite intereſted.

Line 698. *With piety begins all good on earth.*] Cicero, in his treatiſe De Natura, makes the following obſervation: "On the "foundation of piety towards the gods, are built our moral inte- "grity, the bonds of human ſociety, and the moſt excellent vir- "tues ariſing from juſtice."

Line 706. *And, in his kindeſt actions, he's unkind.*] However ſevere a ſentiment the author advances, we ſtill muſt own it to be, in nature and experience, a moral certainty. When once the ſource of religion and benevolence is impure, as to the circulation of man's virtues, the ſtream cannot flow clear. The ancients profeſſed, in every external ceremony, the moſt profound and ſincere veneration towards their Deities. "Our firſt duties," ſays Cicero, "are a debt to the gods, the ſecond to our country, the third to "our parents, and ſo in due ſucceſſion."

Line 707. *On piety, humanity is built.*] Ogilvie, in his Day of Judgment, has ſome peculiarly beautiful lines on this ſubject:

Hail! heav'nly piety, ſupremely fair!
Whoſe ſmiles can balm the horror of deſpair:
Bid in each breaſt unuſual tranſports flow,
And wipe the tears that ſtain the cheek of woe.
How bleſt the man, who leaves each meaner ſcene,
Like thee, &c. &c.

Feels

Feels not the tumults and the ſhocks of life;
The whirls of paſſions, and the ſtrokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd‡.
Each branch of *piety* delight inſpires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides;
Praiſe, the ſweet exhalation§ of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it ſweeter ſtill;
Pray'r ardent opens Heav'n, lets down a ſtream
Of glory on the conſecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worſhips the *Great God*, that inſtant joins
The firſt in heav'n, and ſets his foot on hell.
LORENZO! when waſt thou at church *before*?

---

‡ Ripened to perfection.

§ The inſtrumental effect originating from joy.

Line 724. *Who worſhips the great God, that inſtant joins.*] Man, while he adheres to a ſincere faith, and unfeign'd piety towards his Maker, cannot conſiſtently act towards mankind on the principles of vice. Our duty towards our Creator and his creatures are ſo cloſely connected, that an unforc'd veneration for the former, cannot be unattended with benevolence towards the latter. From Faith, muſt evidently ariſe Charity; elſe how can we ſtrengthen that faith which we profeſs, to render it either conſiſtent with the author of mankind, or meritorious in ourſelves?

Line 726. *Lorenzo, when waſt thou at Church before?*] The author does not here allude to the particular ſervice ſet apart for the Sabbath-Day. His arguments would in that caſe have been very weak, ſince the Temples of the Lord ſanctify not of themſelves an unconverted offender. By the term *Church*, he ſignifies thoſe moral and religious leſſons which he had before addreſſed to Lorenzo; and to the ſtile and tenor of which, his ear had been ſo little accuſtomed.

Thou

Thou think'ſt the ſervice long: but is it juſt?
Tho' juſt, unwelcome: thou hadſt rather tread
Unhallow'd ground; the muſe, to win thine ear,
Muſt take an air leſs ſolemn. She complies.
Good-conſcience! at the ſound *the world* retires;
Verſe diſaffects it, and LORENZO ſmiles;
Yet has ſhe her *ſeraglio** full of charms;
And ſuch as age ſhall heighten, not impair.
Art thou dejected? is thy mind o'ercaſt?
Amid her fair ones, thou the faireſt chuſe,
To chaſe thy gloom.—"Go, fix ſome weighty *truth*;
"Chain down ſome *paſſion*; do ſome *gen'rous good*;
"Teach *ignorance* to ſee, or *grief* to ſmile;
"Correct thy *friend*; befriend thy greateſt *foe*;
"Or, with warm heart, and confidence divine,
"Spring up, and lay ſtrong hold on *Him* who made thee."—
Thy gloom is ſcatter'd, ſprightly ſpirits flow;
Tho' wither'd is thy vine, and harp unſtrung.
Doſt call the bowl, the viol, and the dance.

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* Retired receſſes.

Line 736. *Amid her fair ones, thou the faireſt chuſe.*] Is in ſome reſpects an imitation of Juno's ſpeech to Æolus, at the commencement of the Firſt Æneid:

Sunt mihi bis ſeptem præſtanti corpore nymphæ,
Quarum, quæ forma pulcherrima, Deïopeam
Connubio jungam ſtabili, propriam que dicabo.

Line 71.

Line 745. *Doſt call the bowl, the viol, and the dance.*] This ſentence is rendered ſomewhat ambiguous by the punctuation; I would recommend the following alteration:

Doſt call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter, (wretched comforters!)
Phyſicians? more than half of thy diſeaſe.

Loud

Loud mirth, mad laughter? wretched comforters!
Phyſicians! more than half of thy diſeaſe.
Laughter, tho' never cenſur'd* yet as ſin,
(Pardon a thought that only *ſeems* ſevere)
Is half-immoral. Is it much indulg'd?
By venting ſpleen, or diſſipating thought,
It ſhews a *ſcorner*, or it makes a *fool*;
And ſins, as hurting others, or ourſelves.
'Tis *pride*, or *emptineſs*, applies the ſtraw,
That tickles little minds to mirth effuſe*;
Of grief approaching, the portentous ſign!
The houſe of laughter makes a houſe of woe.
A man *triumphant* is a monſtrous ſight;
A man *dejected* is a ſight as mean.
What cauſe for *triumph*, where ſuch ills abound?
What for *dejection*, where preſides a Power,
Who call'd us into being to be bleſt?

---

* Unbounded, irrationally directed.

Line 748. *Laughter, tho' never cenſur'd yet as ſin.*] The ſeverity of this aſſertion will lead many to form a wrong idea of the author's ſentiments. The peculiar ſolemnity of Young's imagination, (they may perhaps ſay) led him to a diſapprobation of thoſe juvenile ſports, which the leſs experienced part of mankind are attached to. Like the retorting argument in Terence's Hecyra, "Patres æquum eſſe cenſent, nos jam a pueris illico naſci "ſenes, neque illarum affines eſſe rerum, quas fert adoleſ-"centia," they will exclaim againſt the moroſe diſpoſitions of age. But his life pleads the contrary; and when we examine the ſentiment, we find laughter condemned as a vice, only in regard to a ſcornful or ſhallow turn of mind. Ride, ſi ſapis, conveys an approving medium in mirth, which Young's reaſonings by no means contradict.

Line 757. *The houſe of laughter makes a houſe of woe.*] This ſingle line ſufficiently proves laughter to be uſed no more than figuratively, for an attachment to the vanity and follies of life.

So

So grieve, as conſcious, grief may riſe to joy;
So joy, as conſcious, joy to grief may fall.
Moſt true, a wiſe man never will be ſad;
But neither will ſonorous†, bubbling mirth,
A ſhallow ſtream of happineſs betray:
Too happy to be ſportive, he's ſerene.
Yet wouldſt thou laugh (but at thy own expence)
This counſel ſtrange ſhould I preſume to give—
"Retire, and read thy *Bible*, to be gay."
There truths abound of ſov'reign aid to peace;
Ah! do not prize them leſs, becauſe inſpir'd,
As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.
If *not* inſpir'd, that pregnant page had ſtood,
Time's treaſure! and the wonder of the wiſe!
Thou think'ſt, perhaps, thy *ſoul* alone at ſtake;
Alas!—Should men miſtake thee for a *fool*;—
What man of taſte for genius, wiſdom, truth,
Tho' tender of thy fame, could interpoſe?

† Boiſterous, noiſy.

Line 763. *So grieve, as conſcious, grief may riſe to Joy.*] Life's viciſſitudes, join'd to that unintereſted ſeverity man ſhould entertain towards a momentary object, are perſuaſive arguments in defence of a tranquil moderation in concerns ſo tranſient and variable. Horace has ſome very pleaſing lines on the ſame ſubject:

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem; non ſecus in bonis,
Ab inſolenti temperatam
Lætitia, moriture Deli.

Book II. Ode 3.

And Dryden, in his Palemon and Arcete, recommends the ſame counſel as the origin of content:

Since ev'ry man who lives is born to die,
And none can boaſt ſincere felicity;
With equal mind, what happens, let us bear,
Nor joy, nor grieve, too much for things beyond our care.

Believe

Believe me, ſenſe, *here*, acts a double part,
And the true *Critic* is a *Chriſtian* too.
But *theſe*, thou think'ſt are gloomy paths to joy.---
True joy in ſunſhine ne'er was found at firſt;
They, firſt, themſelves offend, who greatly pleaſe;
And travel only gives us ſound repoſe.
Heav'n *ſells* all pleaſure; effort is the price;
The joys of conqueſt, are the joys of man;
And *glory* the victorious *laurel* ſpreads
O'er *pleaſure*'s pure, perpetual, placid ſtream.
There is a time, when toil muſt be preferr'd,
Or joy, by miſ-tim'd fondneſs, is undone.
A man of *pleaſure* is a man of *pains*.

Line 785. *They firſt themſelves offend, who greatly pleaſe.*] Whether the author intended this in a natural or moral ſenſe, the reader is left to determine; but in either, the aſſertion is undoubtedly true. In the firſt conſideration, the indulgence of our paſſions prevents that vigor of religion and piety neceſſary to raiſe mankind above the grovelling and ſenſual delights of appetite: In the latter, that ſatiety which is the attendant on an unreaſonable enjoyment of ſublunary objects, and of objects directed to an ungovern'd paſſion, prevents the ſerene ſatisfaction, which moderation would give riſe to.

Line 791. *There is a time when toil muſt be preferr'd.*] Nature, with all her fertility, would fail impreſſing a pleaſing idea on the mind of man, unleſs attended and embelliſh'd with variety. As in the review of uſual objects, we avoid a ſameneſs, ſo in the concerns of the mind the ſcene muſt ſhift; elſe we are, by cuſtom and enjoyment rendered inſenſible to its perfections. A round of pleaſures is but the iteration of what, for want of contraſt, becomes nauſeous and unintereſting to the fancy; and, ſince an active mind abhors a vacuum, what is difficult in affording pleaſure, muſt generate diſguſt. By variation, well applied, the whole is rectified; labour and eaſe, courted alternately, incline us to the true enjoyment of each.

Thou

Thou wilt not take the trouble to be bleſt.
Falſe joys, indeed, are born from want of thought;
From thought's full bent, and energy, the *true*;
And that demands a mind in equal poize,
Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
Much joy not only ſpeaks ſmall happineſs,
But happineſs, that ſhortly muſt expire.
Can joy, unbottomb'd in reflection, ſtand?
And, in a tempeſt, can reflection live?
Can joy, like thine, ſecure itſelf an hour?
Can joy, like thine, meet accident unſhock'd?
Or ope the door to honeſt poverty?
Or talk with threat'ning death, and not turn pale?
In ſuch a world, and ſuch a nature, *theſe*
Are needful fundamentals* of delight:
Theſe fundamentals give delight *indeed*;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
Delight, unſhaken, maſculine†, divine;
A conſtant, and a ſound, but *ſerious* joy.
Is joy the daughter of ſeverity?

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* Neceſſary foundations. † Worthy of man's dignity.

Line 805. *Or ope the door to honeſt poverty?*] As the author before examined pleaſure in the approving ſatisfaction of an impartially tranquil conſcience, he now continues to review her offspring, Joy, as that calm ſerenity of mind which enables mankind to encounter the frowns of fate, without a falling tear at their misfortunes. This ſyſtem was peculiarly embraced by the ancient moraliſts; and Horace, who blended the moſt ſenſible and ſalutary leſſons with the wild ſallies of mirth and gayety, frequently conveys a ſimilar ſentiment. His third Ode of the third book is replete with the above leſſons, wherein he paints virtue ſmiling with tranquil joy, amidſt the revolutions of empire, and confuſion of jarring elements.

It is:---yet far my doctrine from ſevere.
"Rejoice for ever:" it becomes a man;
Exalts, and ſets him nearer to the gods.
"Rejoice for ever," *Nature* cries, "Rejoice;"
And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,
Mixt up of delicates for ev'ry ſenſe;
To the great Founder of the bounteous feaſt,
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praiſe;
And he that will not *pledge her*, is a churl‡.
Ill firmly to ſupport, *good* fully taſte,
Is the whole ſcience of felicity:
Yet *ſparing pledge: her* bowl is not the beſt
Mankind can boaſt.---"A rational repaſt;

---

‡ Moroſe, ill-natured fellow.

Line 814. *It is.*————————] Grey, in his beautiful Ode to Adverſity, has nearly the ſame thought, tho' in a different dreſs:

When firſt thy fire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd;
To thee he gave the heavenly birth
And bade to form her infant mind.

And in the continuation,

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing folly's idle brood;
Wild laughter, noiſe, and THOUGHTLESS joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.

Line 823. *Ill firmly to ſupport, good fully taſte.*] A wiſe man, ſays Seneca, is neither elated with proſperity, nor dejected by adverſity:

Rebus anguſtis, animoſus, atque
Fortis appare.————

Horace, Book II. Ode 10.

Quem res plus nimio delectavere ſecundæ
Mutatæ quatient.

Book I. Epiſt. 10.

"Exertion, vigilence, a mind in arms,
"A military diſcipline of thought,
"To foil† *temptation* in the doubtful field;
"And ever-waking ardor for *the right*." 830
'Tis *theſe*, firſt, give, then guard, a chearful heart.
Nought that is *right*, think little; well aware,
What reaſon bids, GOD bids; by *His* command
How aggrandiz'd§, the ſmalleſt thing we do!
Thus, *nothing* is inſipid to the wiſe; 835
To thee, inſipid all, but what is *mad*;
Joys ſeaſon'd high, and taſting ſtrong of guilt.
"*Mad!* (thou replyſt, with indignation fir'd)
"Of ancient ſages proud to tread the ſteps,
"I follow *nature*."—Follow *nature* ſtill, 840
But look it be thine *own*: Is *conſcience*, then,
No part of nature? Is ſhe not *ſupreme?*
Thou regicide*! O raiſe her from the dead!
Then, follow nature; and reſemble GOD.
When, ſpite of *conſcience*, pleaſure is purſu'd, 845

† To counteract the attack. § Exalted.

* Murderer of kings, alluding to the dignity of conſcience.

Line 840. *I follow nature.*————] Natural and revealed religion have each a reaſonable claim to veneration; and ſo univerſally confeſſed a truth is it, that the one or other have a juſt demand to man's attachment, that the moſt diſſolute is compelled to incline to the former or latter. It is at the ſame time evident, that the principles of revelation require a more moral conduct than thoſe ariſing ſolely from natural bias; on which account ſhe becomes the reſource of thoſe, who profeſs a contemptuous diſregard to virtue, and the government of the paſſions. They ſelect from the lives of the ancients, thoſe particular vices which may operate in favour of their own miſconduct, and call it the purſuit of nature: but they ſhould be aware of Pope's ſentiment in his Moral Eſſay,

Know, God and nature only are the ſame.

Man's nature is *unnaturally* pleas'd :
And what's unnatural, is painful too
At intervals, and muſt diſguſt ev'n thee!
The *fact* thou know'ſt ; but not, perhaps, the *cauſe*.
Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid ;
Heav'n mixt her with our make, and twiſted cloſe
Her ſacred int'reſts with the ſtrings of life.
Who breaks her awful mandate†, ſhocks himſelf,
His better ſelf : And is it greater pain,
Our *ſoul* ſhould murmur, or our *duſt* repine ?
And one, in their eternal war, *muſt* bleed.
If one muſt ſuffer, which ſhould leaſt be ſpar'd ?
The pains of mind ſurpaſs the pains of ſenſe :
Aſk, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt.
The joys of *ſenſe* to *mental*‡ joys are mean ;
Senſe on the preſent only feeds ; the ſoul
On paſt, and future, forages§ for joy.
'Tis hers, by retroſpect||, thro' *time* to range ;
And forward *time*'s great ſequel to ſurvey.
Could human courts take vengeance on the *mind*,
Axes might ruſt, and racks, and gibbets, fall :
Guard, then, thy mind, and leave the reſt to fate.
LORENZO ! wilt thou never be a man ?
The man is dead, who for the body lives,
Lur'd, by the beating of his pulſe, to liſt
With ev'ry luſt, that wars againſt his peace ;
And ſets him quite at variance with himſelf.

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† Ordinances. ‡ The pleaſures of the mind.
§ Extracts happineſs from the contemplation of futurity.
|| Examination of the paſt.

Thyſelf, firſt, know; then love: A *ſelf* there is
Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.
A *ſelf* there is, as fond of ev'ry vice,
While ev'ry virtue wounds it to the heart;
Humility degrades it, *juſtice* robs,
Bleſt *bounty* beggars it, fair *truth* betrays,
And godlike *magnanimity* deſtroys.
This ſelf, when rival to the former, ſcorn;
When not in competition*, kindly treat,

* Oppoſition, enmity.

Line 873. ——————*A ſelf there is.*] Providence has diſtributed our inclinations to virtue and vice, with ſo nice and juſt a ſcale, that man, conſidered as a free-agent, has the charms of each preſented to his view; not only with their preſent attributes, but with the beneficial or fatal conſequences inevitably attendant on them; Young's review of our divided attachments has that forcible truth and ſound morality to endear it to our attention, that we act hypocritically in endeavouring to effect an unconcern at its contents.

Line 875. *A ſelf there is, as fond of ev'ry vice.*] Free-will, by the peculiar juſtice of providence, enables us, not only to act, but form our ſentiments, from the particular bias to which we are inclined; and man, when tutored in vice, and warmly prepoſſeſſed in favour of the liberties an immoral courſe of life allows, will, by fallacy and ſophiſtry of argument, caſt a ſhade over the moſt amiable attributes of the ſoul, and maintain the moſt god-like virtues to be injurious and inconſiſtent with human felicity.

Line 881. *When not in competition, kindly treat.*] The author, as he firſt viewed the mind attached to virtuous inclinations, next examines it as diſunited from thoſe branches of morality, and ſtill allows a copious and ſalutary production may be derived from each. Humility is in itſelf an amiable virtue; when viewed by man in a degradatory light, his inclinations err, and that ſelf-love which animates them, becomes an illegal and falſe paſſion. When the natural bent of the mind claſhes with natural humility, juſtice, &c. its ſentiments ſhould be ſcorned, and, if poſſible, eradicated: And yet, a real and moral ſelf-love may allow humility or juſtice, taken in a general and extenſive ſenſe, to be degradation or robbery, when in any ways inconſiſtent with virtue itſelf. Self-love, in regard to our preſent intereſt, when not oppoſed by virtuous ſelf-love, is meritorious.

Defend

Defend it, feed it :—but when virtue bids,
Toſs it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.
And why ? 'Tis love of *pleaſure* bids thee bleed ;
Comply, or own ſelf-love *extinct*, or *blind*.
For, what is *vice* ? Self-love in a miſtake ;
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
And *virtue*, what ? 'Tis ſelf-love in her wits,
Quite ſkilful in the market of delight.
Self-love's good ſenſe is love of that dread Power,
From whom herſelf, and all ſhe can enjoy.
Other ſelf-love is but diſguis'd ſelf-hate ;

Line 885. *Comply, or own ſelf-love extinct, or blind.*] Since, as Pope ſays, "Virtue alone is happineſs below," and ſince the innate purſuit of that happineſs, or, as Young terms it, Pleaſure is the grand object of our concerns in this life, we muſt thence deduce this certain truth, that from uniting our paſſions and deſires with the ſtandards of virtue and morality, we can alone derive content of mind, and render ſelf-love productive of ſelf-intereſt. Indeed, this natural and neceſſary affection ſeems the direct and certain path to virtue. Its beneficial effects are pleaſingly deſcribed by Pope, in his Eſſay on Man :

Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads.
Friend, parent, &c.

Line 892. *Other ſelf-love is but diſguis'd ſelf-hate.*] The machinations of providence are of ſo peculiar a texture, and ſo excellently calculated for man's advantage, that of themſelves they perſuade us to a life of probity. Vice, in whatever ſhape it may appear, injures ſelf love, whether in a private or public conſequence. By the indulgence of thoſe paſſions, which injures us only as individual ſufferers, our peace is wounded, and that ſelf-indulgence of conſequence widely diſtant from the ſelf ſatisfaction of mind or body. By an unjuſt procedure, in regard to the intereſt of others, tho' our wiſhes may be ſeemingly gratified, yet that conſcientious ſting, which only pierces the breaſts of the wicked, renders our ill-judged view of intereſt not only contradictory, but utterly deſtructive of the felicities we expected from ſelf-love.

More mortal than the malice of our foes;
A ſelf-hate, *now*, ſcarce felt; *then* felt full ſore,
When Being, curſt; Extinction*; loud implor'd;
And ev'ry thing preferr'd to what we *are*.
Yet *this* ſelf-love LORENZO makes his choice;
And, in this choice triumphant, boaſts of joy.
How is his want of happineſs betray'd.
By diſaffection to the preſent hour!
Imagination wanders far afield†:
The future pleaſes: Why? The preſent pains.—
"But that's a *ſecret*."—Yes, which all men know;
And know from thee, diſcover'd unawares.
Thy ceaſeleſs agitation, reſtleſs roll
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pauſe;
What is it?—'Tis the cradle of the ſoul,
From *inſtinct* ſent, to rock her in diſeaſe,
Which her phyſician, *Reaſon*, will not cure.
A poor expedient, yet thy beſt; and while
It mitigates thy pain, it *owns* it too.
Such are LORENZO's wretched remedies!
The weak have remedies; the wiſe have joys,
Superior wiſdom is ſuperior bliſs.

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* The diſſolution of our being.

† Contemplates the ſcenes of fancy.

Line 903. ——*Yes, which all men know.*] There is a communicative language in the eyes which often, ſpite of all our hypocriſy, declares the innermoſt receſſes of the heart to labour under a viſible uneaſineſs. Our efforts at mirth too often expoſe the contrary paſſion lurking in our minds; and he who wiſhes to conceal the dilatory progreſs of time, by an attachment to variety, but proves more clearly the natural imbecility of his own mind.

Line 907. ——*'Tis the cradle of the ſoul.*] This thought is originally excellent, and expreſſed with great poetical judgment.

And what ſure mark diſtinguiſhes the wiſe?
Conſiſtent wiſdom ever wills the ſame;
Thy fickle wiſh is ever on the wing.
Sick of herſelf, is *folly*'s character;
As *wiſdom*'s is, a modeſt ſelf-applauſe.
A change of evils is *thy* good ſupreme;
Nor, but in motion, canſt thou find thy reſt.
Man's greateſt ſtrength is ſhewn in ſtanding ſtill.
The firſt ſure ſymptom of a mind in health,
Is reſt of heart, and pleaſure felt at home.
Falſe pleaſure from abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and ſelf-ſuſtain'd, the *true*,
The *true* is fixt, and ſolid as a rock;
Slipp'ry the *falſe*, and toſſing, as the wave.

Line 918. *Sick of herſelf, is folly's character.*] The puerile baubles of amuſement, ſo univerſally ſought by the voluptuous and giddy, generate that diſguſting ſatiety, which renders even their variety no more than an iteration of the ſame round of follies. The contemplation of thoſe numerous ſtudies ariſing from the ground-work of wiſdom, is ſufficient of itſelf to produce an unceaſing variety, contending in each of its branches for the preference of mankind.

Line 921. *Nor, but in motion, canſt thou find thy reſt.*] The peculiar emblem of a diſturbed mind, is an averſion to that tranquil moderation, ſo favourably received by the man firmly reclining on the baſis of contemplation and religion.

Line 924. *Is reſt of heart, and pleaſure felt at home.*] Tranquility of mind is the firſt and moſt neceſſary introduction to the leſſons of virtue. The man, who on the abſence of folly, is obliged to call in the aid of other follies to ſupply the vacancy, can never liſten with a due attention to the morality of a more ſerious argument. Satan's ſoliloquy, in Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, conveys a ſimilar ſentiment:

——One, who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time;
The mind is its own place; and in itſelf
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.

This,

This, a wild wanderer on earth, like CAIN;
That, like the fabled, ſelf-enamour'd boy,
Home-contemplation her ſupreme delight;
She dreads an interruption from without,
Smit with her own condition; and the more
Intenſe ſhe gazes, ſtill it charms the more.
No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himſelf.
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
And love o'erflowing, makes an angel here.
Such angels all, intitled to repoſe
On *Him* who governs fate: tho' tempeſt frowns,
Tho' nature ſhakes, how ſoft to lean on heaven!
To lean on *Him*, on whom archangels lean!

Line 929. *This, a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain.*]
Gen. Chap. 4. Verſe 12.
"A fugitive and a vagabond ſhalt thou be in the earth."

Line 930. *That, like the fabled, ſelf-enamour'd boy.*]
Dumque bibit, viſæ correptus (Narciſſus) imagine formæ,
Rem ſine corpore amat: corpus putat eſſe quod umbra eſt
Adſtupet ipſe ſibi.
Ovid's Meta. Book III. Line 417.

Line 431. *Home-contemplation her ſupreme delight.*] Domeſtic happineſs is equally true, either as regarding our preſent felicity, or our future progreſs in the ſearch of virtue. Dr. Cotton has the following pleaſing thoughts on that natural and ſelf-given content, neceſſary for tranquil and permanent ſatisfaction:

If ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſt the jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to beſtow,
From our ownſelves our joys muſt flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Line 942. *To lean on Him, on whom archangels lean!*] Horace, in his review of a juſt and virtuous man, has the ſame thought.

Hac arte pollux, & vagus Hercules
Innixus, arcer attigit igneas,

With

With inward eyes, and ſilent as the grave,
They ſtand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels, ſeen of old
In ISRAEL's dream, come from, and go to, heaven:
Hence are *they* ſtudious of ſequeſtred* ſcenes;
While noiſe, and diſſipation, comfort *thee*.
Were all men happy, revellings would ceaſe,
That opiate† for inquietude within.
LORENZO! never man was truly bleſt,
But it compos'd, and gave him ſuch a caſt,
As *folly* might miſtake for want of joy.
A caſt, unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modeſt aſpect, and a ſmile at heart.

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* Retired peculiar to contemplation. † Aſſuaging medicine.

Line 947. *In Iſrael's dream, come from, and go to, heaven*:] Gen. Chap. XXVIII. Verſe 12. "And he dreamed, and behold, a "ladder ſet upon the earth, and the top of it reached to "heaven: and behold, the angels of God aſcending and de-"ſcending upon it."

Line 948, *Hence, are they ſtudious of ſequeſtred ſcenes.*] The confuſion and giddy revolutions of the world are ill-calculated for ſerious meditation, or for the indulgence of ſentiments, whoſe bent is diverted from earthly intereſts. Peaceful retirement, as it protects virtue from the perils of temptation, ſo it qualifies mankind for a grateful and ſatisfactory contemplation of God's omnipotence and nature's productions, each of which is equally viſible and excellent in a ſequeſtered ſcene, as in tumultuous views:

Wiſdom's ſelf
Oft ſeeks ſo ſweet retired ſolitude;
Where, with her beſt nurſe, contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various buſtle of reſort
Were all too ruffled, and ſometimes impair'd.
Milton's Comus.

O for a joy from thy PHILANDER's ſpring!
A ſpring perennial‡, riſing in the breaſt,
And permanent, as pure! No turbid ſtream
Of rapt'rous§ exultation ſwelling high;
Which, like land-floods, impetuous pour awhile,
Then ſink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man, who tranſient joy prefers?
What, but prefer the bubbles to the ſtream?
Vain are all ſudden ſallies of delight;
Convulſions of a weak diſtemper'd joy.
Joy's a fixt ſtate; a tenure‖, not a ſtart.
Bliſs there is none, but *unprecarious* bliſs:
That is the gem: ſell all, and purchaſe that.
Why go a begging to contingencies*,
Not gain'd with eaſe, nor ſafely lov'd, if gain'd?
At good fortuitous†, draw back, and pauſe;
Suſpect it; what thou canſt enſure, enjoy;
And nought but what thou giv'ſt thyſelf, is ſure.
Reaſon perpetuates joy that reaſon gives,
And make it as immortal as herſelf:
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.
Worth, conſcious worth! ſhould *abſolutely* reign;
And other joys aſk leave for their reproach;
Nor, unexamin'd, ever leave obtain.

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‡ Laſting, immortal. § Clamourous mirth.

‖ Man's lawful poſſeſſion born with him, not riſing and extinct alternately.

* Chance. † Dependant on fortune.

Line 964. *What, but prefer the bubbles to the ſtream?*] The ſimile is particularly apt, and naturally pleaſing.

Line 969. *That is the gem: ſell all, and purchaſe that.*] Alluding to our Saviour's parable, St. Matth. Chap. 13, Verſe 45.

Thou

Thou art all anarchy*; a mob of joys
Wage war, and periſh in inteſtine† broils;
Not the leaſt promiſe of internal peace!
No boſom-comfort! or unborrow'd bliſs!
Thy thoughts are vagabonds; all outward-bound,
Mid ſands, and rocks, and ſtorms, to cruiſe for pleaſure;
If gain'd, dear bought; and better miſs'd than gain'd.
Much pain muſt expiate, what much pain procur'd.
Fancy, and *ſenſe*, from an infected ſhore,
Thy cargo bring; and peſtilence the prize.
Then, ſuch thy thirſt (inſatiable thirſt!
By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more!)
Fancy ſtill cruiſes‡, when poor *ſenſe* is tir'd.
Imagination is the *Pathian* ſhop§,
Where feeble happineſs, like VULCAN, lame,
Bids foul *ideas*, in their dark receſs,
And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires),

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* A ſcene of confuſion. † Civil contentions.
‡ Rambles in queſt of objects. § Habitation of the Cyclopes.

Line 988. *Much pain muſt expiate, what much pain procur'd.*] Is a beautiful ſentiment, and conveys a momentous truth, which demands our matureſt conſideration. The road to vice, tho' ſmooth, when compared to the rugged ſelf-denials required by virtue, is rough, when we examine the tortures ariſing from a conſcientious reflection, that we have loſt all privilege of purity and worth; that we have diveſted ourſelves of every grateful veneration for the Deity, and mutual duty to mankind.

Line 991. *Then, ſuch thy thirſt (inſatiable thirſt!)*] Is an alluſion to Ovid's deſcription of the plague that reigned at Athens:

Indulgent animis; et nulla, quid utile, cura eſt.

Line 995. *Where feeble happineſs, like Vulcan, lame.*] Vulcan, in the ancient mythology, is ſaid to have forged Jupiter's thunderbolts. The compariſon is natural and deſcriptive.

With

With wanton art, thoſe fatal arrows form,
Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.
Wouldſt thou receive them, other thoughts there are,
On angel-wing, deſcending from above,
Which theſe, with art divine, would counterwork,
And form celeſtial armour for thy peace.
In *this* is ſeen imagination's *guilt*;
But who can count her *follies?* She betrays thee,
To think in grandeur there is ſomething great.
For works of curious art, and ancient fame,
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;
And foreign climes muſt cater for thy taſte.
Hence, what diſaſter!—Tho' the price was paid,
That perſecuting prieſt, the *Turk* of *Rome**,
Whoſe foot (ye gods!) tho' cloven, muſt be kiſs'd,
Detain'd thy dinner on the *Latian* ſhore†;
(Such is the fate of honeſt Proteſtants!)
And poor *magnificence* is ſtarv'd to death.

---

§ The pope. † Rome, formerly called Latian.

Line 1003. *And from celeſtial armour for thy peace.*] Alluding to the ſhield of Achilles in the Iliad, and that of Æneas in the Æneid.

Line 1005. *But who can count her follies?*———] Shakeſpeare, in his Midſummer Night's Dream, elegantly depictures the effects of imagination, that irkſome companion of a reſtleſs mind. After viewing the various operations it produces in men of different turns of thought, he examines it conjunctively with the creative fancies of poetry:

And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.

Line 1015. *And poor magnificence is ſtarv'd to death.*] This ludicrous view of the dilettante, or genuine admirers of taſte, is highly commendable. The luxuries that prov'd ſo fatal to ſtates and kingdoms of a former æra, ſeem to be tranſmitted to us in their moſt extenſive and malevolent influence.

And

Hence juſt reſentment, indignation, ire!—
Be pacify'd; if *outward* things are great,
'Tis magnanimity great things to ſcorn;
Pompous expences, and parades auguſt,
And courts; that inſalubrious‡ ſoil to peace.
True happineſs ne'er enter'd at an eye;
True happineſs reſides in things unſeen.
No ſmiles of *fortune* ever bleſt the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob *innocence* of joys;
That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor:
So tell his *Holineſs*, and be reveng'd.
Pleaſure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Our only conteſt, what deſerves the name.
Give *pleaſure*'s name to nought, but what has paſs'd
Th' authentic ſeal of *reaſon* (which, like YORKE§,
Demurrs on what it paſſes), and defies
The tooth of time; when paſt, a pleaſure ſtill;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our preſent, joy.
Some joys the future overcaſt; and ſome
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
Some joys endear eternity; ſome give
Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.

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‡ Prejudicial to health.

§ The Earl of Hardwicke, formerly Lord Chancellor.

Line 1024. *Nor can her frowns rob innocence of joys.*]

What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſunſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize.———

Horace, in one of his Odes, has ſentiments of a ſimilar caſt:

Pone me pigris, ubi nulla, campis
Arbor æſtiva recreatur aura.

Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Conſult thy *whole exiſtence*, and be ſafe;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
Short is the leſſon, tho' my lecture long,
Be good—and let Heav'n anſwer for the reſt.
Yet, with a ſigh o'er all mankind, I grant,
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The *good man* has his clouds that intervene* ;
Clouds, that *obſcure* his ſublunary day,
But never *conquer:* ev'n the *beſt* muſt own,
Patience, and *reſignation*, are the pillars

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* Interrupt his plans.

Line 1041. *Conſult thy whole exiſtence, and be ſafe.*] Can man, while he attempts to vindicate his faulty conduct by a recourſe to reaſon, form the ſmalleſt idea, that providence endued him with that diſtinguiſhed attribute to act more criminally than the irrational inhabitants of the woods? As a grand incentive to morality and virtue, we need only conſult the external dignity of our frame, and the internal paſſions of the mind; each, while unprejudiced, conducing to the centre of happineſs and piety. While we can ſeriouſly allow the dignity of our being, and the natural tendency towards happineſs, innate in every moral virtue, our conſcience, ſeparately viewed from conduct, cannot err.

Line 1044. *Be good, and let Heaven anſwer for the reſt.*] Juvenal, at the concluſion of his 10th Satire, conveys a ſimilar ſummary of man's grand leſſon, as dependantly ariſing from himſelf.

Monſtro quod ipſe tibi poſſis dare: ſemita certè
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.

Line 1050. *Patience, and reſignation, are the pillars.*] In the main ſupports of virtue, ancient and modern piety were nearly exact. The morality of each had almoſt the ſame tendency. Their errors were equally deſtructive, and their virtues equally amiable. Horace, in his Ode to the memory of Quintilius Varius, recommends reſignation nearly in the ſame terms as Young:

Durum. Sed levius fit patientia
Quicquid corrigere eſt nefas.

Of human peace on earth. The pillars, theſe;
But thoſe of SETH not more remote from thee†,
Till *this* heroic leſſon thou haſt learnt;
To frown at *pleaſure*, and to ſmile in *pain*.
Fir'd at the proſpect of unclouded bliſs,
Heav'n in reverſion‡, like the ſun, as yet
Beneath th' horizon§, chear us in this world;
It ſheds, on ſouls ſuſceptible of light‖,
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.
"This (ſays LORENZO) is a fair harangue:
"But can harangues blow back ſtrong nature's ſtream;
"Or ſtem the tide heav'n puſhes thro' our veins,
"Which ſweeps away man's impotent reſolves,
"And lays his labour level with the *world*?"
Themſelves men make their comment on mankind;
And think nought *is*, but what they find at home:
Thus, weakneſs to chimera turns the truth.
Nothing romantic has the muſe preſcrib'd.
* Above, LORENZO ſaw the man of earth,

† Columns mentioned in the Old Teſtament.
‡ Our future inheritance. § The cloſe of our view.
‖ Qualified for the comprehenſion of divine truths.
* In a former Night.

Line 1063. *Which ſweeps away man's impotent reſolves.*] The vain pretence that our paſſions are ſuperior in their influence, and lead us irreſiſtibly into error with more power than can animate our efforts towards an oppoſition, is ſo contradictory to nature, and ſo high an effrontery to the Divine Spirit, that, methinks, it ſhould be the laſt, as it is the moſt irrational defence of impiety.

Line 1065. *Themſelves men make their comment on mankind.*] There is a ſimilar ſentiment, but more in the reproving ſtile, in one of the ancient Latin authors:

Ut tute es, ita omnes cenſes eſſe.

The *mortal man*; and wretched was the ſight.
To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,
Now ſee the *man immortal*: Him, I mean,
Who lives as ſuch; whoſe heart, full bent on heaven,
Leans all *that* way, his bias* to the ſtars.
The *world*'s dark ſhades, in contraſt ſet, ſhall raiſe
His luſtre more; tho' bright, without a foil:
Obſerve his awful portrait, and admire;
Nor ſtop at wonder; imitate, and live.
Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing leſs than angel can exceed,
A man on earth devoted to the ſkies;
Like ſhips in ſeas, while *in*, *above* the world.
With aſpect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him ſeated on a mount ſerene,
Above the fogs† of *ſenſe*, and *paſſion*'s ſtorm;
All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,

Like

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* Bent of inclination. † Blindneſs of earthly views.

Line 1079. *Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw.*] Is an invocation ſomewhat reſembling that of Milton, in the beginning of his firſt Book:

I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous ſong,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it purſues
Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhyme.

Line 1082. *Like ſhips in ſeas, while in, above the world.*] This ſimile is, I think, by no means beautiful. There is a deficiency of aptneſs, and inſipidity of thought, which muſt prevent its fixing a pleaſing impreſſion on the reader's mind.

Line 1086. *All the black cares and tumults of this life.*] We meet with the moſt excellent and genuine beauties in this review of the virtuous and contemplative man; nor can the peculiar elegance of Young eſcape us, either in his moral or poetical ſentiments. The firſt are, it may be ſaid, ſometimes the effect of a diſcontented mind.

Be

Like harmleſs thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine ſons, the ſcepter'd, and the ſlave,
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he ſees
Bewilder'd* in the wale; in all unlike!
His full reverſe in all! What higher praiſe?
What ſtronger demonſtration of the right?
The preſent all *their* care; the future, *his*.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty *he* conceals.
Their virtues varniſh† nature; *his* exalt.
Mankind's eſteem *they* court; and *he*, his own.
Theirs, the wild chaſe of *falſe* felicities;
His, the compos'd poſſeſſion of the *true*.
Alike throughout is *his* conſiſtent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd ſhreds of happineſs,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for *them*
A madman's robe; each puff of *fortune* blows
The tatters by, and ſhews their nakedneſs.
He ſees with other eyes than *theirs*: where *they*
Behold a *ſun*, *he* ſpies a *Deity*;
What makes *them* only ſmile, makes *him* adore.
Where *they* ſee *mountains*, *he* but *atoms* ſees;
An *empire*, in *his* balance, weighs a *grain*.

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* Loſt in error. † Paint with falſe colours.

Be it ſo; but ſtill they are painted in the intrinſic ſpirit of piety. The latter, tho' they now and then riſe to a bombaſt, inconſiſtent with the ſubject, are nevertheleſs the mark of an elegant and creative imagination.

Line 1106. *The tatters by, and ſhews their nakedneſs.*] The deſcriptive is here penned in its higheſt perfection. The congruity it preſerves with nature and natural ideas, heightens its imagery.

They things terreſtrial worſhip, as divine;
His hopes immortal blow them by, as duſt,
That dims his ſight, and ſhortens his ſurvey,
Which longs, in infinite, to loſe all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aſide to find his dignity;
No dignity *they* find in aught beſides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory), proud of an eclipſe.
Himſelf too much *he* prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks ſo great in man, as *man*.
Too dear *he* holds his int'reſt, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their int'reſt, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the ſhadow of a wrong;
Wrong *he* ſuſtains with temper, looks on heaven,
Nor ſtoops to think his injurer his foe;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
A cover'd heart *their* character defends;
A cover'd heart denies *him* half his praiſe.
With nakedneſs *his* innocence agrees;
While *their* broad foliage* teſtifies their fall.
Their no-joys end, where *his* full feaſt begins;
His joys *create*, *theirs* murder, future bliſs.

* Leaves.

Line 1133. *While their broad foliage teſtifies their fall.*]

Then was not guilty ſhame, diſhoneſt ſhame,
Of nature's works, honour diſhonourable,
Sin bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With ſhows inſtead, mere ſhows of ſeeming pure,
And baniſh'd from man's life his happieſt life,
Simplicity, and ſpotleſs innocence!

Par. Loſt. Book IV. Line 313.

To

To triumph in exiſtence, *his*, alone;
And *his* alone, triumphantly to think
His *true* exiſtence is not yet begun.
His glorious courſe was, yeſterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome; yet life ſtill is ſweet.
But nothing charms LORENZO, like the firm,
Undaunted breaſt—And whoſe is that high praiſe?
They yield to pleaſure, tho' they danger brave,
And ſhew no fortitude, but in the field;
If there they ſhew it; 'tis for glory ſhewn;
Nor will that cordial always man* *their* hearts.
A cordial *his* ſuſtains, that cannot fail;
By pleaſure unſubdu'd, unbroke by pain,
He ſhares in that Omnipotence he truſts.
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls;
And when he falls, writes VICI† on his ſhield.
From magnanimity, all *fear* above;

---

* Strengthen, arm with courage. † I have conquered.

Line 1140. *Death, then, was welcome; yet life ſtill is ſweet.*] Is a ſummary of a former ſentiment, where the author counſels man to the indulgence of ſelf love; and, at the ſame time, that he regards not his longer exiſtence as fearing to die, to guard againſt the approaches of death; conducively with a veneration to the Author of his being, and a natural affection for the real advantages of life.

Line 1145. *If there they ſhew it, 'tis for glory ſhewn.*] The preſent recompences of virtue are too often the primary incitements to the little favour ſhewn it at this period. Our moſt ſeemingly unintereſted actions are inwardly biaſſed by ſome perſuaſive effort, which claſhes with their external glories, and renders hypocriſy a needful and favourable reſource. I would not ſeem to depreciate man's natural excellence, by caſting a ſhade over the moſt amiable of his virtues, but only defend the ſentiments of an author, whoſe knowledge was derived from fatal experience with the world, and its apparently diſintereſted tranſactions.

From

From nobler recompence, above *applauſe*;
Which owes to man's *ſhort* out-look all its charms.
Backward to credit what he never felt,
LORENZO cries,—"Where ſhines this miracle?
"From what root riſes this *Immortal man?*"
A root that grows not in LORENZO's ground;
The *root* diſſect, nor wonder at the *flower*.
He follows nature (not like thee); and ſhews us
An un-inverted‡ ſyſtem of a man.
His *appetite* wears *reaſon*'s golden chain,
And finds, in due reſtraint, its luxury.
His *paſſion*, like an eagle well-reclaim'd,
Is taught to fly at nought, but infinite.
Patient his *hope*, un-anxious is his *care*,
His *caution* fearleſs, and his *grief* (if grief
The gods ordain) a ſtranger to deſpair.
And why?—Becauſe affection, more than meet,
His wiſdom leaves not diſengag'd from heaven.

‡ Rational, natural.

Line 1154. *Which owes to man's ſhort out-look all its charms.*] No author paints the follies of ambition (improperly directed) with more materiality and ſtrength of argument than Young. As from thence originates the generality of our actions, which we wiſh to bear the ſcrutiny of mankind; ſo, by the ſame means, their intrinſic merit is loſt, and even the wiſhes, which gave riſe to them, gratified but for a moment.

Line 1160. *He follows nature, not like thee, and ſhews us.*] Alluding to Lorenzo's ſuppoſed retort of argument:

Of ancient ſages, proud to tread the ſteps,
I follow nature.

Line 1164. *His paſſion, like an eagle, well reclaim'd.*] The eagle is ſaid to ſoar conſiderably higher than the reſt of the winged ſpecies, and to have the peculiar power of looking ſtedfaſtly on the ſun, without injuring, in any wiſe, the organs of ſight. The compariſon is ſpirited and poetically juſt.

Thoſe

Thoſe ſecondary goods that ſmile on earth,
He, loving in *proportion*, loves in *peace*.
They moſt the world enjoy, who leaſt admire.
His *underſtanding* 'ſcapes the common cloud
Of fumes, ariſing from a boiling breaſt.
His head is clear, becauſe his heart is cool,
By worldly competitions uninflam'd.
The mod'rate movements of his ſoul admit
Diſtinct ideas, and matur'd debate,
An eye impartial, and an even ſcale;
Whence judgment ſound, and unrepenting choice.
Thus, in a double ſenſe, the *good* are wiſe;
On its own dunghill, wiſer than the *world*.
What, then, the world? It *muſt* be doubly weak;
Strange truth! as ſoon would they believe their *creed*.

Yet

Line 1173. *They moſt the world enjoy, who leaſt admire.*] Horace's Epiſtle to Numicius begins with the ſame ſentiment:

Nil admirari, propè res eſt una, Numici,
Solaque quæ poſſit facere et ſervare beatum.

Line 1183. *On its own dunghill, wiſer than the world.*] Since the author has cloſed his weighty arguments in a final truth, ſo unexpected, and which, at the ſame time, ſo evidently renders every other ſyſtem, whether natural or moral, utterly abortive, we cannot withhold the juſt commendation which he merits for enforcing the leſſons of morality, in a language ſo incontrovertibly founded on veracity, and exempt from the uſeleſs ſophiſtry and empty diſputes, ſo fertile on the ſubject of religion. Had Young exiſted during the times of Socrates or Plato, he would, doubtleſs, have ſhared a more than equal part of their glory; ſince we find his momentous verities derived from nature chiefly, and as addreſſed to one whoſe faith had ſo impotent a foundation, rarely aſſiſted by the lights of revelation.

Line 1185. *Strange truth! as ſoon would they believe their creed.*] Whether this aſſertion be conſidered as reproving or ſatirical, it is equally juſt. A faith in revealed truths, and in the beneficial

ones

Yet thus it is; nor otherwiſe *can* be;
So far from aught romantic, what I ſing.
Bliſs has no being, virtue has no ſtrength,
But from the proſpect of immortal life.
Who think earth all, or (what weighs juſt the ſame)
Who care no farther, *muſt* prize what it yields;
Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
Who thinks earth nothing, *can't* its charms admire;
He can't a foe, tho' moſt malignant, hate,
Becauſe that hate would prove his greater foe.
'Tis hard for *them* (yet who ſo loudly boaſt
Good-will to men?) to love their deareſt friend;
For may not he invade their *good ſupreme*,
Where the leaſt jealouſy turns love to gall?
All ſhines to *them*, that for a ſeaſon ſhines.

---

ones of morality, has ſuch a dependent connection, that to diſbelieve one, nearly overthrows the arguments of the other. The contents of the creed, beſides, have ſo univerſal and intereſting a concatenation with religion in every view, that an unprincipled and immoral profligate may be ſaid, with juſtice, to diſbelieve them.

Line 1196. *'Tis hard for them.*————] Suſpicions and jealouſies in friendſhip are ſo degradatory to benevolence, and, at the ſame time, ſo greatly diminiſh the benignity and grandeur of itſelf, that one would think, for their own peace, for the grand cauſe of virtue, and for the honour of their fellows, men would be with difficulty perſuaded to ſuffer the gall of fear to poiſon the ſweets of amity. And yet, how contrary is the language of experience!

> To doubt's an injury; to ſuſpect a friend
> Is b each of friendſhip; jealouſy's a ſeed
> Sown but in vicious minds; prone to diſtruſt,
> Becauſe apt to deceive.
>
> Lanſdown.

Each

Each act, each thought, *he* queſtions, "What its weight,
"Its colour what, a thouſand ages hence?"—
And what it *there* appears, he deems it *now*.
Hence, pure are the receſſes of his ſoul.
The God-like man has nothing to conceal.
His virtue, conſtitutionally deep*,
His *habit*'s firmneſs, and *affection*'s flame;
Angels, ally'd, deſcend to feed the fire;
And *death*, which others ſlays, makes him a god.
And now, LORENZO! bigot of this world! 1210
Wont to diſdain poor bigots caught by Heaven!
Stand by thy *ſcorn*, and be reduc'd to *nought*:
For what art thou? Thou boaſter! while *thy* glare,
Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
Like a broad miſt, at diſtance ſtrikes us moſt; 1215
And, like a miſt, is nothing when at hand;
His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
Swells more, and riſes nearer to the ſkies,
By promiſe, *now*, and, by poſſeſſion, *ſoon*,
(Too *ſoon*, too *much*, it cannot be) his own. 1220
From this thy juſt *annihilation* riſe,
LORENZO! riſe to *ſomething*, by reply.

---

* Innate with himſelf, firmly fixed in his ſoul.

Line 1211. *Wont to diſdain poor bigots caught by Heav'n!*] Modes and faſhions, were they confined alone to externals, might eſcape the ſad ſeverity of cenſure; but how melancholy a truth does time afford, in ſhewing us that ſouls are bent and diverted by a ſimilar influence, to look contemptuouſly on virtuous piety, for the more than irrational purpoſe of avoiding ſingularity. We may, indeed, date the decreaſe of virtue and honour from the little favour ſhewn to them by mankind; and the extenſive privilege attached to their oppoſites, vice and infidelity.

The

The world, thy client, liſtens, and expects;
And longs to crown thee with immortal praiſe.
Canſt thou be ſilent? No; for *wit* is thine;
And wit talks *moſt*, when *leaſt* ſhe has to ſay,
And *reaſon* interrupts not her career.
She'll ſay—*That miſts above the mountains riſe*;
And, with a thouſand pleaſantries, amuſe;
She'll ſparkle, puzzle, flutter, raiſe a duſt,
And fly conviction*, in the duſt ſhe rais'd.
Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taſte!—
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of *ſenſe*†;
But, as its ſubſtitute, a dire-diſeaſe.
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wiſdom is rare, LORENZO! wit abounds;
Paſſion can give it; ſometimes *wine* inſpires

The

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* The arguments of truth. † Reaſon, wiſdom.

Line 1230. *She'll ſparkle, puzzle, flutter, raiſe a duſt.*] There is an excellent fund of thought viſible in this review of wit's chicanery, which muſt, undoubtedly, pleaſe. The ſuppoſition in the 1238th line, is in the genuine ſpirit of quibble, and not only renders the vain oppoſitions and pleas of Lorenzo more ludicrous, but proves the author to be no bad ſcholar in the very leſſons he diſcommends. The eloquence of a Cicero would avail little, if we permitted wit to be equally meritorious with ſound reaſon, but, like a ſhallow ſtream, its waters are clear, without the advantage of depth.

Line 1238. *Paſſion can give it; ſometimes wine inſpires.*] The reflection, how ſubſervient a tool wit is rendered to the meaneſt capacities, ſhould be, methinks, ſufficient of itſelf to eradicate every attachment to it from our breaſts. Where the knowledge of a peculiar art is univerſal, the merit of it loſes its deſired luſtre; and tho' the world may externally countenance the management of ſo pointed a weapon, in the bottom, the generality of mankind muſt

The lucky flaſh‡; and *madneſs* rarely fails.
Whatever cauſe the ſpirit ſtrongly ſtirs,
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.
For thy renown, 'twere well, was this the worſt;
Chance often hits it; and to pique thee more,
See *dulneſs*, blund'ring on vivacities,
Shakes her ſage head at the calamity,
Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
But *wiſdom*, awful wiſdom! which inſpects,
Diſcerns, compares, weighs, ſeparates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the laſt;
How rare! in ſenates§, ſynods, ſought in vain;
Or if *there* found, 'tis ſacred to the *few*;
While a lew'd proſtitute to multitudes,
Frequent, as fatal, *wit*: in civil life,
Wit makes an enterprizer; *ſenſe*, a man.
Wit hates authority; commotion* loves,
And thinks herſelf the light'ning of the ſtorm.
In *States*, 'tis dangerous; in *Religion*, death:
Shall *wit* turn chriſtian, when the dull believe?
Senſe is our *helmet*, *wit* is but the plume;
The *plume* expoſes, 'tis our *helmet* ſaves.
Senſe is the di'mond, weighty, ſolid, ſound;
When cut by *wit*, it caſts a brighter beam;
Yet, *wit* apart, it is a di'mond ſtill.

---

muſt wiſh it had never made its appearance in the world. Pope, in his Eſſay on Criticiſm, has the following lines on this ſubject:

In youth alone its empty praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort liv'd vanity is loſt;
Like ſome fair flow'r the early ſpring ſupplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies:
What is this wit, which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy.

‡ Stroke of ſatire.

§ National aſſemblies. * Strife.

Wit, widow'd of *good-ſenſe*, is worſe than nought;
It hoiſts more ſail to run againſt a rock.
Thus, a *Half* CHESTERFIELD is quite a fool;
Whom *dull* fools ſcorn, and bleſs their want of wit.

How ruinous the rock I warn thee ſhun,
Where *Sirens* ſit, to ſing thee to thy fate!
A *joy*, in which our *reaſon* bears no part,
Is but a *ſorrow* tickling, ere it ſtings.
Let not the cooings* of the *world* allure thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
Happy! of this bad world who little know;—
And yet, we much muſt know her, to be *ſafe*.

* Allurements.

Line 1265. *It hoiſts more ſail to run againſt a rock.*] We muſt allow a peculiar force of reaſoning to be evident in this review of wit's effects, which, by the congruity of its metaphors, raiſes the eſtimate of wiſdom, as it diminiſhes the ſtrength of her adverſary. Though, in the balance held by intrinſic juſtice, the weight of common ſenſe muſt greatly predominate over that of wit; yet, in the opinion (or at leaſt in the judgment we may form from externals) of the world, the latter is regarded, by far, as the moſt amiable and moſt neceſſary accompliſhment.

Line 1269. *Where ſirens ſit, to ſing thee to thy fate.*] Fabulous hiſtory repreſents the ſirens as attracting paſſengers by the ſweetneſs of their ſinging, and wrecking them againſt the rocks; and Rowe, in his Fair Penitent, compares them with woman.

Sh'as charm'd thee like a ſiren to her bed,
With looks of love, and with inchanting ſounds;
Too late the rocks and quickſands will appear,
When thou art wreck'd upon the faithleſs ſhore,
By following her deluſion!

Line 1275. *And yet, we much muſt know her, to be ſafe.*] It were happy for mankind, could they again enjoy that primitive innocence ſo enviable before the fall of Adam. But ſince original tranſgreſſion prevents ſo amiable a felicity, and neceſſity compels a knowlege of ſin and the world, our firſt grand leſſon is to avoid uniting affection to our knowledge; and while we at diſtance view the various machinations and revolutions of fraud and intrigue, not to be unconſcious of our natural frailty.

To

To *know* the world, not *love* her, is thy point;
She gives but little, nor that little, long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulſe†;
A dance‡ of ſpirits, a mere froth of joy,
Our *thoughtleſs agitation*'s idle child,
That mantles§ high, that ſparkles, and expires,
Leaving the ſoul more vapid‖ than before.
An *animal* ovation*! ſuch as holds
No commerce with our *reaſon*, but ſubſiſts
On juices, thro' the † well-ton'd tubes, well-ſtrain'd;
A nice machine! ſcarce ever tun'd aright;
And when it jars—thy *Sirens* ſing no more;
Thy dance is done; the *demi god* is thrown
(Short apotheoſis(*a*)!) beneath the *man*
In coward gloom immers'd, or fell deſpair.
Art thou yet *dull enough* deſpair to dread,
And ſtartle at deſtruction? If thou art,
Accept a buckler, take it to the field;
(A field of battle is this mortal life!)
When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart;

† Indulgence of the paſſions.
‡ Irrational enlivening of reaſon.
§ Dazzles externally.
‖ Attached to folly.
* Delight of the ſenſes.
† Alluding to an organ.
(*a*) Tranſlation to deification.

Line 1294. (*A field of battle is this mortal life.*) The divine Pſalmiſt, in his writings, uſes the ſame metaphorical review of mankind warring with vice and Satan. St. Paul has the ſame train of reaſoning, and the inſpired penman of our own country has formed the entire ground-work of his poem from the oppoſition of the celeſtial and infernal angels, which we may examine as virtue and vice emblamatically perſonified.

A ſingle ſentence proof againſt the *world*.
" *Soul*, *body*, *fortune!* ev'ry good pertains
" To one of theſe; but prize not all alike;
" The goods of fortune to thy body's health,
" Body to ſoul, and ſoul ſubmit to God."
Wouldſt thou build laſting happineſs? do this;
Th' inverted *pyramid* can never ſtand.
Is this truth doubtful? It outſhines the ſun;
Nay, the ſun ſhines not, but to ſhew us this,
The ſingle leſſon of mankind on earth.
And yet—Yet, what? No news! Mankind is mad;
Such mighty numbers liſt againſt the right,
(And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, atchieve!)
They talk themſelves to ſomething like belief,
That all earth's joys are theirs; as *Athens'* fool
Grinn'd from the port, on ev'ry ſail his own.
They grin; but wherefore? and how long the laugh?
Half ignorance, their mirth; and half, a lye;
To cheat the world, and cheat themſelves, they ſmile.
Hard either taſk! the moſt abandon'd own,
That *others*, if abandon'd, are undone:
Then, for themſelves, the moment *reaſon* wakes,
(And Providence denies it long repoſe)
O how laborious is their gaiety!
They ſcarce can ſwallow their ebullient* ſpleen,
Scarce muſter patience to ſupport the farce,
And pump† ſad laughter, till the curtain falls.
Scarce, did I ſay? ſome cannot ſit it out;

* Boiling, acting in contradiction to ſeeming gaiety.
† Are pained in the hypocritical ſemblance of mirth.

Oft

And headlong leap, like CURTIUS, down the gulph.
Since many an ample *volume*, mighty *tome*†,
Muſt die; and die unwept; O thou minute,
Devoted *page!* go forth among thy foes;
Go, nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
And die a double death: mankind, incens'd,
Denies thee long to live: nor ſhalt thou reſt,
When thou art dead; in *Stygian* ſhades arraign'd
By LUCIFER, as traitor to his throne;
And bold blaſphemer of his friend,—THE WORLD;
The WORLD, whoſe legions coſt him ſlender pay,
And *volunteers*, around his banner ſwarm;
Prudent as PRUSSIA, in her zeal for GAUL*.
"Are all, then, fools?" LORENZO cries—Yes, all,
But ſuch as hold *this* doctrine (new to thee);
"The mother of true wiſdom is the *will*;"
The nobleſt *intellect*†, a fool without it.
World-wiſdom much has done, and more may do,
In arts and ſciences, in wars, and peace;

† Term for a volume.

* France. ‡ Attribute of reaſon.

Line 1393. *And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulph.*] A noble Roman youth, who, for the ſake of his country, threw himſelf willingly, in the ſight of the whole aſſembly, into a gulph, to appeaſe the enraged gods, who, as the oracle proclaimed, demanded ſuch a ſacrifice.

Line 1396. *Devoted page! go forth among thy foes.*] Is an imitation of Horace's addreſs to his book:

——Fuge quo deſcendere, geſtis
Non erit emiſſo reditus tibi. Quid miſer egi?
Quid volui? dices, ubi quis te læſerit.

He might have added too with the above poet:

Quod ſi non odio peccantis deſipit augur,
Carus eris Romæ, donec te deſerat ætas.

But

But art and ſcience, like thy wealth, will leave thee,
And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.
This is the *moſt* indulgence can afford;—
"*Thy wiſdom all can do, but—make thee wiſe.*"
Nor think this cenſure is ſevere on thee;
Satan, thy maſter, I dare call a dunce.

Line 1415. "*Thy wiſdom all can do, but—make thee wiſe.*"] After having clearly and minutely explained whence the origin, and what the progreſs of real wiſdom, this concluding counſel is aptly and beautifully introduced. Throughout life, the variegated machinery of folly, may, like a tranſient proſpect, delight the eye for a moment, but it has no ſolidity. Wiſdom is our home, and there only we enjoy the real felicities of contemplation and tranquility. The mind diſturbed by paſſion, by ſublunary follies, and undue cuſtom, like a veſſel in a ſtorm, taſtes but the pleaſure of encountering variety of miſeries. Wiſdom, our port, awaits us, which ſometimes, by the concurrence of oppoſing circumſtances, after the ravages of vice, affords not ſhelter; but ſought with early labour, renders the mind ſecure from every cloudy and tempeſtuous ſcene.

The ARGUMENT.

BOOK IX.

COMPARISON of the author to a wandering traveller.—Addreſs to Lorenzo, urging him to a review of former counſels.—A conſcientious ſenſe of our errors recommended.—The impartial ravages of Death.—Examination of tragedy.—The poet views the world as a grave.—Salutary leſſons to be drawn from antiquity, tho' neglected.—The earth comparatively viewed with its antediluvian ſtate.—The powers of heaven's anger.—The diſſolution of the world examined, with its effect on man.—Happineſs of virtue.—Picturesque and poetical view of the judgment-day.—Revolution of time into eternity.—Its rewards and puniſhments.—The ordinances of God ſuperior to man's comprehenſion.—The various branches of felicity.—Impiety of wiſhing an eternal cloſe of our exiſtence.—Mercy of the Divine Being diſplayed.—The eſſential uſe of every revolution in the creation.—An epitome of the author's former leſſons.—Addreſs to night.—View of her various objects in the creation.—Invocatory addreſs to the Deity.—The author urges Lorenzo to a contemplation of futurity.—Devotion and aſtronomy conſiſtent with each other.—Review of man.—Omnipotence of God's works.—The dignity of the mind in conjunction with virtue.—Nature, auxiliary to man.---Superiority of heavenly to ſublunary objects.---The vices of mankind unhappily protected by night.---Merits of the ancient ſages.---Neceſſity of zeal.---Night greatly aſſiſtant to meditation.---Earth, the garden of the Deity.---God's omnipreſence, and peculiar direction of earthly revolutions.---Angels, the miniſters of the Almighty.---The charms of immortality.---Miracles ſent as an alarm to man.---God viewed as the controuler, author, and guide of the human

human ſpecies.---The poet a ſecond time invokes the Deity to inſpire him with a comprehenſion of his works.---Lorenzo's devotion, dead.---Nature, excluſive of God, avails nothing.---Man caught into a belief of providence, as in a golden net.---Neceſſity of reaſon's enquiry into the complicated formation of man.---His intellectual faculties, and connection with eternity, viewed.---Folly of a non-exiſting ſyſtem.---The author proves the nature and juſtice of his reflections.---Fancy, explanatory of man's bounds.---Immoral conduct of mankind in general, and their unnatural inattention to ſerious meditation.---A ſecond addreſs to night.---The author's progreſs in contemplation.—Variety of ſyſtems in the creation.—Enquiry into the records of antiquity.- -View of our Saviour's mediation.—Man's ſalvation, eternity, and preſent happineſs entirely dependant from thence.---Reproaching addreſs to the undevout and unrepenting.---Nature, eloquent in the language of morality.---The qualities of vice with thoſe of religion.---The will and power of mankind at variance.---Night, and her dark contemplative ſcenes aſſiſtant to devotion.---A beautiful digreſſion on God's omnipotence and attributes.---Merciful love of the Deity towards mankind.---The author concludes in bidding night farewell, and attaching Lorenzo's attention to the grand cauſe of virtue and immortality.

THE

BIBLIOTHECA · HOLMIENSIS

Malpas del. et Sc.

.....In his blest life
I see the path, & in his death, the price
And in his great ascent, the proof supreme
Of immortality ___ And did he rise?
Hear O ye nations! hear it O ye dead!
He rose! He rose! He burst the bars of Death.

NIGHT the NINTH and LAST.

THE CONSOLATION.

Containing, among other Things,

I. A *Moral* Survey of the *Nocturnal* Heavens.
II. A *Night*-ADDRESS to the DEITY.

Humbly Inscribed

To His GRACE the DUKE of NEWCASTLE,
One of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

——*Fatis Contraria Fata rependens.* VIRG.

AS when a traveller, a long day past
In painful search of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,

Line 1. *As when a traveller, a long day past.*] There is a natural simplicity and elegance in the similitude which greatly interests us. The oftener we peruse them, the more we are delighted with the pleasing flow of expression, and picturesque view of the character he introduces.

There ruminates*, awhile, his labour loſt;
Then chears his heart with what his fate affords,
And chants his ſonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due ſeaſon calls him to repoſe:
Thus I, long-travell'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the reſt, the giddy maze†,
Where *diſappointment* ſmiles at *hope*'s career;
Warn'd by the languor of life's ev'ning ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble ſhed;
Where, future wand'ring baniſh'd from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the ſweet hour of reſt,
I chaſe the moments with a ſerious ſong.
Song ſooths our pains; and age has pains to ſooth.

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* Paſſes over in reflection. † Confuſed labyrinth.

Line 8. *Thus, I long travell'd in the ways of men.*] Alluding to the viciſſitudes of fortune the author met with in his tranſactions with courts.

Line 10. *Where diſappointment ſmiles at hope's career.*] The imagery is very pleaſingly executed, and ſeems to be ſomething in the ſtile and ſentiment of Shakeſpeare:

She ſat, like patience, on a monument,
Smiling at grief.——————

Twelfth Night.

Patience is a perſonage Young has not, I confeſs, introduced; but the ſmiles of diſappointment, contraſted with the tears of grief, evidently aim at the ſame moral inſtruction, tho' differently depictured, viz. the fond and irrational extent of hope, and its almoſt certain deception.

Line 12. *At length have hous'd me in an humble ſhed.*] Is an alluſion to page 89, line 80.

Bleſt be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at reſt, beneath this humble ſhed.

Line 16. *Song ſooths our pains; and age has pains to ſooth.*]

——Condiſce modos, amanda
Voce quos reddas. Minuentur atræ
Carmine curæ.

Hor. Book IV. Ode 11.

When

When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at heart,
Torn from my bleeding breaſt, and *Death*'s dark ſhade,
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire;
Canſt thou, O *Night!* indulge one labour more?
One labour more indulge! then ſleep, my ſtrain!
Till, haply, wak'd by RAPHAEL's* golden lyre,
Where night, death, age, care, crime, and ſorrow, ceaſe;
To bear a part in everlaſting lays;
Tho' far, far higher ſet, in aim, I truſt,
Symphonius† to this humble prelude *here*.
Has not the muſe aſſerted *pleaſures pure*,
Like thoſe above; exploding other joys?
Weigh what was urg'd, LORENZO! fairly weigh;
And tell me, haſt thou cauſe to triumph ſtill?
I think, thou wilt forbear a boaſt ſo bold.
But if, beneath the favour of miſtake,
Thy ſmile's ſincere; not more ſincere can be
LORENZO's ſmile, than my compaſſion for him.
The ſick in *body* call for aid; the ſick
In *mind* are covetous of more diſeaſe;

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* An angelic perſonage repreſented in Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.

† Accordant.

Line 17. *When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at heart.*] We meet with the minute review of the author's calamities in a former book:

Thrice flew thy dart, and thrice my peace was ſlain,
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.

Line 20. *Canſt thou, O Night! indulge one labour more.*]

Extremum hunc, Arethuſa, mihi concede laborem.
Virgil, Eclogue 10.

And when at *worſt*, they dream themſelves quite *well*.
To *know* ourſelves diſeas'd, is half our cure.
When *nature*'s bluſh by *cuſtom* is wip'd off,
And conſcience, deaden'd by repeated ſtrokes,
Has into *manners* naturaliz'd our *crimes*;
The curſe of curſes is, our curſe to love;
To triumph in the blackneſs of our guilt
(As *Indians* glory in the deepeſt jet);
And throw aſide our *ſenſes* with our *peace*.

But, grant no guilt, no ſhame, no leaſt alloy*;
Grant joy and glory, quite unſully'd, ſhone;
Yet, ſtill, it ill deſerves LORENZO's heart.

---

* Intermixture of diſcontent.

Line 37. *And when at worſt, they dream themſelves quite well.*] There ſeems a kind of blindneſs in the progreſs of vice which leads mankind to the commiſſion of flagrant enormities, unappalled by conſcience, and ſeemingly unacquainted with the nature of their offences. This evidently proceeds from the natural and authoriſed depravity of the mind from cuſtom. We are impelled by paſſion to the indulgence of trifling errors, and by a gradual increaſe of vice and inattention, unconſciouſly are plunged into the abyſs of guilt.

Line 41. *Has into manners naturaliz'd our crimes.*] The force of cuſtom and example is equally prevalent, in regard to our religious, as well as natural ſentiments. We frequently offend in each, and tho' the latter, while their concerns are attached to tranſitory objects, are trifles, yet the preceding prove not only errors, but the origin of inclinations not eaſily eradicated. Man, while he imitates the generality, thinks, tho' his conduct is diſapproved, he can hardly be blameable; for, can a multitude be loſt in error? And yet experience proclaims it a truth equally fatal and indubitable,

Line 44. (*As Indians glory in the deepeſt jet.*] This is apparently a forced and ill directed ſimile. It neither ſtrikes us by any congruity, or enforces the leaſt moral ſentiment.

No *joy*, no *glory*, glitters in thy ſight,
But, thro' the thin partition of an hour,
I ſee its fables† wove by *deſtiny*;
And *that* in ſorrow bury'd; *this*, in ſhame;
While howling *furies* ring the doleful knell;
And *conſcience*, now ſo ſoft thou ſcarce canſt hear
Her whiſper, echoes her eternal peal.
Where, the prime actors of the *laſt year*'s ſcene;
Their port ſo proud, their buſkin, and their plume?
How many *ſleep*, who kept the world *awake*
With luſtre, and with noiſe! Has *death* proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated‡ lance on high?
'Tis brandiſh'd ſtill; nor ſhall the *preſent year*
Be more tenacious§ of her human leaf,
Or ſpread of feeble life a thinner fall.
But needleſs *monuments* to wake the thought;
Life's *gayeſt* ſcenes ſpeak man's mortality;
Tho' in a ſtyle more florid, full as plain,

† Approaching ſorrows. ‡ Glutted with ſlaughter.
§ Potent in the preſervation of mankind from death.

Line 49. *No joy, no glory, glitters in thy ſight.*] The ſentence is carried to too great a length, and the ambiguity of ſome particular phraſes ſhades the beauty of the expreſſion.

Line 52. *And that in ſorrow bury'd; this, in ſhame.*] The author here evidently contradicts his foregoing aſſertion, where he ſuppoſes joy and glory to be exempt from guilt and ſhame, and on that ground holds them to Lorenzo's view, "Yet ſtill it ill deſerves Lorenzo's heart." And why? Becauſe the one is attended with ſorrow, the other with ſhame. Thus, the author introduces the ſame argument he before promiſed to omit:

Line 58. *How many ſleep, who kept the world awake.*]

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

Gray's Elegy.

As *Mauſoleums**, *pyramids*, and *tombs*.
What are our nobleſt ornaments, but *deaths*
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
The well-ſtain'd canvas, or the featur'd† ſtone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the ſcene;
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.
"*Profeſt diverſions!* cannot theſe eſcape?"—
Far from it: theſe preſent us with a ſhroud;
And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.
As ſome bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,
We ranſack tombs for *paſtime*; from the duſt
Call up the ſleeping hero; bid him tread
The ſcene for our amuſement: How like gods
We ſit; and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget *our own!*

---

* A tomb peculiarly celebrated as one of the wonders of the world, built by a queen to the memory of her deceaſed huſband.

† Expreſſively cut.

Line 72. *Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead*] This thought has an original beauty in it, and ſo clearly ſpecifies the fund of imagination our author poſſeſſed, that its excellence cannot fail being impreſſed on our minds. The reverential honours paid to the dead are peculiar almoſt to England; inſomuch, that a French author has obſerved, our countrymen ſuffer men of merit to ſtarve while living, and entomb them in marble monuments when dead.

Line 73. "*Profeſt diverſions; cannot theſe eſcape.*"—] Young here alludes to the repreſentations of tragedy, which he ſeems to view rather in a ſatirical light, tho' he greatly approves of the morality to be deduced from them.

Line 82. *Their fate deploring, to forget our own!*] There is a Je ne ſçai quoi better underſtood than expreſſed in Young's reviews of natural circumſtances, which pleaſes in a manner we can hardly account for. His arguments are introduced with ſo much eaſe and forcible regularity, his knowledge of man, and his failings, ſeem to be ſo univerſally true, that his ſentiments muſt be equal in veracity as in excellence.

What

What, all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
But legacies in bloſſom? Our lean ſoil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, ſhall we crawl on, nor know
Our preſent frailties, or approaching fate?
LORENZO! ſuch the glories of the world!
What is the world itſelf? *thy* world?—A grave.
Where is the duſt that has not been alive?
The ſpade, the plough, diſturb our anceſtors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow ſurface ſhakes,
And is the cieling of her ſleeping ſons.
O'er devaſtation we blind revels keep;
Whole bury'd towns ſupport the dancer's heel.
The *moiſt* of human frame the ſun exhales*;
Winds ſcatter, thro' the mighty void, the *dry*;
Earth repoſſeſſes part of what ſhe gave;
And the freed ſpirit mounts on wings of fire:
Each element partakes our ſcatter'd ſpoils;
As nature, wide, our ruins ſpread; man's *death*
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

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* Refines into unſubſtantial dew.

Line 88. *Like other worms, ſhall we crawl on, nor know.*] Alluding to a former paſſage:

Shall we, ſhall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, &c.

Line 103. *Each element partakes our ſcatter'd ſpoils.*] This deſcriptive view of the ravages of death, and the variety of changes incident to our corporeal frame, contains ſeveral ſerious reflections, by no means to be paſſed over in ſilence. Its arguments are ingeniouſly introduced for the purpoſe of diverting Lorenzo's attention from objects ſo unworthy and ſo tranſient.

Nor

Nor man alone; his breathing buſt expires,
His tomb is mortal; empires die: Where, now,
The *Roman? Greek?* They ſtalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this uſeful light;
Tho' half our learning is *their* epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy ſunleſs realms,
O *Death!* I ſtretch my view; what viſions riſe!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels glide before my ſight?
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd-high
With human agitation, roll along
In unſubſtantial images of air!
The melancholy ghoſts of dead renown,
Whiſp'ring faint echoes of the world's applauſe,
With penitential aſpect as they paſs,
All point at earth, and hiſs at human pride,
The wiſdom of the *wiſe*, and prancings† of the *great*.
But, O LORENZO; far the reſt above,
Of ghaſtly nature, and enormous ſize,

† Haughty dignities.

Line 111. *When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought.*] The imagery theſe lines contain, diſplays the author's excellent poetical judgment. His metaphorical alluſions are of a par with his ingenuity in the pictureſque, and combine to form each ſelected ſentiment inimitable in poeſy and morality.

Line 124. *But, O Lorenzo! far the reſt above.*] The language of theſe line is particularly ſublime, and addreſſed to our attention with all the conjunctive force of rhetorical and ſerious embelliſhments. The emblematical alluſion to the flood is in the genuine ſtile and excellence of the Roman poets, and, as equally original, merits our admiration. Ovid's deſcription of the univerſal deluge, is the moſt explanatory reference I can recommend to the reader's examination.

One

One form aſſaults my ſight, and chills my blood,
And ſhakes my frame. Of *one* departed world
I ſee the mighty ſhadow; oozy* wreath
And diſmal ſea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
Reclin'd, ſhe weeps her deſolated realms,
And bloated† ſons; and, weeping, propheſies
Another's diſſolution, ſoon, in flames.
But, like CASSANDRA, propheſies in vain;
In vain, to many; not, I truſt, to thee.
For, knowſt thou not, or art thou *loth* to know,
The great decree, the counſel of the ſkies?
Deluge and *conflagration*, dreadful powers!
Prime miniſters of vengeance! Chain'd in caves
Diſtinct, apart the giant-furies roar;
Apart; or ſuch their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they riſe, and wage

---

* Compoſed of ſea-weed.

† By means of the univerſal deluge.

Line 133. *But, like Caſſandra, propheſies in vain.*] Caſſandra was the daughter of Priam, King of Troy. She was endued by Apollo with the gift of prophecy, but, having deceived the god in a love-affair, he ſo ordered it, that no credit ſhould be given to her words. Agamemnon took her with him into Greece, where they were both ſlain by Clytemneſtra.

Fatis aperit Caſſandra futuris
Ora dei juſſu, non unquam credita Teucris.

Virgil's Æneid.

Line 141. *In mutual conflict would they riſe, and wage.*] Alluding to Virgil's deſcription of the habitation of Æolus:

Ni faciat, maria ac terras cælumque profundum,
Quippe ferant rapidi ſecum, verrant que per auras.
Sed pater, &c. &c.
——Molemque & montes inſuper altos
Impoſuit, &c.

Virgil's Æneid.

Eternal

Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
But not for *this* ordain'd their boundleſs rage;
When Heav'n's inferior inſtruments of wrath,
War, *famine*, *peſtilence*, are found too weak
To ſcourge a world for her enormous crimes,
Theſe are let looſe, alternate: down they ruſh,
Swift and tempeſtuous, from th' eternal throne.
With irreſiſtible commiſſion arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to deſtroy,
And eaſe creation of the ſhocking ſcene.
Seeſt thou, LORENZO! what depends *on* man?
The *fate* of nature; as *for* man, her *birth*.
Earth's actors change earth's tranſitory ſcenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How muſt it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
But not of waters! At the deſtin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet ſummon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable ſons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once diſgorge*
Their blazing magazines; and take, by ſtorm,
This poor terreſtrial citadel of man.

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* Emit deſtructive flames.

Line 147. *Theſe are let looſe, alternate; down they ruſh.*] Ovid's deſcription of the waters let looſe to deſtroy mankind is very ſimilar to this in its imagery. I would not ſeem to hint that Young is by any means a plagiariſt; no poet can be leſs ſo. The quotations I remark ſerve only to ſtamp his poetry the criterion of excellence, ſince it bears a near reſemblance to the ancient ſentiments.

Line 163. *This poor terreſtrial citadel of man.*] There ſeems ſomething ludicrous in this review of the fiery deluge, which is incongruous with the nature of the ſubject Young deſcribes. This is not only a poetical error, but a fault in judgment. The concluding ſentiments have a magnificence of deſcriptive imagination, which eraſes the former inadvertency.

Amazing

Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Out-burns *Veſuvius*; rocks eternal pour
Their melted maſs, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars ruſh; and final *ruin* fiercely drives
Her ploughſhare o'er creation!—While aloft,
More than aſtoniſhment! if more *can* be!
Far other *firmament* than e'er was ſeen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other *ſtars!*
Stars animate, that govern theſe of fire;
Far other *Sun!*—A Sun, O how unlike
The babe at *Bethle'm*† *!* how unlike the Man
That groan'd on *Calvary*‡ *!*---Yet *He* it is;
That man of ſorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp!
In grandeur terrible, all heav'n deſcends!
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.

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† Our Saviour's birth place. ‡ That of his crucifixion.

Line 166. *Their melted maſs, as rivers once they pour'd*] The entire diſſolution of the mountains may be a very true aſſertion in regard to the future deſtruction of the world; but as to their having poured rivers at the deluge, it is contradictory to reaſon, and, what is greater, the traditions of Scripture.

Line 167. *Stars ruſh; and final ruin fiercely drives.*] This and the following line contain a ſublimity and pathos hardly to be equalled. The Greek and Roman authors ſeem, in the general opinion, to have engroſſed all the deſcriptive beauties language will of itſelf allow; but Young, I think, happily proves the Engliſh capable of an equally natural harmony.

Line 175. ——————*Yet He it is.*] If energy, grandeur of expreſſion, and ſublimity of idea, can form a combination worthy the ſubjects of God and judgment, one may apparently pronounce Young to have ſucceeded in a degree beyond the malevolence of criticiſm. He ſeems, like Milton, enraptured, or rather inſpired by the muſe he addreſſes; and tho' deficient in regard to ſome peculiar obſervances in poetry, muſt be allowed inimitably great when deſcribing the attributes of the Almighty.

A ſwift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and diſgrace
The ſcene divine, ſweeps ſtars and ſuns aſide.
And now, all droſs remov'd, Heav'n's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our æther, flames.
While (dreadful contraſt!) far, how far beneath!
Hell burſting, belches forth her blazing ſeas,
And ſtorms ſulphureous*; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.
LORENZO! welcome to this ſcene; the laſt
In nature's courſe; the firſt in wiſdom's thought.
This ſtrikes, if aught can ſtrike thee; *this* awakes
The moſt ſupine; *this* ſnatches man from death.
Rouſe, rouſe, LORENZO, then, and follow me,
Where truth, the moſt momentous man can hear,
Loud calls my ſoul, and ardor wings her flight.
I find my inſpiration in my theme:
The grandeur of my ſubject is my muſe.
At *midnight*, when mankind is wrapt in *peace*,
And worldly *fancy* feeds on golden dreams;
To give more dread to man's moſt dreadful hour,

* Impregnated with brimſtone.

Line 181. ——————*Sweeps ſtars and ſuns aſide.*] The image is inferior by far to the magnificence of view, exhibited in our minds, on a contemplation of the laſt day.

Line 197. *At midnight, when mankind is wrapt in peace.*] What a profuſion of beauties, each critically conſiſtent with poetical laws, puts in a claim for the reader's admiration! The ſolemn ſilence, which, ſpite of oppoſition, is enforced by the commencing lines happily introduces the enſuing reflections, and qualifies every reaſonable mind for an attentive reliſh of their excellence.

At midnight, 'tis preſum'd, this pomp will burſt
From tenfold darkneſs; ſudden, as the ſpark
From ſmitten ſteel; from nitrous† grain, the blaze.
Man, ſtarting from his couch, ſhall ſleep no more!
The day is broke, which never more ſhall cloſe!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our GOD in grandeur, and our *world* on fire!
All nature ſtruggling in the pangs of death!
Doſt thou not hear her? doſt thou not deplore
Her ſtrong convulſions, and her final groan?
Where are we *now?* Ah me! the ground is gone,
On which we ſtood, LORENZO! While thou mayſt,
Provide more firm ſupport, or ſink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! it is too late
Where, where, for ſhelter, ſhall the guilty fly,
When conſternation turns the *good man* pale?
Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which *earth* roſe from *chaos*; *man* from *earth*;
And an eternity, the date of gods,
Deſcended on poor earth-created man!

† Gunpowder.

Line 200. *At midnight, 'tis preſum'd, this pomp will burſt.*] This ſudden tranſition from the peace of ſlumber, to that momentous change the hour of judgment muſt occaſion, is peculiarly great, and attracts a more ſerious and awakened admiration than the moſt abundant prelude of poetic imagery. The reflection in the 211th line is a very natural break from the deſcription of this tremendous ſcene, and renders its objects more viſibly ſtriking to contemplation.

Line 215. *Where, where for ſhelter, ſhall the guilty fly.*] The above neceſſary and ſerious truth is admirably introduced, after the reader's mind has been awakened by the ſolemnity in the [illegible]

Great day of dread, deciſion, and deſpair!
At thought of thee, each ſublunary wiſh
Lets go its eager graſp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.
At *thought* of thee!---And art thou *abſent* then?
LORENZO! No; 'tis here;—it is begun;
Already is begun the grand aſſize,
In thee, in all: Deputed Conſcience ſcales
The dread tribunal, and foreſtalls* our doom;
Foreſtalls; and, by foreſtalling, proves it *ſure*.
Why on himſelf ſhould man *void*† judgment paſs?
Is idle *nature* laughing at her ſons?
Who *conſcience* ſent, her ſentence will ſupport,
And GOD above aſſert that GOD in man.
Thrice happy they! that enter *now* the court
Heav'n opens in their boſoms: but, how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
What hero, like the man who ſtands himſelf;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Reſolv'd to ſilence future murmurs there?

The

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* Anticipates, has a præſcient idea of.

† Ineffectual, careleſs.

Line 230. *Foreſtalls, and by foreſtalling, proves it ſure.*] Mr. Melmoth ſeverely criticiſes the puerile repetitions our author ſo greatly abounds in. Impartiality muſt indeed own, that in his Epiſtles, his ſtrictures are generally juſt. He is very candid in diſcovering Young's errors, but, I think, not equally ſo in enumerating his beauties. The introduction of the term "Foreſtall," he thinks unworthy the author and the ſubject. It is, confeſſedly, a frequent offence, and requires the ſeverity of unbiaſſed reproof.

Line 241. *Reſolv'd to ſilence future murmurs there?*] Cicero, in one of his orations for war, has the following ſentiments on the government of the paſſions, which, in a general ſenſe, is but a different

The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward? No): The coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks ſlightly; aſks, but fears to *know*;
Aſks, "*What is truth** ?" with PILATE; and retires;
Diſſolves the court, and mingles with the throng;
Aſylum† ſad! from reaſon, hope, and heav'n!
Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd *for* man?
O day of conſummation! mark ſupreme
(If men are wiſe) of human thought! nor leaſt,
Or in the ſight of angels, or their KING!
Angels, whoſe radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order, riſing, blaze o'er blaze,
As in a theatre, ſurround this ſcene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.

---

different term for an enquiry into our daily conduct. "To over-"come our inclinations, to moderate our anger, to refrain from "oſtentation in victory, are leſſons in which, if a man is tho-"roughly an adept, I compare him not to men, but judge him "to be a minute reſemblance of the gods."

Line 245. *Aſks, "What is truth?" with Pilate; and retires.*] St. Luke, Chap. XXIII. Verſe 22. "And he ſaid unto them the "third time, Why, what evil hath he done? I have found no "cauſe of death in him: I will therefore chaſtiſe him, and let "him go."

24. "And Pilate gave ſentence that it ſhould be as they re-"quired."

Line 256. *Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.*]

Thus, when an angel views mankind diſtreſt,
He feels compaſſion pleading in his breaſt;
Inſtant the heavenly Guardian cleaves the ſkies,
And, pleas'd to ſave, on wings of light'ning flies.

Broome.

* St. John, Chap. XVIII. Verſe 38.
† A ſanctuary, or place of refuge.

Angels look out for thee, for thee, their LORD,
To vindicate his glory ; and for thee,
Creation univerſal calls aloud,
To diſ-involve the *moral* world, and give
To *nature*'s renovation‡ brighter charms.
Shall man alone, whoſe fate, whoſe *final* fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
I think of nothing elſe ; I ſee ! I feel it !
All *nature*, like an earthquake, trembling round !
All *deities*, like ſummer's ſwarms, on wing !
All baſking in the full meridian§ blaze !
I ſee the JUDGE inthron'd ! the flaming guard !
The volume open'd ! open'd every heart !
A ſun-beam pointing out each ſecret thought !
No patron ! interceſſor none ! now paſt

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‡ The novel exiſtence. § The ſplendor of the Deity.

Line 266. *All deities, like ſummer's ſwarms, on wing.*] The author of the critique on Dr. Young, exhauſts here his whole fund of criticiſm, and not without reaſon. He ſays, with juſtice, that *ſummer's ſwarms* is contrary to reaſon and the nature of bees, and at the ſame time highly diſcommends the compariſon, as beneath the dignity of the beings alluded to. And yet, tho' the metaphors are ill-expreſſed or rather erroneouſly founded, there is a ſomething inexpreſſibly pleaſing on an examination of the whole. I would recommend the reader to a comparative peruſal of St. John's Revelation, as many of the ſentiments have a deſcriptive ſimilarity.

Line 269. *The volume open'd ! open'd ev'ry heart !*] Revelations, Chap. IV. Verſe 2. " And immediately I was in the ſpirit; " and behold, a throne was ſet in heaven, and one ſat on the " throne."

Chap. V. Verſe 11. " And I beheld, and I heard the voice ' of many angels round about the throne, &c. &c.

Chap. VI. Verſe 1. " And I ſaw when the Lamb opened one " of the ſeals, and I heard, as it were, the noiſe of thunder, one " of the four beaſts, ſaying, come and ſee."

The

The ſweet, the clement, mediatorial hour* !
For guilt no plea ! To pain, no pauſe ! no bound !
Inexorable, all ! and all, extreme !
Nor man alone ; the foe of GOD and man,
From his dark den, blaſpheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder ſcarr'd ;
Receives his ſentence, and *begins* his hell.
All vengeance *paſt*, now, ſeems abundant grace :
Like meteors in a ſtormy ſky, how roll
His baleful eyes ! he curſes whom he dreads ;
And deems it the firſt moment of his fall.
'Tis *preſent* to my thought !—And, yet, where is it ?
Angels can't tell me ; angels cannot *gueſs*
The *period* ; from *created* beings lock'd
In darkneſs. But the *proceſs*†, and the *place*
Are leſs obſcure ; for theſe may *man* inquire.
Say, thou great Cloſe of human hopes and fears !
Great Key of hearts ! great Finiſher of fates !

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* Our time of probation, influenced by the redeeming merits of our Saviour.

† Peculiar method of procedure.

Line 276 *From his dark den, blaſpheming, drags his chain.*] Revelations, Chap. XX. Verſe 1. "And I ſaw an angel come "down from heaven, having the key of the bottomleſs pit, and "a great chain in his hand."

Verſe 2. "And he laid hold on the dragon, &c. &c."

Line 279. *All vengeance paſt, now, ſeems abundant grace.*] There appears a ſinking of expreſſion in the above line, which, joined to its ambiguity, muſt divert the reader's attention from the beautifully enraptured images that precede it. In the firſt place, I would recommend a full point after the word *grace*; and as to the foregoing term, *ſeems*, I have not the leaſt idea with what propriety it can be applied, unleſs we previouſly ſuppoſe the ſubject to be a viſionary effect of the author's imagination.

Great End! and great Beginning! ſay, where art
Art thou in *time*, or in *eternity?* [thou?
Nor in *eternity*, nor *time*, I find thee.
Theſe, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd!)
As in debate, how beſt their pow'rs ally'd,
May ſwell the grandeur, or diſcharge the wrath,
Of HIM, whom both their monarchies obey.
Time, this vaſt fabric* for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) *now* burſting o'er his head;
His lamp, the ſun, extinguiſh'd; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkneſs, calls his ſons
From their long ſlumber; from earth's heaving womb,
To ſecond birth; contemporary† throng!
Rous'd at one call, upſtarting from one bed,
Preſt in one crow'd, appall'd with one amaze,
He turns them o'er, *Eternity!* to *thee.*
Then (as a king depos'd diſdains to live)
He falls on his own ſcythe; nor falls *alone*;
His greateſt foe falls with him; *Time*, and he

---

† The world. † Exiſting at the ſame period.

Line 290. *Great End! and great Biginning! ſay, where art thou?*] Alluding to the ſpeech of the Almighty, "I am Alpha and "Omega, the firſt and the laſt."

Line 298. *Time, this vaſt fabric for him built (and doom'd.*] The beauties of machinery ſeem to exert their utmoſt profundity of excellence to render this digreſſion ſuperlatively ſublime. Armſtrong's lines on the ſame deſcriptive ſubject:

The huge rotundity we tread grows old,
And all thoſe worlds that roll around the ſun,
The ſun himſelf ſhall die; and ancient night
Again involve the deſolate abyſs;
'Till the great father, &c, &c. &c.

Who

Who murder'd all *time*'s offspring, *Death*, expire.
TIME was! ETERNITY now reigns alone!
Awful eternity! offended queen!
And her reſentment to mankind, how juſt!
With kind intent ſoliciting acceſs,
How often has ſhe knock'd at human hearts!
Rich to repay their hoſpitality,
How often call'd! and with the voice of GOD!
Yet bore repulſe, excluded as a cheat!
A dream! while fouleſt foes found welcome *there!*
A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things, but *her* ſmile.
For, lo! her twice ten thouſand gates thrown wide,
As thrice from *Indus* to the frozen pole‡,
With banners, ſtreaming as the *comet*'s blaze,
And clarions§, louder than the *deep* in ſtorms,
Sonorous, as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads*, potentates, and powers.

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‡ Towards Iceland. § Trumpets.

* Thouſands and ten thouſands.

Line 310. *Who murder'd all time's offspring, Death, expire.*] Impartiality muſt allow the above thoughts to be penned in the genuine ſtile and fire of poetic imagery. The metaphors are painted with the brilliant colouring of a truly fertile genius, and ſtrike us with their reſemblance to thoſe of Milton.

Line 314. *With kind intent ſoliciting acceſs.*] Eternity, repreſented as a perſonage, beautifully enforces the irrationality of our inattention to the perſuaſive calls of religion; and engages an equal ſhare of the reader's admiration by its poetical and moral contents.

Line 320. *A dream, a cheat, now, all things, but her ſmile.*] Amidſt this jumble of nonſenſe (for, on a primary view, I would engage, it muſt require an explanation) we may, with a little difficulty, ſelect the following rational, and, I ſuppoſe, latent meaning of the author. "Eternity was regarded as a cheat, "a dream: at preſent all things are viſionary and deceitful, but "the favourable ſmiles of immortality."

Of

Of light, of darkneſs ; in a middle field,
Wide as *creation!* populous, as wide !
A neutral† region ! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whoſe preceding ſcenes
Detain'd them cloſe ſpectators, thro' a length
Of ages, rip'ning to this grand reſult ;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by GOD ;
Who now, pronouncing ſentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.
ETERNITY, the various ſentence paſt,
Aſſigns the ſever'd throng diſtinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambroſial : What enſues ?
The deed predominant ! the deed of deeds !

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† A central point.

Line 327. *Of light, of darkneſs ; in a middle field.*] Is an alluſion to line 412, Book IV.

——— Pavilion'd high he ſits
In darkneſs, from exceſſive ſplendor born,
By gods unſeen, unleſs thro' luſtre loſt.

The middle field, muſt undoubtedly be intended by the author for the air, as a central ſpot between the earthly and bleſſed regions. Milton's brief review of the day of judgment, has evidently ſerved as the original of our author's excellent poem, which, tho' not intirely co-incident, yet, as to ſeveral ſelected ſentiments, is nearly ſimilar :

Laſt, in the clouds from heav'n to be reveal'd
In glory of the father, to diſſolve
Satan with his perverted world ; then raiſe
From the conflagrant maſs, purg'd and refin'd,
New heav'ns, new earth, ages of endleſs date
Founded in righteouſneſs, and peace and love,
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliſs.

Book XII. Line 545.

Which

Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of heav'n†.
The *goddeſs*, with determin'd aſpect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous ſize
Thro' deſtiny's inextricable wards,
Deep-driving ev'ry bolt, on both their fates.
Then, from the cryſtal battlements of heaven,
Down, down, ſhe hurls it thro' the dark profound,
Ten thouſand thouſand fathom; there to ruſt,
And ne'er unlock her reſolution more.
The deep reſounds, and hell, thro' all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.
O how unlike the chorus of the ſkies!

---

† In oppoſition to Satan's ſentiments, "Can make a hell of heav'n, a heav'n of hell."

Line 340. *Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of heav'n.*] That the ancient writers formed almoſt the ſame ideas as ourſelves on the ſubject of eternal puniſhments, and the nature of their inflictions, may be gathered from Æneas' deſcent into hell. After having travers'd the Stygian Lake, he arrives at the gates of Tartarus, whoſe internal horrors are thus explained by the Sybill:

Gnoſſius hæc Rhadamanthus habet duriſſima regna,
Caſtigat que audit que dolos; ſubigit que fateri
Quæ quis apud ſuperos, furto lætatus ineni
Diſtulit in ſeram commiſſa piacula mortem.
Continuo ſontes ultrix accincta flagello
Tiſiphone quatit inſultans, &c.

Virgil's Æneid, Book VI.

Line 348. *And ne'er unlock her reſolution more.*] The grandeur of theſe lines ſurpaſſes all the warmeſt commendations the moſt indulgent partiality can ſhower on their author. They breathe the true majeſty of deſcription, and ſeem moſt critically adapted to convey a natural idea of the momentous and ſolemn diſſolution of the world. The imagery exhibited in the perſonification of eternity, is inexpreſſibly pictureſque and ſublime, and admirably paints that aſſertion of our Saviour, "Heaven and earth ſhall paſs away, but my words ſhall not paſs away," if we conſider it as alluding to the univerſal judgment.

O how unlike thoſe ſhouts of joy, that ſhake
The whole *ethereal!* How the concave rings!
Nor ſtrange! when deities their voice exalt;
And louder far, than when *creation* roſe,
To ſee *creation*'s godlike aim, and end,
So well accompliſh'd! ſo divinely clos'd!
To ſee the mighty *dramatiſt*'s laſt act
(As meet) in glory riſing o'er the reſt.
No fancy'd GOD, a GOD *indeed*, deſcends,
To ſolve all *knots*; to ſtrike the *moral* home;
To throw full day on darkeſt ſcenes of *time*;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown, the whole.
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praiſe,
The charm'd ſpectators thunder their applauſe;
And the vaſt* void beyond, applauſe reſounds

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* Unpeopled worlds.

Line 358. *To ſee the mighty dramatiſt's laſt act.*] Swift highly ridicules the variety of perſonages, to which the Almighty is emblematically compared, in ſeveral inſtances which he has introduced in his works. But amongſt the moſt irrational, and leaſt dignified, I meet with none ſo completely ridiculous as Young's alluſion of the Deity to a dramatiſt. Benevolence in criticiſm would feign urge an annotator to regard it as one of the errors a poetic inſpiration unavoidably is guilty of: on this ground, let it be paſſed over in ſilence, ſince, it muſt be owned, the author has expoſed to view deſcriptive beauties, whoſe baſis one would have thought unfathomable.

Line 366. *And the vaſt void beyond, applauſe reſounds.*] What might have been Young's ideas of the terraqueous globe, I will not pretend to determine. The general opinion is, that beyond the confines of earth, ſeas, &c. is fixed (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) *the vaſt void*, mentioned in the line I quote. Our poet carries his imagination ſtill farther, and by tranſporting the reſonance beyond *the vaſt void*, evidently ſuppoſes other unknown regions, (in Nubibus).

WHAT

WHAT THEN AM I?——
Amidſt applauding worlds,
And worlds celeſtial, is there found on earth,
A peeviſh, diſſonant, rebellious ſtring,
Which jars in the grand chorus, and *complains?*
Cenſure on *thee*, LORENZO, I ſuſpend,
And turn it on *myſelf*; how greatly due!
All, all is *right*, by GOD ordain'd, or done;
And who, but GOD, reſum'd the friends *He* gave?
And have I been *complaining*, then, ſo long?
Complaining of his *favours*; *Pain*, and *Death?*
Who, without *pain*'s advice, would e'er be good?
Who, without *death*, but would be good in vain?
Pain is to ſave from *pain*; all puniſhment,
To make for *peace*; and death to ſave from *death*;
And ſecond death, to guard immortal life;
To rouſe the careleſs, the preſumptuous awe
And turn the tide of ſouls another way;
By the ſame tenderneſs divine ordain'd,
That planted *Eden*, and high bloom'd for man

Line 377. *Who, without pain's advice, would e'er be good.*]
Who has not known ill fortune, never knew
Himſelf, or his own virtue.
Mallet's Alfred.

Line 380. ——————*And death to ſave from Death.*] This line enforces the ſame ſentiment in a foregoing book:
——Happy day! that breaks our chain;
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to nature's great metropolis,
And readmits, &c.
By the firſt-mentioned death, the author ſeems to allude to our mortal diſſolution, as a ſecurity from the misfortunes and bitters of life, which are ſpecified in the enſuing line, "And ſecond Death."

A fairer *Eden*, endleſs, in the ſkies.
Heav'n gives us friends to bleſs the *preſent* ſcene;
Reſumes them, to prepare us for the *next*.
All evils *natural* are *moral* goods;
All diſcipline, *indulgence*, on the whole.
None are unhappy; *all* have cauſe to ſmile,
But ſuch as to themſelves that cauſe deny.
Our *faults* are at the bottom of our *pains*;
Error, in *act*, or *judgment*, is the ſource
Of endleſs ſighs: We *ſin*, or we *miſtake*,
And *nature* tax, when falſe *opinion* ſtings.
Let impious grief be baniſh'd, joy indulg'd;
But chiefly *then*, when grief puts in her claim.
Joy from the *joyous*, frequently betrays,
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.
Joy, *amidſt ills*, corroborates, exalts;
'Tis joy, and conqueſt; joy, and virtue too.

Line 389 *All evils natural are moral goods.*] Our Saviour, in his incarnation, not only ſubmitted to the government of human paſſions, but even to the guidance of the very ſenſations thoſe paſſions dictated. At that period, when he was about to accompliſh the grand work of human redemption, the natural horrors of an approaching and ſevere death appeared in a light directly oppoſite to our Lord's divinity and eternal exiſtence. His concluſive reſignation then is a momentous example to mankind how neceſſarily ſubmiſſion to the Divine Will is attached to piety and religion.

Line 402 *'Tis joy, and conqueſt; Joy, and virtue too.*] Shakeſpeare, in the tragedy of Coriolanus, forcibly directs the neceſſity of fortitude in afflictions to the reader's attention:

Where is your ancient courage; you were us'd
To ſay, extremity was the trier of ſpirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd maſterſhip in floating.

A noble fortitude in *ills* delights
Heav'n, earth, ourſelves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.
Affliction is the good man's ſhining ſcene;
Proſperity conceals his brighteſt ray;
As *night* to ſtars, *woe* luſtre gives to man.
Heroes in battle, pilots in the ſtorm,
And virtue in calamities, admire.
The crown of manhood is a winter-joy*;
And ever green, that ſtands the *northern* blaſt,
And bloſſoms in the rigour of our fate.
'Tis a prime part of happineſs, to know
How much unhappineſs *muſt* prove our lot;
A part which few poſſeſs! I'll pay life's tax,
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it miſery to be a *man*;
Who thinks *it is*, ſhall never be a *god*.
Some ills we wiſh for, when we wiſh to live.
What ſpoke *proud paſſion*?—" ‡ Wiſh my being loſt!"

* Placid fortitude and reſignation amidſt the ſtorms of miſery.

‡ Referring to the firſt Night.

Line 407. *As night to ſtars, woe luſtre gives to man.*] This poetical ſimilitude is very pictureſque and pleaſing, and highly embelliſhes the moral it contains, by introducing objects ſo naturally correſpondent.

Line 417 *Nor think it miſery to be a man.*] In the moſt natural and trifling circumſtances of life, we may perceive this ſtriking truth, that to the attainment of what we judge happineſs, we muſt firſt paſs through a ſcene of inconveniencies and misfortune. It is a toil neceſſary for public intereſt, conjunctively with private ſatisfaction: How then, in a conſideration ſo momentous to mankind, can we expect to poſſeſs a felicity unmerited, an eternity of bliſs which we have previouſly judged unworthy our attention, in refuſing the yoke of earthly calamities?

Preſumptuous! blaſphemous! abſurd! and falſe!
The triumph of my ſoul is,—That I *am*;
And therefore that I *may* be.—*What?* LORENZO!
Look inward, and look deep; and deeper ſtill;
Unfathomably deep our treaſure runs
In golden veins, thro' all eternity!
Ages, and ages, and ſucceeding ſtill
New ages, *where* this phantom of an hour,
Which courts, each night, dull ſlumber, for repair,
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praiſe,
And fly thro' infinite, and all unlock;
And (if deſerv'd) by Heav'n's redundant* love,
Made half-adorable itſelf, adore;
And find, in adoration, endleſs joy!
Where thou, not maſter of a moment *here*,
Frail as the flow'r, and fleeting as the gale,
May'ſt boaſt a *whole eternity*, enrich'd
With all a *kind Omnipotence* can pour.
Since ADAM fell, no mortal, un-inſpir'd,
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever ſhall,
How kind is GOD, how great (if good) is MAN.
No man too largely from Heav'n's love can hope,
If what is *hop'd* he labours to *ſecure*. [*Thee*;
Ills?—There are none: *All-gracious!* none from
From *man* full many! num'rous is the race
Of blackeſt ills, and thoſe immortal too,
Begot by *madneſs*† on fair *liberty*;
Heav'n's daughter, hell-debauch'd! *Her* hand alone
Unlocks

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* Abundantly profuſe. † Profligacy and immorality.

Line 448. *Heav'n's daughter, hell-debauch'd! Her hand alone.*] It were almoſt to be wiſhed, when we reflect on the reigning depravity of manners, ſo univerſally deſtructive of religion, that the Almighty

Unlocks deſtruction to the ſons of men,
Faſt barr'd by *thine*; high-wall'd with adamant,
Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
And cover'd with the thunders of thy Law;
Whoſe threats are *mercies*, whoſe injunctions, *guides*,
Aſſiſting, not reſtraining, *reaſon*'s choice;
Whoſe ſanctions, *unavoidable reſults*
From nature's courſe, indulgently reveal'd;
If unreveal'd, more dang'rous, nor leſs ſure.
Thus, an indulgent father warns his ſons,
"Do this; fly that"—nor always tells the cauſe;
Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
A conduct needful to their own repoſe.

Almighty had rather made us paſſive inſtruments of his will, than free-agents, and virtuous (how rare its inſtances) by inclination. Liberty of thought or action, whether in regard to divine or civil laws, is equally capable of abuſe. We may trace proofs of my aſſertion from contemplating the riſe and fall of ancient and modern ſtates, and, more applicably, the diſſentions continually agitating in Britain. This benevolent licence in regard to religion and morality, is productive of the ſame unhappy ſimilarity, ſo that Young's metaphorical imagery is applied with great natural propriety.

Line 452. ——————*The thunders of thy law.*] Alluding to the tremendous ſolemnity deſcribed by Moſes, on the delivery of the commandment, by the Almighty, from mount Sinai.

Line 454. *Aſſiſting, not reſtraining, reaſon's choice.*] This ſentiment evidently proves our author's diſbelief of the abſurd ſyſtem of predeſtination. The natural reflections that a ſerious certainty of free-will muſt excite, will ſatisfy the truth, as well as propriety of eradicating ſo prejudicial a doctrine, without the aſſiſtance of annotations.

Line 461. *A conduct needful to their own repoſe.*] The neceſſity of faith, not only in the being, but the omniſcient wiſdom of God, is here ſtrikingly depictured by Young. It may be ſaid, my aſſirmation was impertinently needleſs; I partly allow it, yet am unwilling

Great God of wonders! (if, thy *love* ſurvey'd,
Aught elſe the name of wonderful retains)
What *rocks* are *theſe*, on which to build our truſt!
Thy ways admit no blemiſh; none I find;
Or this alone---"*That none is to be found.*"
Not one, to ſoften *cenſure*'s hardy crime;
Not one, to palliate peeviſh *grief*'s COMPLAINT,
Who, like a *demon*, murm'ring from the duſt,
Dares into judgment call her Judge.---SUPREME!
For *all* I bleſs thee; moſt, for the *ſevere*;
Her death—*my own* at hand—the fiery gulph,
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
It thunders;—but it thunders to preſerve;
It ſtrengthens what it ſtrikes; its wholeſome dread
Averts the dreaded pain; its hideous groans
Join Heav'n's ſweet hallelujahs in *thy* praiſe,
Great Source of good *alone!* how kind in all!
In vengeance kind! *Pain, death, gehenna*†, SAVE.

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unwilling to recant, ſince the moſt apparently trifling obſervations on ſentiments of ſuch a tenor, muſt attack the reader's reflections to their contents, and ſo forward the grand aim and progreſs of divine and moral duties.

Line 466. *Or this alone—"That none is to be found."*] We meet with a peculiar turn of expreſſion, exactly reſembling this (which, tho' the language of great good ſenſe, appears in the light of a pun) in Diogenes' writings on Socrates:—"The learned and "wiſe Socrates," ſays he, "often confeſſed in public, that he "knew nothing, or rather, that he knew this only, viz. that he "knew nothing."

Line 479. ——————————*Gehenna, SAVE.*] I cannot perceive the propriety of putting the above word in capitals: the nature of expreſſion requires no particular emphaſis; but as the error (if it is ſo) is trifling, it ſhould not be obnoxious to criticiſm.

* Lucia.

† A term mentioned in Scripture, which is rendered in the tranſlations, Hell.

Thus,

Thus, in thy world material†, *mighty Mind!*
Not that alone which *ſolaces*, and *ſhines*,
The *rough* and *gloomy*, challenges our praiſe.
The *winter* is as needful as the *ſpring*;
The *thunder*, as the *ſun*; a ſtagnate maſs
Of vapours breeds a peſtilential air;
Nor more propitious the *Favonian* breeze
To nature's health, than purifying ſtorms;
The dread *volcano* miniſters to good.
Its ſmother'd flames might undermine the world.
Loud *Ætnas* fulminate‡ in love to man;
Comets good omens are, when duly ſcann'd;
And, in their uſe, *Eclipſes* learn to ſhine.
Man is reſponſible for *ills* receiv'd;
Thoſe we call *wretched* are a choſen band,

† Regarding external impreſſions.

‡ Thunder forth their flames.

Line 482. *The rough and gloomy, challenges our praiſe.*] Thomſon has a multiplicity of ideas, and expreſſive images ſimilar to our poet. Indeed, they ſeem to have each had the moſt warm veneration for piety and religion, and, in their works, introduce a rival compendium of moral ſublimity. On the ſubject of Winter, the former makes this beautiful reflection:

Vapours, and clouds, and ſtorms. Be theſe my theme;
Theſe, that exalt the ſoul to ſolemn thought
And heavenly muſing. Welcome, kindred glooms.

This and the following lines on Night, are abſolutely the direct ſentiments of Young:

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds
Slow-meeting, mingle into ſolid gloom.
Now, while the drowſy world lies loſt in ſleep,
Let me aſſociate with the ſerious night,
And contemplation her ſedate compeer;
Let me ſhake off th' intruſive cares of day,
And lay the meddling ſenſes all aſide.

Compell'd to refuge in the *right*, for peace.
Amid my liſt of bleſſings infinite,
Stand this the foremoſt, "*That my heart has bled*"
'Tis Heav'n's laſt effort of good-will to man:
When *pain* can't bleſs, Heav'n quits us in deſpair.
Who fails to grieve, when juſt occaſion calls,
Or grieves too much, deſerves not to be bleſt;
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart;
Reaſon abſolves* the grief, which *reaſon* ends.
May Heav'n ne'er truſt my friend with happineſs,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain; and made it *ſafe* to *ſmile!*
Such ſmiles are mine, and *ſuch* may they remain;
Nor hazard their extinction, from exceſs.
My change of *heart* a change of *ſtyle* demands;
The CONSOLATION cancels the COMPLAINT†,
And makes a convert of my guilty ſong.

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* Gives a ſanction of approbation.

† The title of a former Book.

Line 497. *Stand this the foremoſt, "That my heart has bled."*] Addiſon, in his tragedy of Cato, diſſuades the indulgence of ſorrows, and recumbent puſillanimity under life's calamities, in the moſt perſuaſive language:

But know, young prince, that valour ſoars to
What the world calls misfortune and affliction:
Theſe are not ills, elſe would they never fall
On heav'n's firſt favourites, and the beſt of men.
The gods in bounty, &c. &c.

Line 506. *By previous pain; and made it ſafe to ſmile!*]

Me quoque per multos ſimilis fortuna labores
Jactatam hac demum voluit conſiſtere terra.
Non ignara mali miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.

Virgil's Æneid, Book I.

As

As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
A panting traveller, ſome riſing ground,
Some ſmall aſcent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
And meaſures with his eye the various vale,
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers he has paſt;
And, ſatiate‡ of his journey, thinks of home,
Endear'd by diſtance, nor affects more toil;
Thus I, though ſmall, indeed, is that aſcent
The muſe has gain'd, review the paths ſhe trod;
Various, extenſive, beaten but by few;
And, conſcious of her prudence in repoſe,
Pauſe; and with pleaſure meditate an end,
Though ſtill remote; ſo fruitful is my theme.
Thro' many a field of *moral*, and *divine*,
The muſe has ſtray'd; and much of *ſorrow* ſeen
In human ways; and much of *falſe* and *vain*;
Which none, who travel this bad road, can miſs.
O'er *friends deceas'd* full heartily ſhe wept*;
Of *Love divine* the wonders ſhe diſplay'd†;
Prov'd man *immortal*; ſhew'd the *ſource of joy*‖;
The *grand tribunal* rais'd; aſſign'd the bounds
Of *human grief*: in *few*, to cloſe the whole,
The moral muſe has ſhadow'd out a ſketch
Though not in form, nor with a RAPHAEL-ſtroke§,
Of *moſt* our weakneſs needs *believe*, or *do*,

‡ Fatigued. * Alluding to Narciſſa and Philander.
† Book IV. ‖ Book VI.
§ An eminent painter.

Line 512. *As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe.*] The compariſon is ſtrictly poetical and juſt. Its beauties cannot be concealed from the reader on the ſlighteſt peruſal. Each ſelect image is excellently depictured, and in the genuine ſpirit of ſimilitude.

In this our land of travel, and of hope,
For peace on *earth*, or proſpect of the *ſkies*.
What then remains?—Much! much! a mighty [debt
To be diſcharg'd: Theſe thoughts, O NIGHT!
are thine;
From thee they came, like lovers ſecret ſighs,
While others ſlept. So, CYNTHIA (poets feign)
In ſhadows veil'd, ſoft-ſliding from her ſphere,
Her ſhepher'd chear'd; of her enamour'd leſs,
Than I of thee.—And art thou ſtill unſung,
Beneath whoſe brow, and by whoſe aid, I ſing?
Immortal Silence!—Where ſhall I begin?
Where end? Or how ſteal muſic from the ſpheres,
To ſooth their goddeſs?
O majeſtic NIGHT!
Nature's great anceſtor! *Day*'s elder-born!
And fated to ſurvive the tranſient ſun!

Line 542. ——————*So Cynthia, poets feign.*] This goddeſs is fabled to have been ſo enamoured of Endymion, that ſhe deſcended from heaven to the mountain Latmius, for the ſake of kiſſing him. The poets feign her to have prevailed on Jupiter, to grant him whatever he ſhould aſk; and that he, contrary to her wiſhes, deſired a perpetual ſleep, immortal, and exempt from age.

Line 547. ——————*Where ſhall I begin?* This mode of expreſſion has been peculiarly adopted by the ancients, in entering on the commencement of any fabulous or hiſtorical ſubject. An imitation of theſe trifles have been purſued by modern writers, and, had not Young a ſuperior number of original beauties, we ſhould not fail ranking him in the claſs of thoſe deſpicable ſcribblers whom Horace alludes to

O imitatores, ſervum pecus!

Line 549. ——————*O majeſtic Night!*] The introduction to this ſublime piece of poetry cannot fail attracting the reader's attention. Its commencement is truly noble, and contains that expreſſive ſolemnity adapted to the perſonages and ſubject it depictures.

By mortals, and immortals, ſeen with awe!
A ſtarry crown thy raven* brow adorns,
An azure zone†, thy waiſt; clouds, in heav'n's loom
Wrought thro' varieties of ſhape and ſhade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heav'n throughout,
Voluminouſly‡ pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs (*nature*'s moſt auguſt,
Inſpiring aſpect!) claim a grateful verſe;
And, like a ſable curtain ſtarr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours paſt, ſhall cloſe the ſcene.
And what, O man! ſo *worthy* to be ſung?
What more prepares us for the ſongs of Heaven?
Creation of archangels is the theme!
What, to be ſung, ſo *needful*? What ſo well
Celeſtial joys prepare us to ſuſtain?
The ſoul of man, HIS face deſign'd to ſee,
Who gave theſe wonders to be ſeen by man,
Has *here* a previous ſcene of objects *great*,
On which to dwell; to ſtretch to that expanſe

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* Duſky. † Girdle.

‡ Alluding to the folding orbs of a ſnake.

Line 553. *A ſtarry crown thy raven brow adorns.*] The ancient poets repreſented night as drawn in a chariot by two duſky coloured horſes: Her habiliments were a black robe, diverſified with ſtars, her crown a poppy, and wings of a dark hue on her ſhoulders.

Line 568. *The ſoul of man, HIS face deſign'd to ſee.*] I would adviſe the following trifling alteration, as more clearly expreſſive of the author's meaning:

The ſoul of man (HIS face deſign'd to ſee,
Who gave theſe wonders to be ſeen by man)
Has here, &c. &c.

Of thought, to riſe to that axalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe,
And give her whole capacities that ſtrength,
Which beſt may qualify for *final* joy.
The more our ſpirits are enlarg'd on *earth*,
The deeper draught ſhall they receive of *heaven*.
Heav'n's KING! whoſe face unveil'd conſummates bliſs:
Redundant bliſs! which fills that mighty void,
The whole creation leaves in human hearts!
THOU, who didſt touch the lip of JESSE's ſon*,
Wrapt in ſweet contemplation of theſe fires,
And ſet his harp in concert with the ſpheres!
While of thy works *material* the ſupreme
I dare attempt, aſſiſt my daring ſong.
Looſe me from *earth*'s incloſure, from the *ſun*'s
Contracted circle let my heart at large;
Eliminate† my ſpirit, give it range

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* David. † Purge, refine.

Line 581. *Thou, who didſt touch the lip of Jeſſe's ſon.*] Samuel I. Chap. xvi. Verſe 23. "And it came to paſs when the evil ſpirit "from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played "with his hand; ſo Saul was refreſhed, and was well, and the "evil ſpirit departed from him."

Line 586. *Looſe me from earth's incloſure, from the ſun's.*] Thomſon's addreſs to the Almighty, in his Seaſon's, has ſomewhat of reſemblance in the ſentiments:

Father of light and life! thou Good ſupreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyſelf!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low purſuit! and feed my ſoul
With knowledge, conſcious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, ſubſtantial, never-fading bliſs.

Winter, Line 217.

Through

Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd;
Teach me, by this ſtupendous ſcaffolding,
Creation's golden ſteps, to climb to THEE.
Teach me with *art* great *nature* to controul,
And ſpread a luſtre o'er the ſhades of *night*.
Feel I thy kind aſſent? And ſhall the *ſun*
Be ſeen at *midnight*, riſing in my ſong? [heart,
LORENZO! come, and warm thee: Thou, whoſe
Whoſe *little* heart, is moor'd within a nook
Of this obſcure terreſtrial, anchor weigh‡.
Another ocean calls, a *nobler* port;
I am thy pilot, *I* thy proſp'rous gale.
Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main;
Main, without tempeſt, pirate, rock, or ſhore;
And whence thou may'ſt import *eternal* wealth;
And leave to *beggar'd*§ minds the *pearl* and *gold*.
Thy travels doſt thou boaſt o'er foreign realms?
Thou *ſtranger* to the *world!* thy tour *begin*;
Thy tour through *nature*'s univerſal orb.
Nature delineates* her whole chart at large,

On

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‡ Reſolve to contemplate God and nature.

§ Worldly, grovelling. * Draws out.

Line 601. *Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main.*] If we conſider the port as alluding to the regions of the ble.., and the main as our paſſage through life in a virtuous queſt of happineſs, the following line is faulty in its contents, "Main without "Tempeſt," is incongruous, when we conſider the troubles, calamities, and vexations of this ſublunary exiſtence. Theſe metaphorical images are conſiſtent with our ideas of the port, ſo that we muſt judge this a triſling metatheſis of our author's.

Line 608. *Nature delineates her whole chart at large.*] Pope's figurative view of nature, though expreſſive of her admirable effects in regard to the univerſal perſpective of material objects, is by no means

On ſoaring ſouls, that ſail among the ſpheres;
And *man* how purblind, if unknown the whole! 610
Who circles† ſpacious *earth*, then travels *here*,
Shall own, he never was from *home* before!
Come, my * PROMOTHEUS, from thy pointed rock
Of *falſe* ambition if unchain'd, we'll mount;
We'll *innocently*, ſteal celeſtial fire, 615
And kindle our devotion at the *ſtars*;
A theft, that ſhall not chain, but ſet thee free.
Above our atmoſphere's inteſtine‡ wars,
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail,
Above the northern neſts of feather'd ſnows, 620
The brew§ of thunders, and the flaming forge
That forms the crooked lightning; 'bove the caves
Where infant tempeſts wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar,
Which, ſoon perhaps, ſhall ſhake a guilty world;
Above miſconſtru'd omens of the ſky, 626

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means unapplicable to our author's examination of it in a moral ſenſe:

Unerring nature, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal light;
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of art.
Eſſay on Man.

[Line 615. *We'll innocently, ſteal celeſtial fire.*]

Qui tenuem liquidis ignem furatus ab aſtris,
———Volucrem vivo ſub pectore paſcit
Infelix Scythica fixus convalle Promotheus.

Line 618. *Above our atmoſphere's inteſtine wars.*] This picturesque view is directly imitative of Thomſon's ſentimental images on the ſame ſubject. In the diviſion of Winter, we meet with a variety of natural and pleaſing deſcriptions, highly meriting the admiration of its readers.

† Completes the univerſal tour.
‡ Civil commotions.
* Book the Eighth.
§ The original repoſitory.

Far-

Far-travell'd comet's calculated Blaze,
Elance‖ thy thought, and think of *more* than *man*.
Thy ſoul, till now, contracted, wither'd, ſhrunk,
Blighted by blaſts of *earth*'s unwholeſome air,
Will bloſſom *here*; ſpread all her faculties
To theſe bright ardors; ev'ry pow'r unfold,
And riſe into ſublimities of thought.
Stars *teach*, as well as *ſhine*. At *nature*'s birth,
Thus, their commiſſion ran—"Be kind to *man*."
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller!
The *ſtars* will light thee; tho' the *moon* ſhould fail.
Where art thou, more benighted! more aſtray!
In ways immortal? The *ſtars* call thee back;
And, if obey'd their counſel, ſet thee right.
This proſpect vaſt, what is it?—Weigh'd aright,
'Tis nature's ſyſtem of divinity,
And ev'ry ſtudent of the *Night* inſpires.
'Tis *elder* ſcripture, writ by GOD's own hand;
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
LORENZO! with my *radius** (the rich gift

‖ Extend.

* The ſemi-diameter of a circle, or a right line drawn from the centre to the circumference.

Line 628. *Elance thy thought, and think of more than man.*] It muſt be owned, the metaphors are elevated to a very pleaſing height, and expreſſive of the amazing flights of Young's imagination. But I would wiſh to point out what I think rather beyond the boundaries of reaſon, "The infant tempeſts waiting for "growth, and practiſing a few leſſons in finging," is a ſtrange idea, and beyond the reaſonable and neceſſary limit of poetry and common ſenſe.

Line 644. *'Tis elder ſcripture, writ by GOD's own hand.*] Thomſon's concluding hymn, on ſumming up the variety of ſeaſons, has ſomewhat of ſimilarity with Young;

Theſe, as they change, Almighty Father, theſe,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleaſing ſpring
Thy beauty walks.——

Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
Its various leſſons; ſome that may ſurpriſe
An un-adept in myſteries of NIGHT;
Little, perhaps, expected in *her* ſchool,
Nor thought to grow on planet, or on ſtar.
Bulls†, lions, ſcorpions, monſters here we feign;
Ourſelves more monſtrous, not to ſee what here
Exiſts *indeed*;—a lecture to mankind.
What read we *here?*--Th' exiſtence of a GOD?--
Yes; and of other beings, man above;
Natives of *æther!* ſons of higher climes!
And, what may move LORENRO's wonder more,

† Various conſtellations, ſo term'd in aſtronomy.

Line 655. *What read we here?—Th' exiſtence of a GOD?*] Though atheiſm becomes every day leſs predominant, by the united efforts of reaſon and religion, the being of a Deity is ſtill the primary leſſon to a due ſenſe of his works. Nature, in this reſpect, affords us proofs more ſtriking, perhaps, than the inſpiration of ſcripture, I mean in regard to infidel ſuſpicions. Man, conſidered as entangled in the intricate mazes of vice, will, like St. Thomas, have ocular demonſtration of God's preſiding omnipotence; and muſt draw from nature the leading clue towards a faith and comprehenſion in the Attributes of the Almighty.

Line 656. *Yes; and of other beings, man above.*] It would be unpardonable in an annotator, to omit the ſeveral paſſages in preceding or contemporary poets, which are co-incidently expreſſive of the ſame object, and by that means ſtrengthen our author's reaſoning, and embelliſh his poetical compoſition. Thomſon's ſurvey of philoſophy, at the concluſion of his Summer, evidently gravitates to the ſame centre as Young's perſuaſive contemplation of nature:

> Nor to this evaneſcent ſpeck of earth,
> Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
> Are her exalted range: intent to gaze
> Creation thro' and from that full complex
> Of never ending, &c. &c.

ETERNITY

ETERNITY is written in the ſkies.
And whoſe eternity?—LORENZO! *thine*;
Mankind's eternity. Nor FAITH alone,
VIRTUE grows here; *here* ſprings the ſov'reign cure
Of almoſt ev'ry vice; but chiefly *thine*;
Wrath, *pride*, *ambition*, and *impure deſire*.
LORENZO! thou canſt wake at midnight too,
Tho' not on *morals* bent: *Ambition*, *pleaſure*!
Thoſe tyrants I for thee ſo * lately fought,
Afford their haraſs'd ſlaves but ſlender reſt.
Time, to whom midnight is *immoral* noon,
And the ſun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day;
Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
Commencing one of our *antipodes*!
In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,
'Twixt ſtage and ſtage, of riot, and cabal;
And lift thine eye (if bold an eye to lift,
If bold to meet the face of injur'd Heaven)
To yonder ſtars: for other ends they ſhine,
Than to light revellers from ſhame to ſhame,
And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.

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* Book the Eighth.

Line 665. *Lorenzo! thou canſt wake at midnight too.*] An intimation, without doubt, founded on veracity! The generality of our licentious ſparks would confeſs its truth, and ſcorn to be put to the bluſh, "though not on morals bent."

Line 672. ——————— *Our Antipodes.*] It is almoſt unneceſſary to inform our readers, that, by the rotundity of the earth, the ſun is prevalent in the oppoſite parts of the world at that time when we are moſt removed from its influence. As the feet of mankind are ſuppoſed to have a ſimilar gravitation to the ſame centre, thoſe of our neighbours in the directly oppoſite regions of the earth, muſt, of conſequence, meet, as it were, with ours, from whence ariſes the term of antipodes.

Why from yon arch, that infinite of ſpace,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which ſet the living firmament on fire,
At the firſt glance, in ſuch an overwhelm
Of wonderful, on man's aſtoniſh'd ſight,
Ruſhes OMNIPOTENCE ?---To curb our *pride*;
Our *reaſon* rouſe, and lead it to that Power,
Whoſe love lets down theſe ſilver chains of light;
To draw up man's *ambition* to *Himſelf*,
And bind our *chaſte affections* to his throne.
Thus the three virtues, leaſt alive on earth,
And welcom'd on Heav'n's coaſt with moſt applauſe,
An *humble*, *pure*, and *heav'nly-minded* heart,
Are *here* inſpir'd :---And canſt thou gaze too long ?
Nor ſtands thy *wrath* depriv'd of its reproof,
Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each ſyſtem repreſent
Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd;
Enlight'ning, and enlighten'd ! All, at once,

Line 680. *Why from yon arch, that infinite of ſpace.*] There is a majeſty of picturesque deſcription, which exhibits theſe lines to our view in the moſt elevated and pleaſing light. As the contemplation of nature's nightly effects was, next to that of God, our author's moſt ardent of purſuit, we cannot wonder at his ſuperior excellence, as well in the deſcriptive as the moral of his ſentiments. Thomſon, in his Autumn, pays the following grateful compliment to his merits as a compoſer, or, which deſerves the preference, as a chriſtian :

Full of thy genius all! the muſes ſeat;
Where in the ſecret bow'r and winding walk,
For virtuous *Young* and thee they twine the bay.

Attracting,

Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,
None ſins againſt the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unſelfiſh aid,
Affords an emblem of *millennial** love.
Nothing in nature, much leſs *conſcious* being,
Was e'er created ſolely for itſelf:
Thus man his *ſov'reign* duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.
And know, of all our ſupercillious† race,
Thou moſt inflammable! thou waſp of men!
Man's angry heart, *inſpected*, would be found
As rightly ſet, as are the ſtarry ſpheres;
'Tis *nature*'s ſtructure, broke by ſtubborn *will*,
Breeds all that un-celeſtial diſcord *there*.
Wilt thou not feel the bias *nature* gave?

---

* Extended univerſally towards the whole ſpecies.

† Haughty, contemptuous.

Line 700. *Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like.*] The ſyſtems of the Newtonian, and other philoſophy, regard attraction as the omni-effecting cauſe of every material ſubſtance or revolution in the creation. Inſtances of its truth ſwarm every day around us in their viſible explanation of what is advanced. The riſe and fall of tides, dependant on their attractive connection with the moon, is now no longer diſputed; and the more profoundly adepts in this ſcience, will afford natural and comprehenſive proofs of a ſimilar effect in planetary orbs.

Line 705. *Was e'er created ſolely for itſelf.*] It was a favourite ſentiment with Plato, and particularly expreſſed in his writings, that, "Since man was not born for himſelf alone, but for his "country, parents, friends, and the human ſpecies in general; "and ſince whatever the earth produces was intentionally created "for the benefit of mankind, we ought on this ground to co-in-"cide with this natural procedure of things, and, by an inter-"courſe of mutual favours, act and conſult for the public good; "and preſerve, unſhaken, the ſociety of man, as well by the "operations of benevolence, as the faculties of reaſon."

Canſt

Canſt thou deſcend from converſe with the ſkies,
And ſeize thy brother's throat ?--For what ?--a *clod*,
An inch of *earth?* The *planets* cry, " Forbear."
They chaſe our double darkneſs ; *nature*'s gloom,
And (kinder ſtill !) our *intellectual* night‡.
And ſee, *Day's* amiable ſiſter ſends
Her invitation, in the ſofteſt rays
Of mitigated luſtre; courts thy ſight,
Which ſuffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the ſkies,
Nor rudely repremands thy lifted eye;
With *gain*, and *joy*, ſhe bribes thee to be wiſe.
Night opes the nobleſt ſcenes, and ſheds an awe,
Which gives thoſe venerable ſcenes full weight,
And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart ;
While light peeps thro' the darkneſs, like a ſpy ;
And darkneſs ſhews its grandeur by the light.

---

‡ Want of underſtanding.

Line 716. *And ſeize thy brother's throat?—For what?—a clod.*]

——————Et ultra
Limites clientium
Salis avarus? Pellitur paternos
In ſinu ferens deos
Et uxor, & vir, ſordidos que natos.

Horace, Book III. Ode 18.

Line 724. *Night grants thee the full freedom of the ſkies.*] Alluding to the preceding poetical view of night, in which the author enumerates its appropriative incentive to contemplation and virtue.

Line 731. *And darkneſs ſhews its grandeur by the light.*] The alluſion of light to a ſpy, tho' rather in the ſinking ſtrain, might do very well, were we to forget the compariſon, on peruſing the following line ; but when we reflect on the light diſcovering to view the grandeur of darkneſs, we loſe ſight of the ſpy, or pronounce the ſimilarity incongruous.

Nor

Nor is the *profit* greater than the *joy*,
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inſpire delight.
What ſpeak I more, than I, this moment, feel?
With pleaſing ſtupor* firſt the ſoul is ſtruck:
(Stupor ordain'd to make her truly wiſe!)
Then into tranſport ſtarting from her trance,
With love, and admiration, how ſhe glows!
This gorgeous apparatus†! this diſplay!
This oſtentation of creative power!
This theatre! —what eye can take it in?
By what divine inchantment was it rais'd,
For minds of the firſt magnitude to launch
In endleſs ſpeculation, and adore?
One ſun by day, by night *ten thouſand* ſhine;
And light us deep into the DEITY;
How boundleſs in magnificence and might!
O what a confluence‡ of ethereal fires,
From urns unnumber'd, down the ſteep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my ſight!
Nor tarries *there*; I feel it at my *heart*.
My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts;

---

* Silent admiration and amazement.

† Machinery of created objects.

‡ Uniform congruity and conjunctive gravitation.

Line 741. *This oſtentation of creative power!*] Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, excluſively of the narration and proceſs of action, is replete with deſcriptive metaphors and alluſions to created objects. I ſhall beg leave to ſelect the following paſſage, on the formation of order, from its original chaos:

Till at his ſecond bidding darkneſs fled,
Light ſhone, and order from diſorder ſprung. [3]
Swift to their ſeveral quarters haſted then,
The cumb'rous elements, earth, flood, air, fire.

Lays

Lays it in duſt, and calls it to the ſkies.
Who ſees it, unexalted, or unaw'd?
Who ſees it, and can ſtop at what is ſeen?
Material offspring of OMNIPOTENCE!
Inanimate, all-animating birth!
Work worthy *Him* who made it! Worthy praiſe!
All praiſe! praiſe *more* than human! nor deny'd
Thy praiſe *divine!*—But tho' man, drown'd in ſleep,
With-holds his homage, not *alone* I wake;
Bright legions ſwarm unſeen, and ſing, unhear'd
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In this his univerſal temple, hung
With luſtres, with innumerable lights,
That ſhed religion on the ſoul; at once,
The *temple*, and the *preacher!* O how loud
It calls devotion! genuine growth of *Night!*
Devotion! daughter of aſtronomy!
An *undevout* aſtronomer is *mad.*
True; all things ſpeak a GOD; but in the ſmall,

Line 760. *All praiſe! praiſe more than human; nor deny'd.*] This, in the judgment of impartiality, muſt be pronounced an incoherent, or rather, a tautological jumble of one idea, expreſſed in ſo many different forms, that its beauty is loſt, and even its meanings, if there can be found any, are violently ſtrained.

Line 763. *Bright legions ſwarm unſeen, and ſing, unheard.*] Milton abounds with views of the angelic choir, hymning eternal praiſes to the Almighty; but the ſelect lines, which moſt allude to our author's deſcription, are, I think, the following:

——————Up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation, and the ſound
Symphonius of ten thouſand harps, that tun'd
Angelic harmonies——————
The planets in their ſtation liſt'ning ſtood,
While the bright pomp aſcended jubilant.

Book VII.

Men

Men *trace out* Him ; in great, He *ſeizes* man ;
Seizes, and elevates, and raps†, and fills
With new inquiries, 'mid aſſociates new.
Tell me, ye ſtars ! ye planets ! tell me, all
Ye ſtarr'd, and planeted, inhabitants ! What is it ?
What are theſe ſons of wonder ? Say, proud arch !
(Within whoſe azure palaces they dwell)
Built with divine ambition ! in diſdain
Of limit built ! built in the taſte of Heaven !
Vaſt concave ! ample dome ! waſt thou deſign'd
A meet apartment for the DEITY ?—
Not ſo; that thought alone thy ſtate impairs,
Thy *lofty* ſinks, and ſhallows thy *profound*,
And ſtreightens thy *diffuſive* ; dwarfs the whole,
And makes an univerſe an *Orrery*.
But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is reſtor'd,
O *nature !* wide flies off th' expanding round

† Detaches from the world.

Line 777. *Ye ſtarr'd, and planeted, inhabitants ! What is it ?*] There is ſomewhat originally uncouth in this expreſſion, which diſguſts us with its laboured and roughly inharmonic ſound. Even its claim to novelty will not advance the leaſt juſt plea in its favour, (an unhappy caſe it muſt be owned !) Young, as Mr. Melmoth obſerves, too often creates new-fangled terms of his own ; but ſtill they may, without great difficulty, be comprehended. As to the preſent, tho' we know what he would expreſs, we cannot underſtand the expreſſion.

Line 785. *Thy lofty ſinks, and ſhallows thy profound.*] The frequent repetitions of theſe adjectives, and their ſo cloſe connection with each other, renders the flow of the lines very diſagreeable.

Line 787. *And makes an univerſe, an Orrery.*] The orrery is a curious machine for pointing out and explaining the different motions and revolutions of the heavenly bodies; ſo called, from its being brought to its preſent perfection by the late Lord Orrery.

As

As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
The ſmitten air is hollow'd by the blow;
The vaſt diſploſion diſſipates the clouds;
Shock'd æther's billows* daſh the diſtant ſkies;
Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a ſpacious womb,
Might teem with new creation; re-inflam'd
Thy luminaries triumph, and aſſume
Divinity themſelves. Nor was it ſtrange,
Matter high-wrought to ſuch ſurpriſing pomp,
Such god-like glory, ſtole the ſtile of gods,
From ages dark, obtuſe†, and ſteep'd in *ſenſe*‡;
For, ſure, to *ſenſe*, they truly are divine,
And half-abſolv'd idolatry from guilt;
Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it *was*
In thoſe, who put forth all they had of *man*
Unloſt, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher;
But, weak of wing, on planets perch'd; and thought
What was their higheſt, muſt be their ador'd.
But they how *weak*, who could no higher mount?
And are there, then, LORENZO! thoſe, to whom
Unſeen, and Unexiſtent, are the ſame?
And if incomprehenſible is join'd,
Who dare pronounce it madneſs, to *believe?*
Why has the mighty BUILDER thrown aſide

* The various vaporous particles of air collected.
† Unenlightened with knowledge. ‡ Animal pleaſures.

Line 815. *Why has the mighty Builder thrown aſide.*] This interrogatory reproof is penned in all the ſerious and ſolemn ſublimity the ſubject requires, and addreſſes our miſguided faculties, if unhappily we admit room for doubts, with the pathos neceſſary for the eradication of their foreign and unnatural growth.

All meaſure in his work; ſtretch'd out his line
So far, and ſpread amazement o'er the whole?
Then (as he took delight in wide extremes)
Deep in the boſom of his univerſe,
Dropt down that *reaſoning* mite, that inſect, *man*,
To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the ſcene?—
That man might ne'er preſume to plead amazement
For diſbelief of wonders in *Himſelf*.
Shall GOD be leſs miraculous, than what
His hand has form'd? Shall *myſteries* deſcend
From *un-myſterious?* Things more elevate,
Be more familiar? Uncreated lie
More obvious than created, to the graſp
Of human thought? The *more* of wonderful
Is heard in *Him*, the *more* we ſhould aſſent.
Could we conceive *Him*, GOD He could not be;
Or *He* not GOD, or *we* could not be *Men*.
A GOD alone can comprehend a GOD;
Man's diſtance how immenſe! on *ſuch* a theme,
Know this, LORENZO! (ſeem it ne'er ſo ſtrange)
Nothing, can *ſatisfy*, but what *confounds*;

Line 831. *Could we conceive Him, GOD he could not be.*] Arguments, on the ſubjects of God or man, require that ſound depth of reaſon, which, as it promotes the dignity of each, may, at the ſame time, ſtrengthen the impotent, and preſerve the faith of the ſtedfaſt, firm, and unobnoxious to the irreligious doubts ſtarted by artful hypocriſy. Young has, I think, greatly excelled in this peculiar beauty, and introduces ancient un-eraſible truths with a novel, original, and of conſequence, additional force, acting in union to the advancement of faith and piety.

Nothing,

Nothing, but what *aſtoniſhes*, is *true*.
The ſcene thou ſeeſt, atteſts the truth I ſing,
And ev'ry ſtar ſheds light upon thy creed.
Theſe ſtars, this furniture, this coſt of Heaven*,
If but *reported*, thou hadſt ne'er believ'd;
But thine *eye* tells thee, the *romance* is true.
The grand of nature is th' Almighty's oath,

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* Immenſity of magnificence in celeſtial objects.

Line 837. *Nothing, but what aſtoniſhes, is true.*] We meet with nothing but a ſeries of miraculous proofs of God's omnipotence throughout the different books of the Old Teſtament. If then we doubt their truth, becauſe beyond the natural comprehenſion of man's reaſon; if we meaſure God's attributes and deeds by the extent of our inferior knowledge and abilities; the whole ſyſtem of religion and its ſupports is inevitably cruſhed and deſtroyed. To a reconciliation of our ſelf-raiſed doubts, with the wonders ſhowered from the hand of providence, an implicit faith in God's power and mercy muſt be the firſt ſtep. Nor is ſuch a dependance contradictory either to free will or reaſon. It is, in effect, the pure effuſions of a grateful mind, of a conſcience ſilently proclaiming the preſiding omnipotence of its Maker. Can man, who while he acknowledges the veracity of facts delivered down to him from hiſtory; while he confeſſes the actuating power of the Almighty in their execution, preſume to doubt the truths of facts where God has made himſelf more condeſcendingly conſpicuous, more viſible to man? Faith, then, is the primary advancement to a knowledge and gratitude for the mercies of the Deity; and, as ſuch, Young diſplays it in all the neceſſary and momentous truths.

Line 843. *The grand of nature is th' Almighty's oath*] It ſhould be almoſt the firſt principle and eſſay of a poet to avoid an ambiguity of expreſſion; for while the reader is puzzled with endeavours to diſcover a meaning, beyond the comprehenſion of natural good ſenſe, the connection is loſt, and the real merits of the ſentiment forgotten. This, with many other of our author's phraſes, requires ſome attention to enter into the original alluſion and regular concatenation of the metaphor; and after that labour, the mind is rather attached to the difficulty than the morality of the terms.

In

In *reaſon's* court, to ſilence *unbelief*.
How my mind, op'ning at this ſcene, imbibes
The moral emanations† of the ſkies,
While nought, perhaps, LORENZO leſs admires!
Has the great Sov'reign ſent ten thouſand worlds
To tell us, *He* reſides above them all,
In glory's unapproachable receſs?
And dare *earth's* bold inhabitants deny
The ſumptuous, the magnific embaſſy
A moment's audience? Turn we, nor will hear
From whom they come, or what they would impart
For man's emolument; ſole cauſe that ſtoops
Their grandeur to man's eye? LORENZO! rouſe;
Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
And glance from eaſt to weſt, from pole to pole.
Who ſees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?
Renounces *Reaſon*, or a GOD adores?
Mankind was ſent into the world to *ſee*:
Sight gives the ſcience needful to their peace;
That obvious ſcience aſks *ſmall* learning's aid.

---

† Inſtructions derived from that foundation.

Line 860. *Renounces Reaſon, or a GOD adores?*] Amidſt our oppoſite bent of action or inclination, we ſtill preſerve an adequate veneration for the dignity of reaſon; whether for the ſake of ſelf-applauſe, or purely for the honour of our Creator, I will not determine. Young, who knew man, both in his follies and his virtues, excellently introduces, at ſuitable periods, arguments which may naturally induce him to ſerious reformation.

Line 863. *That obvious ſcience aſks ſmall learning's aid.*] It is evident, that the author's meaning was "The knowledge of "nature requires but little aſſiſtance from learning;" but the thought is ſo confuſedly expreſſed, and the epithet of *ſmall* ſo ſtrained, that it had been much better omitted.

Wouldſt thou on metaphyſic* pinions ſoar?
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns?
Or travel hiſtory's enormous round?
Nature no ſuch hard taſk injoins: ſhe gave
A make to man directive of his thought;
A make ſet upright, pointing to the ſtars,
As who ſhould ſay, "Read thy chief leſſon there."
Too late to read this manuſcript of Heaven,
When, like a parchment-ſcroll, ſhrunk up by flames,
It folds LORENZO's leſſon from his ſight.
Leſſon how various! Not the GOD alone,
I ſee his *miniſters*; I ſee, diffus'd
In radiant orders, eſſences ſublime,
Of various offices, of various plume,
In heav'nly liveries, diſtinctly clad,
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commix'd; they ſtand, with wings outſpread,
Liſt'ning to catch the Maſter's leaſt command,

---

* The ſtudy of being, abſtracted from material ſubſtances.

Line 871. *Too late to read this manuſcript of Heaven.*] The thought is novel, and emblematically deſcribes the efforts of a creative imagination.

Line 875. *I ſee his miniſters; I ſee, diffus'd.*] It will not, I think, be improper to introduce here, as an alluſion, Milton's deſcription of the form and habiliments of Raphael:

A ſeraph wing'd, ſix wings he wore, to ſhade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breaſt
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a ſtarry zone his waiſt, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
And colours dip'd in heav'n; the third, his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather' mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain!——————

Book V.

And

And fly thro' *nature*, ere the moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!—Well conceiv'd
By *pagan* and by *chriſtian!* O'er each ſphere
Preſides an angel, to direct its courſe,
And feed, or fan, its flames; or to diſcharge
Other high truſts unknown. For who can ſee
Such pomp of matter, and imagine, *Mind*,
For which *alone* inanimate was made,
More ſparingly diſpens'd! That nobler ſon,
Far liker the great SIRE!—'Tis thus the ſkies
Inform us of ſuperiors numberleſs,
As much, in *excellence*, above mankind,
As above *earth*, in *magnitude*, the *ſpheres*.
Theſe, as a cloud of witneſſes, hang o'er us;
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds;
Perhaps, a thouſand demigods deſcend
On ev'ry beam we ſee, to walk with men.

Line 889. *For which alone inanimate was made.*] Alluding to the ſurvey of creation, deſcribed at the commencement of the book of Geneſis.

Line 890. ——————*That nobler ſon.*] We meet with another cuſtomary ambiguity on a review of this eulogy to man. The turn of expreſſion is, I think, taken from one of Horace's Odes:

O matre pulchra filia pulchrior.

By "nobler ſon," the author, 'tis to be ſuppoſed, underſtands the human ſpecies as ſuperior to inanimate matter, that is, the earth, from whence they originated; and by "the great Sire," he removes the comparative alluſion from the mother of mankind, to the Almighty Author of exiſtence.

Line 898. *On ev'ry beam we ſee, to walk with men.*] The ancients entertained a ſimilar idea of the guardian powers of angelic beings, and the evil tendency and oppoſition of what they ſtiled the furies. Such a ſyſtem is certainly founded on reaſon and morality, I may ſay, on revealed religion; for the protecting aſſiſtance of the Holy Spirit, and the oppoſing influence of Satan, are almoſt in every reſpect co-incident.

Awful reflection! ſtrong reſtraint from ill!
Yet, *here*, our virtue finds ſtill ſtronger aid
From theſe ethereal glories *ſenſe* ſurveys.
Something, like magic, ſtrikes from this blue vault;*
With juſt attention is it view'd? We feel
A ſudden ſuccour, un-implor'd, un-thought;
Nature herſelf does half the work of *man*.
Seas, rivers, mountains, foreſts, deſarts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound
Of ſubterranean, excavated† grots,
Black-brow'd§, and vaulted-high, and yawning wide
From *nature*'s ſtructure, or the ſcoop of *time*;
If ample of dimenſion, vaſt of ſize,
Ev'n *theſe* an aggrandizing impulſe give;
Of ſolemn thought enthuſiaſtic heights
Ev'n *theſe* infuſe.—But what of vaſt in *theſe*?
Nothing;—or we muſt own the ſkies forgot.
Much leſs in *art*.—Vain *art*! thou pygmy-power!
How doſt thou ſwell, and ſtrut, with human pride,
To ſhew thy littleneſs! What childiſh toys,

---

* The azure concave of heaven.

† Hollowed from the bowels of the earth.

§ Of a ſable hue.

Line 913. *Of ſolemn thought enthuſiaſtic heights.*] The decayed remains of antiquity, viewed in a moral light, muſt leave impreſſions not eaſily eraſed. Whether we conſider the effects of nature as the peculiar work of providence or thoſe of art, as the creative excellencies of man; actuated by the hand of the Almighty, we are inſenſibly led to reflection, the ſalutary ſource of religious reverence and devotion.

Thy

Thy watry columns ſquirted to the clouds ||!
Thy baſon'd rivers, and impriſon'd ſeas!
Thy mountains molded into forms of men!
Thy† hundred-gated *capitals!* or thoſe
Where three days travel left us much to ride;
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, theatres immenſe‡,
Or nodding *gardens* pendent in mid-air§!
Or *temples* proud to meet their GODS half way!
Yet *theſe* affect us in no common kind.
What then the force of ſuch ſuperior ſcenes?
Enter a temple, it will ſtrike an awe:
What awe from this the DEITY has built?
A *good man* ſeen, tho' ſilent, counſel gives:
The touch'd ſpectator wiſhes to be wiſe:
In a bright mirror his own hands have made,
Here we ſee ſomething like the face of GOD.
Seems it not then enough, to ſay, LORENZO!

|| Alluding to the inventions of Rome and Greece, at different periods.

† Thebes. ‡ The Roman edifices and amphitheatre.

§ An Egyptian labour of immenſe work.

Line 919. *Thy watry columns ſquirted to the clouds.*] Young, in a former book, reviewed the works of art as nearly ſurpaſſing man's imagination, where he ſays,

What length of labour'd lands! what loaded ſeas!

But we muſt previouſly conſider, he expoſed them in a different view from the preſent. His reflections were expreſſive of the powers and dignity of man, as a created reaſonable being. He now examines them as the works of ſublunary beings, in competition with thoſe of nature or of God; ſo that by this means there is no moral or natural contradiction.

To

To man abandon'd, "*Haſt thou ſeen the ſkies?*"
And yet, ſo thwarted nature's kind deſign
By daring man, he makes her ſacred awe
(That guard from ill) his ſhelter, his temptation
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
Celeſtial art's intent. The trembling ſtars
See crimes gigantic, ſtalking thro' the gloom
With front erect, that hide their head by day,
And making night ſtill *darker* by their deeds.
Slumb'ring in covert, till the ſhades deſcend,
Rapine, and *murder*, link'd, now prowl for prey.
The miſer earths* his treaſure; and the thief,
Watching the mole†, half-beggars him ere morn.
Now *plots*, and foul *conſpiracies*, awake;
And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,

---

* Conceals. † Riſing ground.

Line 937. *To man abandon'd, "Haſt thou ſeen the ſkies?"*] The apparent perſpicuity which the author pronounces to iſſue from the ſlighteſt examination of created objects, excluſive of that chef-d'-œuvre of the works of Omnipotent Providence man, muſt be a leading argument to a conſcientious and grateful confeſſion of God's omni-accompliſhing attributes.

Line 940. (*That guard from ill*) *his ſhelter, his temptation.*] The impious plea, that our nature and paſſions are too predominant for the inherent bent of mankind towards a life of virtue, is an oppoſition to the mercies of God, and contradictory to the language of moral reaſoning. Yet this is a pretence that profligacy and diſſolute principles uſurp to the overthrow of religion, piety, and a mutual intercourſe of benevolence.

Line 942. ——————*The trembling ſtars.*] Thomſon's deſcriptive view of the ſolemn horrors of night is ſimilarly penned:

Behold the black, the guilt-concealing night
Faſt cloſes round; wide thro' this ample palace
The lamps begin to ſhine; the tempeſts fall,
The weary winds ſink breathleſs.——

Agamemnon.

Havock

Havock and devaſtation they prepare,
And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood.
Now ſons of riot in mid-revel rage.
What ſhall I do?—ſuppreſs it? or proclaim?—955
Why *ſleeps* the thunder? Now, LORENZO! now,
His beſt friend's couch the rank adulterer
Aſcends ſecure; and laughs at gods and men.
Prepoſt'rous madmen, void of fear or ſhame,
Lay their crimes bare to theſe chaſte eyes of heaven;
Yet ſhrink, and ſhudder, at a mortal's ſight. 961
Were moon, and ſtars, for villains *only* made?
To *guide*, yet *ſcreen* them, with tenebrious‡ light?
No; they were made to faſhion the ſublime
Of human hearts, and *wiſer* make the *wiſe*. 965
Thoſe ends were anſwer'd once; when mortals [liv'd
Of ſtronger wing, of aquiline aſcent§
In theory ſublime. O how unlike
Thoſe vermin of the night, this moment ſung,
Who crawl on *earth*, and on her venom feed! 970
Thoſe ancient ſages, *human* ſtars? They met
Their brothers of the *ſkies*, at midnight-hour;
Their counſel aſk'd; and, what they aſk'd, *obey'd*.

---

‡ Nearly approaching to darkneſs.

§ Soaring, in ſearch of virtue, to a height equal with the eagle.

Line 956. ——————*Now, Lorenzo! now.*] The natural and forcible energy with which this too exact view of night is directed to the judgment and reflection of mankind, renders its poetical beauties peculiarly evident; and its warm reproofs, to the ſoul of offending man, a leſſon, that the adulterer and profligate muſt liſten to with attention. Gay, as well as other Engliſh poets, have a multiplicity of ſimilar deſcriptions on the natural and moral appearance of night.

The *Stagirite*, and PLATO, he who drank
The poiſon'd bowl, and he of *Tuſculum*,
With him of *Corduba*, (immortal names!)
In theſe unbounded and *Elyſian* walks,
An area fit for GODS, and godlike men,
They took their nightly round, thro' radiant paths
By *ſeraphs* trod; inſtructed, chiefly, thus,
To tread in their bright footſteps here below;
To walk in worth ſtill brighter than the ſkies.
There, they contracted their contempt of *earth*;
Of hopes eternal kindled, *there*, the fire;
There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
(Great viſitants!) more intimate with GOD,

Line 974. *The Stagirite, and Plato.*——] Ariſtotle, an ancient philoſopher, peculiarly devoted to the ſtudy of ethics and ſophiſtry. He ſeems to have been, in Horace's opinion, a moſt ingenious author, ſince, throughout his art of poetry, &c. he frequently quotes and compliments him.

Line 974.——*He who drank.*] Socrates was an attic philoſopher, declared by the Oracle of Apollo to be the wiſeſt of mankind. He gave himſelf up entirely to the ſtudy of men and manners; and, on an accuſation of having taught an evil and miſtaken doctrine concerning the gods, was condemned to ſuffer death by poiſon. The extraordinary magnanimity he teſtified at the approach of his fate, has been celebrated by ancient and modern authors.

Line 975.——*And he of Tuſculum.*] Tuſculum was a country-ſeat of Cicero, who excelled both in his oratory and philoſophy. He was raiſed, by his great abilities, to the conſular dignity, and attained the name of "Father of his Country," from having delivered it from the conſpiracy of Cataline.

Line 976. *With him of Corduba, (immortal names!)*] Corduba was the birth place of the renown'd Seneca, preceptor to Nero, and adminiſtrator of the public government. Being ſuſpected of a knowledge of Piſo's conſpiracies, he ſuffered death, at the command of Nero, by bleeding to death.

More worth to *men*, more joyous to *themſelves*.
Thro' *various virtues*, they, with ardor, ran
The *zodiac** of their learn'd, illuſtrious lives.
In *chriſtian* hearts, O for a *pagan* zeal!
A *needful*, but *opprobrious* pray'r! As much
Our *ardor* leſs, as greater is our *light*.
How monſtrous this in *morals!* Scarce more ſtrange
Would this *phænomenon* in nature ſtrike,
A *ſun*, that froze us, or a *ſtar*, that warm'd.
What taught theſe heroes of the moral world?
To theſe thou giv'ſt thy *praiſe*, give *credit* too.
Theſe doctors ne'er were penſion'd to deceive thee;
And *pagan* tutors are thy taſte.—They taught,
That, Narrow views betray to miſery:
That, Wiſe it is to comprehend the whole:
That, *Virtue* roſe from *nature*, ponder'd well,
The ſingle baſe of virtue built to heaven:
That, GOD, and *nature*, our attention claim:
That, *Nature* is the glaſs reflecting GOD,
As, by the *ſea*, reflected is the *ſun*,
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his ſphere:

---

* Circular progreſs.

Line 988. *Thro' various virtues, they, with ardor, ran.*] The writings of the ancient philoſophers our author has cited, are replete with the moſt ſublime morality; penned with the moſt religious fervour and benevolence to the human ſpecies. Cicero's offices, and Seneca's review of the neceſſary virtues of man, are undoubtedly maſter-pieces, and ſurpaſſed only by the inſtructive admonitions of chriſtianity and St. Paul.

Line 1005. *That, nature is the glaſs reflecting GOD.*] The delicate congruity and pictureſque deſcription contained, on reflection, within the ſhort compaſs of this ſimilitude, are very pleaſing, and ſtrike us by their critical uniformity of compariſon. The continued alluſion to the ſplendor of the Divine Being, renders the compoſition admirable.

That,

That, *Mind immortal* loves *immortal* aims:
That, *Boundleſs mind* affects a *boundleſs ſpace:*
That, Vaſt ſurveys, and the ſublime of things,
The ſoul aſſimilate*, and make her great:
That, therefore, heav'n her glories, as a fund
Of inſpiration, thus ſpreads out to man.
Such are their doctrines; *ſuch* the *Night* inſpir'd.
And what more true? What truth of greater weight?
The ſoul of man was made to walk the ſkies;
Delightful outlet of her priſon *here!*
There, diſincumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terreſtrial, ſhe can rove at large;
There, freely can reſpire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let looſe all her powers;
And, *undeluded*, graſp at ſomething great.
Nor, as a ſtranger, does ſhe wander there;
But, wonderful herſelf, thro' wonder ſtrays;
Contemplating *their* grandeur, finds *her own*;
Dives deep in their œconomy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
And, like a maſter, judges not amiſs.
Hence greatly pleas'd, and juſtly proud, the ſoul
Grows conſcious of her birth celeſtial; breathes
More life, more vigour, in her native air;
And feels herſelf *at home* among the ſtars;
And, feeling, emulates her country's praiſe.
What, call we, then, the firmament, LORENZO?—
As *earth* the body, ſince, the *ſkies* ſuſtain

* Are of a nature reſembling that of the ſoul.

Line 1035. *As earth the body, ſince, the ſkies ſuſtain.*] A wonted labour of expreſſion appears in theſe many neceſſary punctuations, which, after all, cannot render us ſatisfactorily converſant with the

The ſoul with food, that gives immortal life,
Call it, The noble paſture of the *mind*;
Which there expatiates, ſtrengthens, and exults,
And riots thro' the luxuries of thought.
Call it, The garden of the DEITY,
Bloſſom'd with ſtars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambroſial; *moral* fruit to man.
Call it, The breaſt-plate of the true High-prieſt,
Ardent with jems oracular, that give,
In points of higheſt moment, right reſponſe;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.
Thus, have we found a *true* aſtrology;
Thus, have we found a new, and noble ſenſe,
In which *alone* ſtars govern human fates.
O that the *ſtars* (as ſome have feign'd) let fall
Bloodſhed, and havock, on embattled realms,
And reſcu'd *monarchs* from ſo black a guilt!
BOURBON! this wiſh how gen'rous in a foe!

---

the author's idea. The inſertion of *ſince* between the earth and ſkies is diſguſting, and deſtructive of the ſenſe which the lines convey. "Since heaven ſuſtains the ſoul with food, as the earth "affords mortal nutriment to the body, &c. &c." This is undoubtedly the plain meaning, but ſo ſtrain'd and bewildered in the poetry, that it diſcompoſes the agreeable and placid flow of our author's reaſoning.

Line 1040. *Call it, The garden of the DEITY.*] In the compoſition of metaphorical alluſions, the poet ſhould be cautious to avoid a diminution of object or idea, in either the material or compared figure. This is an error which Young has fallen into. The ſkies to a garden, and the ſtars to its flowers, are very picturesque and pretty, but not conſiſtent with the dignity of the former, or the laws of poetry.

Line 1053. *Bourbon! this wiſh how gen'rous in a foe!*] The author, under the name of Bourbon, (as being the family title of the Gallic monarchs) addreſſes France, at that time in a ſtate of war with Great Britain.

Wouldſt thou be great, wouldſt thou become a god,
And ſtick thy deathleſs name among the ſtars,
For mighty conqueſts on a needle's point?
Inſtead of forging chains for *foreigners*,
Baſtile thy tutor*. Grandeur all thy aim?
As yet thou know'ſt not what it is. How great,
How glorious, *then*, appears the *mind* of man,
When in it all the ſtars, and planets, roll!
And what it *ſeems* it *is*: *Great* objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
Thoſe ſtill more godlike, as *theſe* more divine.
And *more* divine than *theſe*, thou canſt not ſee.
Dazzled, o'erpow'r'd, with the delicious draught
Of miſcellaneous† ſplendors, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end:
An *Eden*, this! a PARADISE *unloſt!*
I meet the DEITY in ev'ry view,
And tremble at my nakedneſs before him!

---

* Diſregard the counſels of earthly ambition.

† Of every kind, a compendium of each variegated glory.

Line 1058. *Baſtile thy tutor. Grandeur all thy aim.*] Poetical licence allows the metamorphoſes of ſubſtantives into verbs, and on this ground the author has built the liberty of *verbifying* the Baſtile, which, it is needleſs to ſay, is a French priſon, where unhappy malefactors of rank are condemned often to paſs their lives, without the benefit of public appeal.

Line 1071. *And tremble at my nakedneſs before him!*] Alluding to Adam's fears, on the diſcovery of his nakedneſs, after taſting the fruits of knowledge:

> Whence Adam, falt'ring long, thus anſwer'd brief.
> I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice
> Afraid, being naked, hid myſelf —To whom
> The gracious judge, without revile, reply'd.
>
> Par. Loſt. Book X. Line 115.

O that I could but reach the *tree of life!*
For *here* it grows, unguarded from our taſte;
No *flaming ſword* denies our entrance *here*;
Would man but gather, he might *live for ever.*
LORENZO! much of *moral* haſt thou ſeen:
Of curious arts art thou more fond? Then mark
The *mathematic* glories of the ſkies,
In number, weight, and meaſure, all ordain'd.
LORENZO's boaſted builders, *chance*, and *fate*,
Are left to finiſh his aërial towers;
Wiſdom, and *choice*, their well-known characters
Here deep impreſs; and claim it for their own.
Tho' ſplendid all, no ſplendor void of uſe;
Uſe rivals *beauty*; *art* contends with *power*;
No wanton waſte, amid effuſe expence;
The great OECONOMIST adjuſting all
To prudent pomp, magnificently wiſe†.
How rich the proſpect! and for ever new!
And *neweſt* to the man that views it *moſt*;
For newer ſtill in infinite ſucceeds.

---

† A ſplendor productive of moral inſtructions, omniſcient in his ſublime plans for the benefit of man.

Line 1085. *Uſe rivals beauty; art contends with power.*] Is in ſome reſpects an humble imitation of Ovid's deſcription of the palace of the ſun:

Materiam ſuperabat opus, nam mulciber illic
Æquora, &c.

Line 1088. *To prudent pomp, magnificently wiſe.*] The epithet is rather ill adapted; and tho' we have a clear comprehenſion of the author's meaning, cannot allow the figure either poetical or rational.

Then, theſe aërial racers*, O how ſwift!
How the ſhaft *loiters* from the ſtrongeſt ſtring!
Spirit alone can diſtance the career.
Orb above orb aſcending without end!
Circle in circle, without end, inclos'd!
Wheel within wheel; EZEKIEL! like to thine!
Like thine, it ſeems a viſion, or a dream;
Tho' *ſeen*, we labour to believe it *true!*
What involution† ! what extent! what ſwarms
Of worlds, that laugh at *earth!* immenſely great!
Immenſely diſtant from each other's ſpheres!
What then, the wond'rous *ſpace* thro' which they roll?
At once it quite ingulphs‡ all human thought;
'Tis comprehenſion's abſolute defeat.
Nor think thou ſeeſt a wild diſorder here;
Thro' this illuſtrious chaos to the ſight,
Arrangement neat, and chaſteſt order, reign.
The path preſcrib'd, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawleſs ſallies of mankind.
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
What knots are ty'd! How ſoon are they diſſolv'd,

---

* Planetary orbs.

† Multitude, mutually connected and interwoven with each other.

‡ Renders utterly abortive.

Line 1092. *Then, theſe aerial racers, O how ſwift!*] This comparative view of the motion of the ſtars, or unfixed planets, however pleaſing as a poetical figure, is by no means pleaſingly expreſſed. The nature of the ſubject and objects deſcribed, will not admit of an alluſion to race-horſes. It derogates too highly from their ſublime ſuperiority.

Line 1095. *Orb above orb aſcending without end.*] Ezekiel, Chap. X. Verſe 10. "And as for their appearances, they four had "one likeneſs, as if a wheel had been in the midſt of a wheel."

And

And ſet the ſeeming marry'd planets free!
They rove for ever, without error rove;
Confuſion unconfus'd! Nor leſs admire
This tumult untumultuous; all on wing!
In motion, all! yet what profound repoſe!
What fervid* action, yet no noiſe! as aw'd
To ſilence, by the preſence of their LORD;
Or huſh'd, by *his* command, in love to man,
And bid let fall ſoft beams on human reſt,
Reſtleſs themſelves. On yon cœrulean† plain,
In exultation to their GOD, and *thine*
They dance, they ſing eternal jubilee,
Eternal celebration of *his* praiſe.
But, ſince their *ſong* arrives not at our ear,
Their *dance* perplex'd exhibits to the ſight
Fair *hieroglyphic*‡ of *his* peerleſs power§.

---

* Incomprehenſively majeſtic, grandeur in their movements.

† Ting'd with azure. § Supreme.

‡ The Egyptian method of writing was in Hyeroglyphics, introducing birds, beaſts, and inanimate beings to expreſs their ſentiments.

Line 1115. *Confuſion unconfus'd! Nor leſs admire.*] The affected ſemblance of contrariety had been poetically reaſonable, if its author had confined it to one figure; but the ſecondary introduction of it in "tumult untumultuous," is carrying the liberty to too great a length. The confuſion cited by our author is naturally true, and teſtified by a nocturnal view of luminary beings; and that this irregularity is regular, its being the work of God will ſufficiently evince.

Line 1118. *What fervid action, yet no noiſe! as aw'd.*] Prior's animated deſcription of the ſtarry orbs, as penned in his Solomon, is pictureſquely ſimilar in fancy and morality to that of Young:

Again I ſee ten thouſand thouſand ſtars,
Not caſt in lines, in circles, or in ſquares:
Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is fill'd,
When *we* would plant, or cultivate, or build;
But ſhining with ſuch vaſt, ſuch various light,
As ſpeaks the hand that form'd them infinite.

Mark, how the *labyrinthian* turns they take,
The circles intricate, and myſtic maze‖,
Weave the grand cypher of *Omnipotence*;
To *gods*, how great! how legible to *man!*
Leaves ſo much wonder greater wonder ſtill?
Where are the pillars that ſupport the ſkies?
What more than *Atlantean* ſhoulder props
Th' incumbent load? What magic, what ſtrange art,
In fluid* air theſe pondrous orbs ſuſtains;
Who would not think them hung in golden chains?—
And ſo they are; in the high will of Heaven,
Which fixes all; makes adamant of air,
Or air of adamant; makes all of nought,
Or nought of all! if *ſuch* the dread decree.

‖ Incomprehenſive variations. * Vaporous, without ſubſtance.

Line 1131. *Weave the grand cypher of Omnipotence.*] I highly diſapprove the introduction of compariſons, in ſome reſpects, ſo ludicrous. The author, in his former deſcriptions, ſeemed to have avoided them, and preſented us with a pleaſing ſublime in every poetical figure. But unhappily for his reputation, and our uninterrupted ſatisfaction, his metaphorical embelliſhments are at preſent diminutively trifling.

Line 1135. *What more than Atlantean ſhoulder props.*] Fabulous mythology reports Atlas to have ſupported the globe of the earth on his ſhoulders; the alluſion therefore is natural and poetical.

Line 1138. *Who would not think them hung in golden chains?*—] There is a peculiar ſyſtem which we meet with in many Greek authors, that favours this belief; nor has it been un-embraced by ancient and ſuperſtitious zealots. Nature, unaſſiſted with reaſon, I mean enlightened reaſon, might have judged (if judgment can be formed, excluſive of ſo neceſſary an article) ſo abſurd a ſuppoſition, by no means irrational. Our clearer and more philoſophical view of things, eradicates theſe notions, and implants others more conducive to the omnipotence of God, and dignity of reaſon in man.

Imagine

Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The moſt gigantic ſons of earth, the broad
And tow'ring *Alps*, all toſt into the ſea ;
And, light as down, or volatile* as air,
Their bulks enormous dancing on the waves,
In time, and meaſure, exquiſite ; while all
The winds, in emulation of the ſpheres,
Tune their ſonorous inſtruments aloft ;
The concert ſwell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing? What, then, worlds,
In a far thinner element ſuſtain'd,
And acting the ſame part, with greater ſkill,
More rapid movement, and for nobleſt *ends* ?
More *obvious* ends to paſs, are not theſe ſtars
The ſeats majeſtic, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelic delegates† of Heaven,
At certain periods, as the SOV'REIGN nods,
Diſcharge high truſts of *vengeance*, or of *love* ;
To cloathe, in outward grandeur, grand deſign,
And acts more ſolemn ſtill more ſolemnize ?
Ye citizens of air ! what ardent thanks,
What full effuſion of the grateful heart,

---

* Of quick imperceptible motion. † Choſen embaſſadors.

Line 1151. *The concert ſwell, and animate the ball.*] The greateſt authors, the ſublimeſt geniuſſes err. Milton's Regain'd Paradiſe was that ſpot doubly loſt. Can it then be expected that Young ſhould be infallible? We muſt impartially pronounce the preceding lines too evidently a falling off.

Line 1156. *More obvious ends to paſs, are not theſe ſtars.*] Adam's addreſs to the mother of mankind, on the ſubject of creation, is beautifully deſcriptive. I would rather recommend the reader to a ſurvey of that part of the above beautiful poem, as ſimilar in many parts to Young, than extract any particular lines, however co incident.

Is due from man indulg'd in ſuch a ſight!
A ſight ſo noble! and a ſight ſo kind!
It drops *new* truths at ev'ry *new* ſurvey!
Feels not LORENZO ſomething ſtir within,
That ſweeps away all period? As theſe ſpheres
Meaſure duration, they no leſs inſpire
The godlike hope of ages without end.
The boundleſs *ſpace*, thro' which theſe rovers take
Their reſtleſs roam, ſuggeſts the ſiſter-thought‡
Of boundleſs *time*. Thus, by kind *nature*'s ſkill,
To man un-labour'd, that important gueſt,
ETERNITY, finds entrance at the *ſight*:
And an *eternity*, for man ordain'd,
Or theſe his deſtin'd midnight counſellors,
The *ſtars*, had never whiſper'd it to man.
NATURE *informs*, but ne'er *inſults*, her ſons.
Could ſhe then kindle the moſt ardent wiſh
To *diſappoint* it?—That is blaſphemy.
Thus, of thy creed a ſecond article,
Momentous, as th' exiſtence of a GOD,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely ſought;
And thou may'ſt read thy *ſoul immortal*, here.
Here, then, LORENZO! on theſe glories dwell;
Nor want the gilt, illuminated, roof,

‡ Co-incident reflection.

Line 1186. *And thou mayſt read thy ſoul immortal, here.*] The oftener we peruſe theſe ingenious and moral proofs of man's eternal exiſtence, the more evidently forcible an impreſſion they affix, both of their author's intrinſic merit, and the ſalutary arguments uſed in defence of immortality. From the pleaſing combination of natural and revealed religion, the advantages of proſaic morality and poetic ſublimity, ariſes a ſalutary ſyſtem of chriſtianity, directed with all the pathos of eternal concerns to the profligate and inattentive mind.

That

That calls the wretched *gay* to dark delights.
Aſſemblies?—This is one divinely bright;
Here, un-endanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range thro' the faireſt, and the SULTAN ſcorn.
He, wiſe as *thou*, no *creſcent* holds ſo fair,
As that, which on his turban awes a world;
And thinks the *moon* is proud to copy him.
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
A mind ſuperior to the charms of *power*.
Thou muffled in deluſions of this life!
Can yonder *moon* turn ocean in his bed,
From ſide to ſide, in conſtant ebb and flow,
And purify from ſtench his watry realms?
And fails her *moral** influence? Wants ſhe power
To turn LORENZO's ſtubborn tide of thought
From ſtagnating on *earth*'s infected ſhore,
And purge from nuiſance his corrupted heart?
Fails her attraction when it draws to heaven?

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* Inſtructions conducive to piety.

Line 1192. *Range thro' the faireſt, and the Sultan ſcorn.*] It is almoſt needleſs to obſerve, that the emperors of Conſtantinople, ſtiled grand ſeigniors, have a peculiar apartment allotted for thoſe virgins who are particularly ſet apart for the pleaſure of the ſultan. They are denied a view of mankind, and attended only by female ſlaves and eunuchs. The impracticability then of an interview with theſe unhappy victims, renders the alluſion perfectly and critically poetical.

Line 1206. *Fails her attraction when it draws to heaven.*] Philoſophy and a knowledge of nature, teach us, that the riſe and decreaſe of tides ariſe from lunar influence, and that this influence is occaſioned by mutual attraction. The material and ſpiritual world, as Mr. Heylyn obſerves in his Lectures, have an exact connection, and affimilarity together, as to a natural and moral influence: The peculiar effects then of the moon, may, by this means, conduce to the advancement of reaſonable faith and virtue. ‖

Nay,

Nay, and to what thou valu'ſt more, *earth*'s joy?
Minds elevate, and panting for *unſeen*,
And defecate* from *ſenſe*, alone obtain
Full reliſh of exiſtence un-deflower'd,
The *life* of life, the *zeſt* of worldly bliſs.
All elſe on earth amounts—to what? To *this*:
"BAD to be *ſuffer'd*; BLESSINGS to be *left*:"
Earth's richeſt inventory boaſts no more.
Of higher ſcenes be, then, the call obey'd.
O let me gaze!—Of gazing there's no end.
O let me think!—Thought too is wilder'd *here*;
In mid-way flight imagination tires;
Yet ſoon re-prunes her wing to ſoar anew,
Her point unable to forbear, or gain;
So *great* the pleaſure, ſo *profound* the plan!
A banquet, this, where men, and angels, meet,
Eat the ſame *manna*, mingle earth and heaven.

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* Untainted with the dregs of beſtial enjoyment.

Line 1211. ——————*The zeſt of worldly bliſs.*] The term Zeſt is uſed for a chip of orange or lemon peel, ſuch as is uſually ſqueezed into ale or wine to give it a flavour; or the fine ethereal oil which ſpurts out of that peel on ſqueezing it. The alluſion, tho' in criticiſm unobnoxious to ſtricture, is not pleaſing to a reader careleſs of the ſcrupulous laws of poetic compoſition,

Line 1213. "*Bad to be ſuffer'd; Bleſſings to be left.*"] The merits of patience are equally beneficial to our ſolid peace of mind, and to the well-founded claim of an eternal recompence. Unguided by this all-aſſuaging attribute, we can by no means do juſtice to the benignant influence of the Holy Spirit, or our own dignity. We rather own a ſupremacy in the dominion of vice and Satan, and enliſt ourſelves, ſeditious exiles, under his banner. By the peculiar phraſe of "bleſſings left," I underſtand, moderation, and a reaſonable, not elated joy, on the attainment of thoſe material or moral bleſſings, which fortune, or our own merits have tranſmitted to us.

How

How diſtant ſome of theſe nocturnal ſuns!
So diſtant (ſays the ſage), 'twere not abſurd
To doubt, if beams, ſet out at *nature*'s birth,
Are yet arriv'd at this ſo foreign world;
Tho' nothing half ſo rapid as their flight.
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll *for ever:* who can ſatiate ſight
In *ſuch* a ſcene? in ſuch an ocean wide
Of deep aſtoniſhment? Where depth, height, breadth,
Are loſt in their extremes; and where to count
The thick-ſown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a *ſeraph*'s computation fails.
Now, go, *Ambition!* boaſt thy boundleſs might
In conqueſt, o'er the tenth part of a grain.
And yet LORENZO calls for miracles,
To give his tott'ring faith a ſolid baſe.
Why call for leſs than is *already* thine?

Line. 1226. *To doubt, if beams, ſet out at nature's birth.*] This, as a rhetorical figure, is undoubtedly a moſt excellent hyperbole, but as to the boundaries of poetry or common ſenſe, is nearly as diſtant from each as the planets from ourſelves. It is a pity that ſo original (for ſages or ideots, I dare ſay, never before thought of it) an idea, and ſo prettily expreſſed, ſhould be ſo deſtitute of ocular or natural comprehenſion. Like Æſop's *maſk*, it only wants brains.

Line 1240. *Why call for leſs than is already thine.*] Our Saviour's reply to the incredulous diſbelievers who audaciouſly demanded a miraculous and inſtantaneous teſtimony of his miſſion from the Deity, is of a ſimilar nature with the above lines. The acknowledged, tho' not recent inſtance of Jonas and the Whale, was a ſufficient proof and emblem of his divinity; neither would an immediate prodigy have been more ſalutary, for, "If they will not "hear Moſes and the prophets, they will not believe, tho' one "roſe from the dead."

Thou

Thou art no novice in theology;
What is a *miracle?*---'Tis a reproach,
'Tis an implicit ſatire, on mankind;
And while it *ſatisfies*, it *cenſures* too.
To common-ſenſe, great *nature*'s courſe proclaims
A DEITY: when mankind falls aſleep,
A *miracle* is ſent, as an alarm,
To wake the world, and prove *Him* o'er again,
By *recent* argument, but not more *ſtrong*.
Say, Which imports more plenitude* of power,
Or nature's laws to *fix*, or to *repeal?*
To *make* a ſun, or *ſtop* his mid-career?
To countermand† his orders, and ſend back
The flaming courier to the frighted *eaſt*,
Warm'd, and aſtoniſh'd, at his ev'ning ray?
Or bid the *moon*, as with her journey tir'd,
In *Ajalon*'s ſoft, flow'ry vale repoſe?
Great things are theſe; ſtill greater, to *create*.

---

* Fulneſs, unbounded effuſions. † Act in oppoſition to.

Line 1249. *By recent argument, but not more ſtrong.*] The tenor of our Lord's arguments is evidently built on the ſame moral baſis, as the enforcing leſſons Young gives on the ſubject of man's belief. Indeed, the ſimilarity may be extended ſtill farther. Nature and revelation are here in union to ſtrengthen our acknowledgments of faith; and yet our utmoſt efforts are, like the jews, to counteract the proofs, and render God's merciful condeſcenſion utterly abortive.

Line 1252. *To make a ſun, or ſtop his mid career.*] Alluding to Joſhua's retarding the courſe of the ſun. Chap. X. Verſe 12. "——And he ſaid in the ſight of Iſrael, ſun, ſtand thou ſtill "upon Gibeon."

Line 1256. *Or bid the moon, as with her journey tir'd.*] "And, thou moon, in the valley of Ajalon."

Verſe 13. "And the ſun ſtood ſtill, and the moon ſtayed "until the people had avenged themſelves upon their enemies."

From

From ADAM's bow'r look down thro' the whole train
Of miracles:—Reſiſtleſs is their power?
They do not, *can* not, more amaze the mind,
Than this, *call'd* un-miraculous ſurvey,
If *duly* weigh'd, if *rationally* ſeen,
If ſeen with *human* eyes. The *brute*, indeed,
Sees nought but *ſpangles** here; the *fool*, no more.
Say'ſt thou, "The courſe of *nature* governs all?"
The *courſe* of *nature* is the *art* of GOD.
The miracles thou call'ſt for, *this* atteſt;
For ſay, could *nature nature*'s courſe controul?
But, miracles apart, who ſees HIM not,
Nature's CONTROULER, AUTHOR, GUIDE, and
Who turns his eye on *nature*'s midnight-face, (END?
But muſt inquire—"What hand behind the ſcene,
"What arm Almighty, put theſe wheeling globes
"In motion, and wound up the vaſt machine?
"Who rounded in his palm theſe ſpacious orbs?
"Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark profound†,
"Num'rous as glitt'ring gems of morning-dew,
"Or ſparks from populous cities in a blaze,
"And ſet the boſom of *old night* on fire?

"Peopled

---

* Splendid, external beauties. † Gloom of chaos.

Line 1269. *For ſay, could nature nature's courſe controul.*] This argument, in defence of God's preſiding direction of human revolutions, is peculiarly ſtrengthened and pleaſingly expreſſed. It not only proves the truth of what was precedingly aſſerted, but renders a different ſyſtem abſolutely contradictory to reaſon. Nature, our miſtaken bias to diſbelief, becomes the only convincing argument to faith, excluſive of a knowledge of paſt events.

Line 1280. "*And ſet the boſom of old night on fire.*"] The deſcriptive part of this ſurvey is not ſo animated as the ſubject requires.

" Peopled her deſart, and made horror *ſmile?*"
Or, if the military ſtile delights thee, [man)
(For ſtars have fought their battles, leagu'd with
" Who marſhals this bright hoſt? Enrolls their
names?
" Appoints their poſt, their marches, and returns,
" Punctual, at ſtated periods? Who diſbands 1286
" Theſe vet'ran troops, their final duty done,
" If e'er diſbanded?"—HE, whoſe potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levy'd firſt their powers

---

quires. There appears a want of dignity, and, its inſeparable companion, ſublime conciſeneſs, which are ingredients never to be diſpenſed with in the elevated ideas ſuch a theſis is naturally productive of. Moſes' view of creation comprehends all the natural and poetical beauties, in which our author has failed to ſucceed.

Line 1284. " *Who marſhals the bright hoſt! Enrolls their names?*] Broome, in his poetical works, has an addreſs to the Deity in a ſtile of argument reſembling that of Young:

O Pow'r Supreme! O High above all height!
Thou gav'ſt the ſun to ſhine, and thou art light!
Whether he falls, or riſes in the ſkies,
He by thy voice is taught to fall or riſe;
Swiftly he moves, &c. &c.

What a reproach to chriſtianity is it, that nature, united with the influence of revelation, ſhould lead to doubts on that very circumſtance, which untutored reverence and unguided contemplation impreſs with indubitable fervour on the minds of heathens! The Perſians, as well as other diſtant people, adore the ſun. And why? Nature tells them there is a God, and reaſon dictates that Being ſupreme which is evidently moſt beneficial to mankind. How infinitely ſuperior is this honeſt pious doctrine, to our contemptuous neglect of more enlightened truths.

Line 1288. " *If e'er diſbanded?*"—*HE, whoſe potent word.*] The theory of nature and aſtronomical knowledge, teaches us, that by the conſtant and regular revolution of the earth, thoſe parts ſituated in an oppoſite direction to ourſelves feel the influence in the nocturnal planets, at the time we are beneath that of the ſolar.

In

In *Night*'s inglorious empire, where they ſlept
In beds of darkneſs; arm'd them with fierce flames,
Arrang'd, and diſciplin'd, and cloath'd in gold;
And call'd them out of *chaos* to the field,
Where now they war with *vice* and *unbelief*.
O let us join this army! Joining theſe,
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour
When *brighter* flames ſhall cut a *darker* night;
When theſe ſtrong demonſtrations of a GOD
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their ſpheres,
And one *eternal* curtain cover all!
Struck at *that* thought, as new-awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the ſtars,
To man ſtill more propitious; and their aid
(Tho' guiltleſs of Idolatry) implore
Nor longer rob them of their nobleſt name.
O ye *dividers of my time!* ye bright
Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
In your fair kalendar diſtinctly mark'd!
Since that authentic, radiant regiſter,
Tho' man inſpects it not, ſtands good againſt him;
Since *you*, and years, roll on, tho' man ſtands ſtill;
Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to *wiſdom*; now beyond
All ſhadow of excuſe for fooling on.

Line 1300. *And one eternal curtain cover all!*] Theſe three lines have a natural force which impreſſes an additional beauty on the foregoing. The material part of the compoſition is taken from the ancient prophecies, and peculiarly from that of our Saviour in the New Teſtament.

Line 1312. *Teach me my days to number, and apply.*] Pſalms XC. Verſe 12. "So teach us to number our days that we may apply "our hearts unto wiſdom."

Age ſmooths our path to prudence; ſweeps aſide
The ſnares, keen *appetite*, and *paſſion*, ſpread
To catch ſtray ſouls; and, woe to that grey head,
Whoſe *folly* would undo, what *age* has done!
Aid, then, aid, all ye ſtars!— Much rather, THOU,
Great ARTIST! THOU, whoſe finger ſet aright
This* exquiſite *machine*, with all its *wheels*,
Tho' intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
Life's rapid, and irrevocable flight,
With ſuch an *index* fair, as none can miſs,
Who lifts an eye, nor ſleeps till it is clos'd.
Open *mine* eye, dread DEITY! to read
The tacit† doctrine of thy works; to ſee
Things as they *are*, un-alter'd thro' the glaſs
Of worldly wiſhes. *Time*, *Eternity!*
('Tis theſe, miſ-meaſur'd, ruin all mankind)
Set them before me; let me lay them both
In equal ſcale, and learn their various weight.
Let *Time* appear a *moment*, as it *is*;

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* Alluding to the texture and formation of a clock.

† Silent demonſtrations.

Line 1319. ——————*Much rather, THOU.*] Is ſimilar to Milton's invocation.

> And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that doſt prefer,
> Before all temples, th' upright heart and pure,
> Inſtruct me, for thou know'ſt.
>
> Book I. Line 17.

Line 1333. *Let Time appear a moment, as it is.*] Young, has beautifully repeated theſe ſame ſentiments in the tragedy of the Revenge. The pathos and pictureſque are more viſibly ſtriking in that piece than in his Night Thoughts:

> This vaſt and ſolid earth, that blazing ſun,
> Thoſe ſkies thro' which it rolls, muſt all have end;
> What then is man? The ſmalleſt part of nothing,
> Day buries day, month month, and year the year:
> Our life is but a chain of many deaths.

And let *Eternity*'s full orb, at once,
Turn on my ſoul, and ſtrike it into heaven.
When ſhall I ſee far more than charms me now?
Gaze on creation's model in *thy* breaſt
Unveil'd, nor wonder at the tranſcript‡ more?
When, this vile, foreign, duſt, which ſmothers all
That travel *earth*'s deep vale, ſhall I ſhake off!
When ſhall my ſoul her incarnation§ quit,
And, re-adopted to thy bleſt embrace,
Obtain her *apotheoſis*‖ in THEE?
Doſt think, LORENZO! this is wand'ring wide?
No, 'tis directly ſtriking at the mark;
To wake thy *dead devotion* was my point;
And how I bleſs night's conſecrating ſhades,
Which to a *temple* turn an *univerſe*;
Fill us with great ideas, full of heaven,
And antidote the peſtilential earth*!

‡ Original object. § Adherence to mortal exiſtence.
‖ Tranſlation to the regions of the bleſt.
* Purge it of its poiſonous malevolence.

Line 1336. *When ſhall I ſee far more than charms me now?*] Is but the ſecondary wiſh, differently expreſſed, which we meet with in a preceding book.

O when will death (now ſtingleſs) like a friend,
Admit me of his choir?

Line 1343. *Obtain her apotheoſis in THEE?*] Poetical licence may be introduced as a defence, elſe we muſt look in the improper pronunciation of a word as equally deviating with its coinage. Apotheoſis, by its derivation, places a full accent on the penultimate, which, for the ſake of the verſe, Young has taken the liberty to alter.

Line 1346. *To wake thy dead devotion, was my point.*] Referring to the alluſion of Prometheus:

We'll kindle our devotion at the ſkies,
And innocently ſteal celeſtial fire.

In ev'ry ſtorm, that either frowns, or falls,
What an aſſylum has the ſoul in prayer!
And what a fane‖ is *this*, in which to pray!
And what a GOD muſt dwell in ſuch a fane!
O what a genius‡ muſt inform the ſkies!
And is LORENZO's ſalamander-heart
Cold, and untouch'd, amid theſe ſacred fires?
O ye nocturnal ſparks! Ye glowing embers,
On heav'n's broad hearth! who burn, or burn no more,
Who blaze, or die, as Great JEHOVAH's breath
Or blows you, or forbears; aſſiſt my ſong;
Pour your whole influence; exorciſe§ his heart,
So long poſſeſt; and bring him back to *man*.
And is LORENZO a demurrer *ſtill?*

‖ Sacred temple.

‡ Omnipotent wiſdom ſuperior to conception.

§ Eradicate the influence of impiety and ſuperſtition.

Line 1355. *O what a genius muſt inform the ſkies.*] I confeſs the view of the beneficial influence, ariſing from the ſolitude of night, is beautifully painted. The energy it contains is poetical, and reaſonably enthuſiaſtic. In ſhort, it is the language of piety building a ſyſtem of moral virtues. But after raiſing the reader's admiration to the moſt grateful pitch, the author falls in deſcription, and from the confuſed, or rather too numerous abundance of metaphors, decreaſes in idea.

Line 1361. *Or blows you, or forbears; aſſiſt my ſong.*] Thomſon's hymn, to the Almighty, has ſentiments exactly ſimilar. Indeed, on ſuch a ſubject, the turn of idea and expreſſion cannot fail to coincide. I quote the lines as a mutual illuſtration only, each of the other's excellence:

Sound *His* ſtupendous praiſe; whoſe greater voice,
Or bids you roar; or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incenſe, herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs,
In mingled clouds to *Him*; whoſe ſun exalts,
Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil paints.

Pride

Pride in thy parts provokes thee to conteſt
Truths, which, conteſted, put thy *parts* to ſhame.
Nor ſhame they more LORENZO's *head*, than *heart*;
A *faithleſs* heart, how deſpicably ſmall!
Too ſtreight, aught great, or gen'rous, to receive!
Fill'd with an atom! fill'd, and foul'd, with *ſelf!*
And ſelf miſtaken! ſelf, that laſts an hour!
Inſtincts and *paſſions*, of the nobler kind,
Lie ſuffocated there; or *they* alone,
Reaſon apart, would wake high hope; and open,
To raviſh'd thought, that *intellectual* ſphere*,
Where *order*, *wiſdom*, *goodneſs*, *providence*,
Their endleſs miracles of love diſplay,
And promiſe all the truly great deſire.
The mind that would be *happy*, muſt be *great*;
Great, in its *wiſhes*; great, in its *ſurveys*.
Extended views a narrow mind extend;
Puſh out its corrugate†, expanſive make,
Which, e'er-long, *more* than planets ſhall embrace.
A man of *compaſs* makes a man of *worth*;

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* Part of creation, directed to the contemplation of reaſon.

† Unfolded to the view.

Line 1365. *Pride in thy parts provokes thee to conteſt.*] We may from experience allow the juſtice of this obſervation. A never-ſatisfied itch for diſpute, and what is ſtiled *learned* controverſy, actuates the generality, if not all apparently zealous interpreters, to ſtart difficulties, where plain underſtanding would have found none. Pure piety and religion are obnoxious to pride, and as that paſſion is abundantly prevalent in the human breaſt, no wonder hypocriſy is introduced in maintaining it. St. Paul, either from a conſcious ſenſe of this univerſal malady, or for the ſake of felicity in comprehending his inſtructions, has been peculiarly cautious in avoiding ambiguous doctrines throughout his writings.

Divine contemplate, and become *divine*.
As man was made for glory, and for bliſs,
All littleneſs is in approach to woe.
Open thy boſom, ſet thy wiſhes wide,
And let in *manhood*; let in *happineſs*;
Admit the boundleſs theatre of thought
From Nothing, up to GOD; which makes a *man*.
Take GOD from *nature*, nothing great is left;
Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing ſees;
Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
Emerge‡ from thy profound; erect thine eye;
See thy diſtreſs! How cloſe art thou beſieg'd!
Beſieg'd by *nature*, the proud ſceptic's foe!
Inclos'd by theſe innumerable worlds,
Sparkling conviction on the darkeſt mind,
As in a golden net of PROVIDENCE,
How art thou caught, ſure captive of belief!
From this thy bleſt captivity, what art,
What blaſphemy to reaſon, ſets thee free!
This ſcene is heav'n's indulgent violence:
Canſt thou bear up againſt this tide of glory?
What is earth boſom'd in theſe ambient orbs,
But, faith in GOD impos'd, and preſs'd on man?

‡ Ariſe from the profundity of irreligion.

Line 1385. *Divine contemplate, and become divine.*] It is abſurdly injurious to reaſon, to ſuppoſe a paſſive merit in mankind, and a well-founded claim to immortal happineſs from the conſideration only that we are not irreligious atheiſts, and deny not the viſible interpoſitions of providence. To merit ſalvation merely on the grounds of being by baptiſm initiated into the truths of chriſtianity, is folly, unleſs in the peculiar caſes of God's extended grace. Our reaſon and duty muſt point out that true religion and piety conſiſt, and can riſe only from a ſerious and well weighed acknowledgment of *truth*, and an enforcing contemplation of God's beneficent attributes.

Dar'ſt

Dar'ſt thou ſtill litigate* thy deſp'rate *cauſe*,
Spite of theſe num'rous, awful, *witneſſes*,
And doubt the *depoſition* of the ſkies?
O how laborious is thy way to ruin!
Laborious? 'Tis *impracticable* quite;
To ſink beyond a *doubt*, in this debate,
With all his weight of wiſdom, and of will,
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.
Some wiſh they *did*; but *no* man *diſbelieves*.
GOD is a *Spirit*; *ſpirit* cannot ſtrike
Theſe groſs, material organs; GOD by man
As much is ſeen, as *man* a GOD *can* ſee,
In theſe aſtoniſhing exploits of power.
What order, beauty, motion, diſtance, ſize!
Concertion of deſign, how exquiſite!
How complicate, in their divine police†!

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* Introduce freſh pleas. † Regularity, order of motion.

Line 1416. *Some wiſh they did; but no man diſbelieves.*] Intereſted views are generally, I may ſay, unavoidably, the primary perſuaſions of mankind in their external ſentiments of religion; nor ſhould we confide implicitly to the aſſeverations of their faith or diſbelief; ſince they are frequently ſhifted, either for the attainment of our applauſe, or that of others. The language of the heart is a ſtile, at preſent, ſo foreign, and ſo little converſant with that of the tongue, that it muſt be with ſome pains even intereſt can model them to an agreement. The outward atheiſt ſhould not then be a conducive guide to impartial opinion. Satisfied that his conduct cannot even be wilful error, we ſhould ſcrutinize the internal agitations of his mind, and purſue, thro' every ſtage, the intereſted motives that induce, and the ſhallow arts that ſupport his apparent incredulity.

Line 1417. *GOD is a Spirit; ſpirit cannot ſtrike.*] We meet with an elevated view of God's attributes and omnipreſence in Prior's Solomon. The aim and centre to which both his and Young's inſtructions tended, were evidently the ſame, ſo that a comparative view of their deſcriptions cannot be unpleaſing.

Apt

Apt means! great ends! conſent to gen'ral good!—
Each attribute of theſe *material* gods,
So long (and that with ſpecious pleas) ador'd,
A ſep'rate conqueſt gains o'er rebel thought;
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.
LORENZO! this may ſeem *harangue** to thee;
Such all is apt to ſeem, that thwarts our will.
And doſt thou, then, demand a *ſimple* proof
Of this great maſter-moral of the ſkies,
Unſkill'd, or diſ-inclin'd, to read it *there?*
Since 'tis the baſis, and all drops without it,
Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.
Such proof inſiſts on an attentive ear;
'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
And, for thy notice, ſtruggle with the world:
Retire;—The *world* ſhut out;—Thy thoughts call home;—

Imagination's

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* Empty, boaſting.

Line 1431. *And doſt thou, then, demand a ſimple proof.*] The frequent iteration of the ſame ſentiment occurs ſo diſagreeably almoſt in every page, that we cannot even partially overlook it, and, of conſequence, leave ſo glaring an error uncriticiſed. If the reader, in the peruſal of the Night thoughts was to note down every thought repeated in a different dreſs, our author's work, like Homer's, would be infinitely abridged.

Line 1439. ——————*The world ſhut out.*] A ſalutary counſel, and by the experimental procedure of nature, the only beneficial introduction to ſerious contemplation. Young has before reviewed his effects, which have an evident ſimilarity with Thomſon's:

Where now, ye living vanities of life;
Ye ever-tempting, ever cheating train!
Where are ye now? and what is your amount:
Vexation, diſappointment, and remorſe.

The ſimilitude is ſo far exact. May the ſerious admonitions of

my

Imagination's airy wing repreſs;—
Lock up thy *ſenſes*—Let no *paſſion* ſtir;—
Wake all to *reaſon*;—Let *her* reign alone;—
Then, in thy *ſoul*'s deep ſilence, and the depth
Of *nature*'s ſilence, midnight, thus inquire,
As *I* have done; and ſhall inquire no more.
In nature's channel, thus the queſtions run.
" What am I? and from *whence?*—I nothing know
" But that I *am*; and, ſince I *am*, conclude
" Something *eternal:* Had there e'er been *nought*,
" *Nought* ſtill had been: *Eternal* there *muſt* be.---
" But *what* eternal?--Why not *human race?*
" And ADAM's anceſtors without an end?---
" That's hard to be conceiv'd; ſince ev'ry link
" Of that long-chain'd ſucceſſion is ſo frail;
" Can ev'ry *part depend*, and not the *whole?*

---

my author be differently attended; and with a different effect, than the future contemplation of Thomſon ſeems to threaten:

Sad, ſick'ning thought! and yet deluded man,
A ſcene of crude disjointed viſions paſt,
And broken ſlumbers, riſes ſtill reſolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes to run the giddy round.
Winter.

Line 1447. " *What am I? and from whence? I nothing know.*] I recommend the reader to peruſe the former reflections of our poet, on the ſubject of man in the firſt book:

How poor, how rich, how abject, how auguſt.

Line 1448. ——————*Since I am, conclude.*]

It muſt be ſo: Plato, thou reaſon'ſt well;
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence, &c. &c. &c.
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis heav'n itſelf that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Addiſon's Cato.

" Yet

" Yet grant it true; *new* difficulties riſe;
" I'm ſtill quite out at ſea* ; nor ſee the ſhore.
" Whence *earth*, and theſe bright *orbs?* ---*Eternal* too?---
" Grant *matter* was eternal; ſtill theſe *orbs*
" Would want ſome other Father;---much deſign
" Is ſeen in all their *motions*, all their *makes*;
" *Deſign* implies *intelligence*, and *art:*
" *That* can't be from *themſelves*---or *man*; *that* art
" Man ſcarce can comprehend, could man beſtow?
" And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than *man*.---
" Who *motion*, foreign to the ſmalleſt grain,
" Shot thro' vaſt maſſes of enormous weight?
" Who bid brute *matter*'s reſtive† lump aſſume
" Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
" Has matter *innate* motion? Then each atom,
" Aſſerting its indiſputable right
" To dance, would form an univerſe of duſt:
" Has matter *none?* Then whence theſe glorious forms,

---

* Loſt in the mazes of unſatisfied probability.

† Inanimated maſs.

Line 1458. " *Whence earth, and theſe bright orbs?—Eternal too?*—] Milton's eighth book contains reflections ſomewhat co-incident as to the ſurvey of creation and its objects, though deficient in the morality of our author's ſentiments.

Line 1466. *Who, motion, foreign to the ſmalleſt grain.*] On the ſubject of God's preſiding guidance over the brute as well as rational creation, Pope's ſtile of reaſoning is ſimilar in its forcible interrogatories:

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food?
Preſcient the tides or tempeſt to withſtand
Build on, &c.

Eſſay on Man.

" And

" And boundleſs flights, from *ſhapeleſs*, and *repos'd* ?
" Has matter *more* than motion ? Has it thought,
" Judgment, and genius ? Is it deeply learn'd
" In *mathematics* ? Has it fram'd *ſuch* laws,
" Which, but to *gueſs*, a NEWTON made immortal ?—
" If ſo, how each *ſage* atom laughs at *me*,
" Who think a *clod* inferior to a *man* !
" If art, to form ; and counſel, to conduct ;
" And that with greater far, than human ſkill,
" Reſides not in each block ;—a GODHEAD reigns.—
" Grant, then, inviſible, eternal MIND ;
" *That* granted, all is ſolv'd.—But, granting that,
" Draw I not o'er me a ſtill darker cloud ?
" Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive ?
" A Being without origin, or end !—
" Hail, human liberty ! There is no GOD—

Line 1480. " *Who think a clod inferior to a man !*] The above immortal author's ſyſtem, and perhaps rational ſuppoſition, that inanimate, or, more properly, irrational beings, excluſive of life, are endued with motion and thought, (implying an incomprehenſive ſpecies of ſoul) if admitted in natural ſenſe, muſt be allowed of momentous utility in its perſuaſions to mankind. The force of ſuch a belief would be, I believe, a much more actuating motive towards reflection, than volumes of morality.

Line 1489. ————————*There is no God.*] It would be both derogatory of God's omniſcient plans, to ſuppoſe him capable of creating rational beings without any preſent advantage or future end, as well as contrary to the natural and reaſonable procedure of nature. To allow a God, muſt be to dignify him with thoſe attributes, which, from their beneficent gravitation towards man's happineſs, may conſtitute the Deity, a wiſe and merciful, as well as omnipotent Being.

" Yet,

" Yet, why ? On either ſcheme that knot ſubſiſts ;
" Subſiſt it *muſt*, in GOD, or *human race* ;
" If in the laſt, how many knots beſide,
" Indiſſoluble* all ?—Why chuſe it *there*,
" Where choſen, ſtill ſubſiſt ten thouſand more ?
" Reject it, where, *that* choſen, all the reſt
" Diſpers'd, leave *reaſon*'s whole horizon clear ?
" This is not reaſon's dictate ; *reaſon* ſays,
" Cloſe with the ſide where *one* grain turns the ſcale :
" What vaſt preponderance† is here ! Can reaſon
" With louder voice exclaim—*Believe* a GOD ?
" And *reaſon* heard, is the ſole mark of man.
" What things impoſſible muſt man think true,
" On any other ſyſtem ! and how ſtrange
" To *diſbelive*, through mere credulity !"

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* Difficulties incapable of human interpretation.

† Superior weight of argument.

Line 1493. " *Indiſſoluble all ?*————] The confuſion of ſentiment, joined to the generally confeſſed abſurdity of ſuch a doctrine, renders this part of our author's works by no means pleaſing. He firſt ſuppoſes, with Newton, rational conceptions in apparently inanimate matter ; and then (which is by no means coincident with his plan) enters into a ſcrutinous examen, whether a block can be conſidered as divine or human. If we allow this matter to be *a God*, all our doubts muſt ceaſe, as it will then become a too arduous, as well as impious taſk to fathom the depths of unſpeakable divinity. If alſo we look on it in the light of a human being, our difficulties are increaſed, *indiſſoluble all*. It muſt be owned, all this is almoſt incomprehenſible, and as it centres but in the former point, viz. The real inanimation of matter, conſidered as general, we are but little more enlightened by the arguments advanced to the contrary.

Line 1504. " *To diſbelieve, through mere credulity !*"] Referring to the former view of man's unwillingneſs to embrace doctrines, or attach himſelf to faiths, whoſe effects, plain human reaſon cannot make him ſenſible, are practicable.

If,

If, in this chain, LORENZO finds no flaw,
Let it for ever bind him to *belief*.
And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?—
And, if a GOD there is, that GOD how great!
How great that POW'R, whoſe providential care
Thro' theſe bright orbs dark centres darts a ray!
Of *nature* univerſal threads the whole!
And hangs *creation*, like a precious jem,
Tho' little, on the footſtool of his throne!
That little jem, how large! A weight let fall
From a fixt ſtar, in ages can it reach
This diſtant *earth*? Say, then, LORENZO where,
Where, ends this mighty building? Where, begin
The ſuburbs of creation? Where, the wall
Whoſe battlements look o'er into the vale
Of Non-exiſtence? NOTHING's ſtrange abode!
Say, at what point of ſpace JEHOVAH dropp'd
His ſlacken'd *line*, and laid his *balance* by;
Weigh'd *worlds*, and meaſur'd *infinite*, no more?
Where, rears his *terminating pillar* high

Line 1513. *Tho' little, on the footſtool of his throne!*] The picturesque is here particularly animated and pleaſing. Our author's creative powers, when guided by the light, even of poetical probability, are certainly very excellent and extenſive. When he loſes ſight of that neceſſary article, (common ſenſe being ſo eſſential to poor weak man, if not to a poet) we are bewildered in his, I don't doubt, much admired incoherences.

Line 1514. ——————*A weight let fall!*] This is a very apt amendment of his former hyperbolical alluſion to the beams of light, and in every reſpect conſiſtent with the judicious calculations made by the ingenious in aſtronomical learning.

Line 1524. *Where, rears his terminating pillar high.*] Such an opinion as this was embraced by the ancients while they remained ignorant of the peculiar form of this earthly orb. A more due conſideration of creation in general, and each ſyſtem comparatively, eradicates ſuch a belief as unnatural and erroneous.

Its extra-mundane* head? and ſays, to gods,
In characters illuſtrious as the ſun,
I ſtand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
The work accompliſh'd; the creation clos'd:
Shout, all ye gods! nor ſhout, ye gods alone;
Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
That reſts, or rolls, ye heights, and depths, reſound!
Reſound! reſound! ye depths, and heights, reſound!
Hard are thoſe queſtions?—Anſwer *harder* ſtill.
Is *this* the ſole exploit, the ſingle birth,
The ſolitary ſon, of *Pow'r Divine?*
Or has th' Almighty FATHER, with a breath,
Impregnated† the womb of diſtant *ſpace?*
Has *he* not bid, in various provinces,
Brother-creations the dark bowels burſt

Of

---

* Beyond the boundaries of the world.

† Rendered prolific, fertile.

Line 1535. *The ſolitary ſon, of Pow'r Divine?*] However warmly and partially we may be attached to believe, as an augmentation of our natural worth, dignity, and weight in creation, that earth is the only inhabited planet; ſtill a cool reaſonable free-thinker, excluding every motive but that of impartiality, muſt judge the powers of God, as being equal to the direction of numberleſs worlds, ſo naturally, by their omnipotence, productive of other ſpecies, equally capable of teſtifying the greatneſs of their Divine Maker. To be ſure, we would fondly, tho' not generouſly, wiſh the contrary. Our natural ſelf-love and propenſity to this peculiar orb, influence the paſſions, and lead them to a wiſh of not believing a multiplicity. In ſhort, as in the riſe of neighbouring and hoſtile ſtates, we judge there muſt enſue a diminution of our grandeur, ſo our greatneſs is decreaſed by the capability of others to partake of it.

Line 1538. *Has he not bid, in various provinces.*] Reſearches int the cauſe and effect of objects, inconſiſtent with religion and happineſs, are as uſeleſs as they muſt be naturally fruitleſs. The farther

Of *Night* primæval*; barren, now, no more?
And *He* the central ſun†, tranſpiercing all
Thoſe *giant-generations*, which diſport‡,
And dance, as *motes*, in his meridian ray;
That ray withdrawn, benighted, or abſorb'd,
In that *abyſs of horror*, whence they ſprung;
While *Chaos* triumphs, repoſſeſt of all
Rival *Creation* raviſh'd from his throne?
CHAOS! of *nature* both the womb, and grave!
Think'ſt thou, my ſcheme, LORENZO, ſpreads too wide?
Is this *extravagant?*---No; this is *juſt*;
Juſt, in *conjecture*, tho' 'twere falſe in *fact*.
If 'tis an error, 'tis an error ſprung [HIGH.
From noble root, high thought of the MOST
But wherefore error? Who can prove it ſuch?---
He that can ſet OMNIPOTENCE a bound.
Can man *conceive* beyond what GOD can *do?*
Nothing, but *quite-impoſſible*, is *hard*.

---

ther we advance into mazes ſo intricate, the leſs we are qualified to form a regular and reaſonable notion.

———Or, if they liſt to try
Conjecture, he his fabric of the heav'ns
Hath left to their diſputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide,
Hereafter.———
Yet not to earth are thoſe bright luminaries
Officious, but to thee, earth's habitant.
And for the heav'ns wide circuit, let it ſpeak
The Maker's high magnificence.

Par. Loſt, Book VIII.

* Original darkneſs, chaos. † Darting the beams of light.
‡ Perform their animated movements.

Line 1557. *Nothing, but quite-impoſſible, is hard.*] Our Saviour, in the Goſpel of St. Mark, obſerves, "That impoſſibilities with "mankind

He ſummons into being, with like eaſe,
A whole *creation*, and a ſingle *grain*.
Speaks he the word? a thouſand worlds are born!--
A thouſand worlds! There's ſpace for millions more;
And in what ſpace can his great *fiat* fail?
Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge
The warm *imagination*: Why condemn?
Why not indulge ſuch thoughts, as ſwell our hearts
With fuller admiration of that *Power*, [ſwell?
Who gives our hearts with ſuch high thoughts to
Why not indulge in *his* augmented praiſe?
Darts not *his* glory a ſtill brighter ray,
The leſs is left to *Chaos*, and the realms
Of hideous *Night*, where *fancy* ſtrays aghaſt;
And, tho' moſt *talkative*, makes no *report*?
Still ſeems my thought enormous? Think again;--
Experience 'ſelf ſhall *aid* thy lame belief.

" mankind are practicable by the Almighty." Such are the moral and apparent difficulties of man's formation, and the creation of the univerſe; but there are impoſſibilities, which, from their peculiar texture, cannot be practiſed, becauſe the Divine Being founds firmly their contrarieties. Such is the irrational ſuppoſition of rendering abſolute and real being, at the ſame time that it exiſts, non-exiſtence, &c. This is what the author alludes to by the inſertion of " hard."

Line 1560. *Speaks he the word? a thouſand worlds are born!*—] The divine command of the Almighty, " Let there be light, and " there was light," is of ſuperior ſublimity in expreſſion, but equally ſpecifies the omnipotence of the Deity.

Line 1572. *And, tho' moſt talkative, makes no report?*] There is a beauty of deſcription which renders the ſubject more animated than it would otherwiſe be by the bare recital of the ſentiments.

Glaſſes

*Glaſſes** (that revelation to the ſight!)
Have they not led us deep in the diſcloſe
Of fine-ſpun *nature*, exquiſitely *ſmall*;
And, tho' *demonſtrated*, ſtill *ill-conceiv'd*?
If, then, on the reverſe, the mind would mount
In *magnitude*, what mind can mount too far,
To keep the ballance, and creation *poiſe*?
Defect alone can err on ſuch a theme:
What is too great, if we the *Cauſe* ſurvey?
Stupendous ARCHITECT! THOU, THOU art all!
My ſoul flies up and down in thoughts of THEE,
And finds herſelf but at the centre ſtill!
I AM, thy name! *Exiſtence*, all *thine own!*

---

* Microſcopes.

Line 1575. *Glaſſes (that revelation to the ſight!)* We are doubly indebted to mankind for the riſing progreſs of art and invention; firſt, for diſplaying God's beneficence in the admirable and ſurpriſing abilities of the rational ſpecies; and ſecondly, for the diſcovery of thoſe minutiæ in creation, which are otherwiſe concealed, and by the prodigious delicacy of their texture, embelliſh (if poſſible) the grandeur of creation, and omnipotence of its author. On an examination of their inſtinct, and incomprehenſible art in the preſervation of their exiſtence, we are led to a more mature contemplation, and deeper reverence for the Deity who animated them.

Line 1586. *And finds herſelf but at the centre ſtill!*]

Theſe, as they change, Almighty Father, theſe,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee.———
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown, &c. &c.
Since God is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte as in the city full;
And where *He* vital breathes there muſt be joy.

Thomſon's Hymn.

Creation's nothing; flatter'd *much*, if ſtil'd
"*The thin, the fleeting atmoſphere of GOD.*"
O for the voice---Of what? of whom?---What voice
Can anſwer to my wants, in *ſuch* aſcent,
As dares to deem one univerſe too ſmall?
Tell me, LORENZO! (for now *fancy* glows,
Fir'd in the vortex* of Almighty power)
Is not this home-creation, in the map
Of univerſal *nature*, as a ſpeck,
Like fair BRITANNIA in our little ball;
Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its ſize,
But, elſewhere, far out-meaſur'd, far out-ſhone?
In fancy (for the *fact* beyond us lies)
Canſt thou not figure it, an *iſle*, almoſt
Too ſmall for notice, in the *vaſt* of being;
Sever'd by mighty ſeas of *un-built*† ſpace,
From other *realms*; from ample *continents*
Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell;
Leſs *northern*, leſs remote from DEITY,
Glowing beneath the *line* of the SUPREME;

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* Profound contemplation. † Unknown to mankind.

Line 1590. *O for the voice—Of what?—of whom?—What voice.—*] Shakeſpeare's enraptured wiſh,

O for the muſe of fire!

And Milton's beginning of his fourth book,

O for that warning voice, which he who ſaw
Th' Apocalypſe.

Are evidently the originals from whence our author derived this flower in poetry.

Where

Where ſouls in excellence make haſte, put forth
Luxuriant growths; nor the late autumn wait
Of *human* worth, but ripen ſoon to gods?
Yet why drown *fancy* in ſuch depths as theſe?
Return, preſumptuous rover! and confeſs
The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too ſmall.
Enjoy we not full ſcope in what is *ſeen?*
Full ample the dominions of the ſun!
Full glorious to behold! How far, how wide,
The matchleſs monarch, from his flaming throne,
Laviſh of luſtre, throws his beams about him,
Farther, and faſter, than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
This *Heliopolis*, by greater far,
Than the proud tyrant of the *Nile*‡, was built;
And *He* alone, who built it, can deſtroy.
Beyond *this city*, why ſtrays human thought?
One wonderful, enough for man to know!

One

‡ A river in Egypt, celebrated by the Roman poets.

Line 1608. *Where ſouls in excellence make haſte, put forth.*] The alluſion is puerile, and, indeed, not regularly exact as to the ideas of ſimilitude, or common ſenſe. The compariſon of ſouls to ſhrubs or flowers, implies a previous one of the world to a garden or vineyard. Inſtead of that, we meet with an iſland for the compared object, which is not poetically productive of the ſubſequent effect.

Line 1621. *This Heliopolis, by greater far.*] Heliopolis was ſo called from being the city of the ſun. There were two ſo called, and each mentioned by Pliny in his Letters; the one in the confines of Ægypt and Arabia, the other in Phœnicia, near Mount Lebanon. By the following line we muſt underſtand it as alluding to the former.

Line 1625. *One wonderful, enough for man to know!*] Our reſearches into the hidden wonders of creation for a ſpecimen of God's all-prolific omnipotence, are equally irrational and impious.

Can

One infinite, enough for man to range!
One firmament, enough for man to read!
O what voluminous inſtruction here!
What page of wiſdom is deny'd him? None;
If learning his chief leſſon makes him wiſe.
Nor is *inſtruction*, here, our only gain;
There dwells a noble *pathos** in the ſkies,
Which warms our paſſions, proſelytes our hearts.
How eloquently ſhines the glowing pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonſtrating great truths in ſtile ſublime,
Tho' ſilent, loud! heard earth around; above
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has her wonder, tho' too proud to praiſe.
Is *earth*, then, more infernal? Has ſhe thoſe,
Who neither *praiſe* (LORENZO!) nor *admire?*
LORENZO's admiration, pre-engag'd,
Ne'er aſk the *moon* one queſtion; never held

Can we ſuppoſe the Being, who cauſeth the plants to ſpring and germinate, incapable of formations more delicately compoſed? Nature, as expoſed to man's neceſſary and unavoidable contemplation, is a ſufficiently forcible proof of the Divine Author of its revolutions.

Line 1638. ——————*And not unheard in hell.*] The books of Moſes, as well as the heathen ancient poets, expreſſes God's omnipreſence, and the all-piercing effects of his divine power, in a ſtile exactly ſimilar; and throughout the Pſalms of David, we meet with ſentiments whoſe expreſſion is the ſame.

Line 1641. *Who neither praiſe (Lorenzo!) nor admire?*] Experience teaches us, not only the poſſibility, but actual exiſtence of a neglect ſo impiouſly contemptuous. Mature conſideration, joined to the contemplation of ſalutary doctrines, will ſhew the deſpicable baſeneſs, as well as diſhonour, ſuch a conduct impreſſes on mankind.

* Sublimity.

Leaſt

Leaſt correſpondence with a ſingle ſtar;
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the *queen of heaven*
Walking in brightneſs; or her train ador'd.
Their *ſublunary* rivals have long ſince
Engroſs'd his whole devotion; *ſtars* malign,
Which made their fond *aſtronomer* run mad;
Darken his *intellect*, corrupt his *heart*;
Cauſe him to ſacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madneſs, call'd delight.
Idolater, more groſs than ever kiſs'd
The lifted hand to LUNA, or pour'd out
The blood to JOVE*!—O THOU, to whom belongs
All ſacrifice! O Thou great JOVE unfeign'd!
DIVINE INSTUCTOR! Thy *firſt* volume, *this*,
For man's *peruſal*; all in CAPITALS!
In *moon*, and *ſtars* (heav'n's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to ſeize the ſight; who *runs*, may *read*;
Who *reads*, can *underſtand*. 'Tis unconfin'd
To *Chriſtian* land, or *Jewry*†; fairly writ,
In language univerſal, to MANKIND:
A language, lofty to the learn'd; yet plain,
To thoſe that feed the flock, or guide the plough,

Or,

---

* Alluding to the heathen ſacrifices.

† The territories of the Jews.

Line 1662. *To Chriſtian land, or Jewry; fairly writ.*] Alluding to Pſalm 76. Verſe 1. "In Judah is God known: His name is "great in Iſrael."

Line 1665. *To thoſe that feed the flock, or guide the plough.*] The diſcovery of our Saviour's birth and incarnation was not, ſay the Apoſtles, made manifeſt to men of known wiſdom and exalted ſtations, but to ſhepherds tending their flocks. His divine precepts, throughout the whole of his continuance on earth, were then calculated for the comprehenſion of thoſe whoſe reaſon was ſuppoſed

Or, from its husk, ſtrike out the bounding grain.
A language, worthy the GREAT MIND that ſpeaks!
Preface, and, *comment*, to the *ſacred page!*
Which oft refers its reader to the ſkies,
As pre-ſuppoſing his Firſt leſſon *there*
And ſcripture-ſelf a *fragment*, *that* unread.
Stupendous book of wiſdom, to the wiſe!
Stupendous book! and open'd, NIGHT! by thee.
By thee *much* open'd, I confeſs, O *Night!*
Yet *more* I wiſh; but *how* ſhall I prevail?
Say, gentle *Night!* whoſe modeſt, maiden beams,
Give us a *new* creation, and preſent
The world's great picture ſoften'd to the ſight;
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent ſtill,
Say thou, whoſe mild dominion's ſilver key
Unlocks our hemiſphere, and ſets to view

---

poſed to be unenlightened by education, and, by the courſe of nature, prejudic'd in favour of thoſe ſentiments inſtilled into them by their ſuperiors. How contrary to this ineſtimable and beneficial plan is that embraced by Catholics, whoſe very addreſſes to the Deity contain petitions they are unacquainted with.

Line 1676. *Say, gentle Night! whoſe modeſt, maiden beams.*] There is an apparent contradiction in "modeſt, maiden beams," to a former poetical view of Night, Book I.

Night, ſable goddeſs, from her ebon throne,
In rayleſs majeſty.

Let us ſuppoſe the ſeaſon or time of meditation to be different, and reconcile the miſtake. Dryden has a very pleaſing deſcription of night's effects, a quotation of which will not, I think, be amiſs:

All things are huſh'd, as nature's ſelf was dead,
The mountains ſeem to nod their drowſy head;
The little birds, in dreams, their ſongs repeat;
And ſleeping flowers beneath the night-dew ſweat.
Indian Emperor.

Worlds

Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud, and envious ſtar of noon!
Canſt thou not draw a deeper ſcene?—And ſhew
The mighty POTENTATE, to whom belong
Theſe rich *regalia** pompouſly diſplay'd
To kindle that high hope? Like him of *Uz*,
I gaze around; I ſearch on ev'ry ſide—
O for a glimpſe of HIM my ſoul adores!
As the chas'd hart, amid the deſart waſte,
Pants for the living ſtream; for HIM who made her,
So pants the thirſty ſoul, amid the blank
Of ſublunary joys. Say, goddeſs! Where?
Where, blazes *His* bright court? Where burns *His* throne? [round
Thou know'ſt; for thou art near him; by thee,
His grand pavillion, ſacred fame reports

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* Ornaments of royalty.

Line 1687. ——————*Like him of Uz.*

Job, Chap. XXIII.

Verſe 1. "Then Job anſwered and ſaid:

2. "Even to day is my complaint bitter: my ſtroke is heavier "than my groaning."

3. "Oh! that I knew where I might find him! that I might "come even to his ſeat!"

Line 1690. *As the chas'd hart, amid the deſart waſte.*] Pſalm xlii.

Verſe 1. "Like as the hart deſireth the water brooks: ſo long- "eth my ſoul after thee, O God."

Line 1695. *Thou know'ſt; for thou art near him; by thee, round.*] Milton's invocation to the Divine Spirit is in a ſimilar ſtile:

Inſtruct me, for thou know'ſt: Thou from the firſt
Waſt preſent, &c. &c.

Book I. Line 19.

The ſable curtain drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, ſo ſwift of wing,
Who travel far, diſcover where *He* dwells?
A *ſtar* His dwelling pointed out *below*†.
Ye *Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazzaroth!*
And thou, *Orion!* of ſtill keener eye!
Say, ye, who guide the wilder'd‡ in the waves,
And bring them out of tempeſt into port!

† Referring to St. Matthew, Chap. II.

‡ Steering from their due courſe.

Line 1697. ——————*If not, can none.*] Is a repetition of a former invocation towards the diſcovery of a rational being, whom the knowledge of man's dignity ſhould have taught the proper and commendable uſe of time. Milton's addreſs in his Maſque of Comus, has a reſemblance of language, and peculiarity of figure, much co-incident with our author's:

Sweet echo, ſweeteſt nymph, that lives unſeen,
Within thy airy ſhell,
By ſlow, &c. &c.
Can'ſt thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
That likeſt thy Narciſſus are.

Line 1701. *Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazzaroth!*] The Pleiades were ſeven ſtars oppoſite to the knees of Taurus, called alſo Virgiliæ. They are ſaid, by the poets, to have been the daughters of Atlas and Plëione; the ſix firſt of whom were eſpouſed to gods, but the ſeventh to Siſyphus, a mortal, on which account its luſtre is leſs brilliant. The original ſignification of Arcturus, is Cuſtor Urſæ, i. e. the protector of the Bear. It is a ſtar in the tail of Urſa, and, in fabulous mythology, is ſaid to have been Arcas, ſon of Jove and Caliſto, devoured by Lycaon, and afterwards tranſlated among the fixed ſtars. Mazzaroth is mentioned by the ancient aſtronomers, and in the book of Job, as one of the Conſtellations: the term is Hebrew, and we meet with no hiſtorical account of it in the Roman poets.

Line 1702. *And thou, Orion! of ſtill keener eye!*] Orion was the ſon of Jove, Neptune, and Mercury, without a mother. He was a renowned hunter, and, being poiſoned by a ſerpent, was tranſformed, by Diana, into a ſtar.

On

On which hand muſt I bend my courſe to find *Him?*
Theſe courtiers keep the ſecret of their KING;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to ſteal it from them.
I wake; and, waking, climb *Night*'s radiant ſcale,
From ſphere to ſphere! the ſteps by nature ſet
For man's aſcent; at once to *tempt*, and *aid*;
To *tempt* his eye, and *aid* his tow'ring thought;
Till it arrives at the *great Goal* of all.
In ardent *contemplation*'s rapid car,
From *earth*, as from my barrier, I ſet out.
How ſwift I mount! Diminiſh'd *earth* recedes;
I paſs the *moon*; and, from her farther ſide,
Pierce heav'n's blue* curtain; ſtrike into *remote*;
Where, with his lifted tube†, the ſubtil ſage
His artifical, airy journey takes,
And to *celeſtial* lengthens *human* ſight.
I pauſe at ev'ry *planet* on my road,
And aſk for HIM, who gives their orbs to roll,
Their foreheads fair to ſhine. From SATURN's ring‡,
In which, of *earths* an army might be loſt,
With the bold *comet*, take my bolder flight,
Amid thoſe *ſov'reign* glories, of the ſkies,

---

* Azure concave. † Teleſcope.
‡ A diſtant conſtellation.

Line 1724. *In which, of earths an army might be loſt.*] The peculiarity of the expreſſion cannot fail to ſtrike the reader, but whether in a rationally poetical, or ludicrous light, depends entirely on the variety of taſtes and conceptions. For my part, an "army of earths" ſeems to me a ſtrained rude metaphor, incongruous with the critical nicety of poetic figures. Let us examine theſe pretty little rotundities, ranged, as it were, in battle array, and from the viſible idea, form our judgment of its rectitude in that of the mind.

Of independent, native luſtre, proud;
The§ ſouls of ſyſtems! and the lords of life,
Thro' their wide empires!—What behold I *now*?
A wilderneſs of wonders burning round;
Where *larger* ſuns inhabit *higher* ſpheres;
Perhaps the *villas* of deſcending gods!
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threſhold of the DEITY;
Or, far beneath it, I am grov'ling ſtill.
Nor is it ſtrange; I built on a miſtake;
The grandeur of his works, whence folly ſought
For aid, to *reaſon* ſets His glory higher. [*Him*);
Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to
O

---

§ The centre from whence are derived the many effects unknown to human conception.

Line 1732. *Perhaps the villas of deſcending gods!*] This muſt be owned, a little too much in the ſtile of heatheniſm and fable. Ovid has many of theſe picturesque ſuppoſitions, from which I ſhall take the liberty to ſelect the following, as ſomewhat referring to Young's:

Eſt via ſublimis, cœlo manifeſta ſereno:
Lactea nomen habet, candore notabilis ipſo.
Hac iter eſt ſuperis ad magni tecta tonantis
Reſalemque domum. Dextra, læva que deorum,
Atria nobilium valvis celebrantur apertis.

Lycaon in Lupum.

I would recommend the reader, after peruſing this journey of our author's, to conſult that of Mahomet. Some of the views and ideas may be found ſimilar.

Line 1739. *Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to Him).* Whether we conſider man as a being worthleſs and diminutive in compariſon with God, or infinitely beyond conception, when contraſted with the irrational ſpecies, each of our reſearches renders God's greatneſs and powers inconceivable and unbounded. "What "is the ſon of man that thou thus regardeſt him," places the attributes of the Almighty far beyond the reach of vanquiſhed reaſon,

O where, LORENZO! muſt the BUILDER dwell?
Pauſe, then; and, for a moment, here reſpire*-- 1741
If human thought can keep its ſtation here.
Where am I?—Where is *earth?*—Nay, where art thou,
O *ſun?*—Is the ſun turn'd recluſe† ?—And are
His boaſted expeditions ſhort to *mine?* 1745
To *mine*, how ſhort! On nature's *Alps* I ſtand,
And ſee a thouſand firmaments beneath!
A thouſand ſyſtems! as a thouſand grains!
So *much* a ſtranger, and ſo *late* arriv'd,
How can man's curious ſpirit not inquire, 1750
What are the natives of this world ſublime,
Of this ſo foreign, un-terreſtrial ſphere,
Where mortal, *untranſlated*, never ſtray'd?
" O ye, as diſtant from my little home,
" As ſwifteſt ſun-beams in an age can fly! 1755
" Far from my native element I roam,

---

reaſon, and views man, his creature, as a being, grovelling and unworthy. The ſame divine author immediately after reflects on the remote diſtinctions between rational and ſenſual faculties, and in this light adds (were an addition poſſible) to the creative omnipotence of the Eternal Father.

* Breathe from the labours of ſublunary contemplation.

† Fond of retirement.

Line 1753. *Where mortal, untranſlated, never ſtray'd.*] There is a trifling contradiction in this and the foregoing line. Man's ſpirit ſhould enquire the nature of a region, where man, as man, never ſtrayed. Whom then muſt he enquire of? This natural queſtion muſt infallibly ariſe, and tho' the author's meaning by " enquiry," was doubtleſs " private contemplation," a reader at the firſt view will be apt to wiſh a clearer expreſſion of his ideas. In ſhort, it is poetical, and, as ſuch, muſt be allowed ſublime and ſenſible; for, as Horace ſays, unleſs ſome conceptions be made,

Multa poetarum veniet manus.

" In queſt of new, and wonderful, to man.
" What province this, of *His* immenſe domain,
" Whom all obeys? Or mortals here, or gods?
" Ye bord'rers on the coaſts of bliſs! what are you?
" A colony from heav'n? Or, only rais'd,
" By frequent viſit from heav'n's neighbouring realms,
" To ſecondary gods, and half divine?—
" Whate'er your nature, *this* is paſt diſpute,
" Far other life you live, far other tongue
" You talk, far other thoughts, perhaps you think,
" Than man. How various are the works of God!
" But ſay, *What* thought? Is *reaſon* here inthron'd,
" And abſolute? Or *ſenſe* in arms againſt her?
" Have you *two** lights? Or need you no *reveal'd?*
" Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
" And had your EDEN an abſtemious EVE?
" *Our* EVE's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
" And aſk their ADAMS—'*Who would not be wiſe?*'
" Or, if your mother *fell*, are you *redeem'd?*
" And if redeem'd---is your Redeemer *ſcorn'd?*
" Is this your final reſidence? If not,
" Change you your ſcene, *tranſlated?* Or by *death?*
" And if by *death*; *What* death?--- Know you *diſeaſe?*

---

* Alluding to the duties of nature and chriſtianity.

Line 1774. " *And aſk their Adams*—'*Who would not be wiſe?*'] On ſo bold an aſſertion, impartiality and criticiſm ſhould incite me either to expreſs my approbation or diſcontent of its contents. Muſt I then, in ſpite of all natural veneration for the female ſex, nod my aſſent. I really fear ſo, and yet would feign be ſilent. Let then the fair peruſers of this work judge for themſelves, and pronounce Dr. Young a laudable ſatiriſt, or a malevolent culprit.

" Or

" Or horrid *war* ?---With war, this fatal hour,
" EUROPA groans (ſo call we a ſmall field,
" Where kings run mad). In *our* world, DEATH deputes
" *Intemperance* to do the work of *age* ;
" And, hanging up the quiver *nature* gave him,
" As ſlow of execution, for diſpatch
" Sends forth *imperial*† butchers ; bids them ſlay
" Their ſheep (the ſilly ſheep they fleec'd before).
" And toſs him twice ten thouſand at a meal.
" Sit all *your* executioners on thrones ?
" With *you*, can rage for plunder make a GOD ?
" And *bloodſhed* waſh out ev'ry other ſtain ?---
" But you, perhaps, can't bleed : from matter groſs
" Your *ſpirits* clean, are delicately clad

† Tyrannical, blood-thirſty monarchs.

Line 1780. ——————*With war, this fatal hour.*] It is with reluctance we muſt confeſs, how unhappily the author paints a ſcene whoſe objects allude more forcibly to the preſent æra than during the late hoſtilities with foreign powers. Civil commotions oblige us to exclaim with Virgil,

Quis talia fando
Temperet a lachrymis ?

Line 1789. *Sit all your executioners on thrones ?*] However originally odd this enquiry may appear, it is nevertheleſs animated, and a lively and juſt ſatire on the revolutions of ſtates. Its contents, while they are drawn in a ludicrous ſtrain, preſent, to our conſideration, reflections of the deepeſt moment.

Line 1790. *With you, can rage for plunder make a God ?*] Alluding to the Deification of the Roman emperors, whoſe glories were undoubtedly reaped at the expence of loſt humanity, and manly feelings.

Line 1793. *Your ſpirits clean, are delicately clad.*] Homer repreſents a kind of liquid iſſuing from the wound of a God, which he calls ichor. Not, ſays he, in nature or appearance, ſimilar to the blood of mortals.

" In fine-ſpun æther; priviledg'd to ſoar,
" Unloaded, uninfected; how unlike
" The lot of man? How few of human race
" By their own *mud** unmurder'd! How we wage
" Self-war eternal!—Is your painful day
" Of hardy conflict o'er? Or, are you ſtill
" Raw candidates at ſchool? And have you thoſe
" Who diſaffect *reverſions*†, as with *us*?
" But what are *we*? You never heard of *man*,
" Or *earth*; the *bedlam* of the univerſe!
" Where *reaſon* (un-diſeas'd with you) runs mad,
" And nurſes *folly*'s children as *her own*;
" Fond of the fouleſt. In the ſacred mount
" Of *holineſs*, where reaſon is pronounc'd
" *Infallible*; and *thunders*, like a god;
" Ev'n *there*, by *ſaints*, the *demons* are outdone;
" What *theſe* think wrong, our *ſaints* refine to right;
" And kindly teach *dull* hell her own black arts;
" SATAN, inſtructed, o'er their *morals* ſmiles.---
" But *this*, how ſtrange to you, who know not *man*!
" Has the leaſt rumour of our race arriv'd?

---

* The forced depravity of their nature and immoral attachments.

† Claims of eternal happineſs in future.

Line 1806. ——————*In the ſacred mount.*] The age's degeneracy is not confined to a peculiar branch of conduct or place. Its baleful effects triumph even in the ſanctuaries, ſuppoſed to be internally purged even from the countenancing of vice; and tho' our places of public worſhip are not in the literal ſenſe of the expreſſion, dens of thieves, the doctrines inſtilled from thence are almoſt equally prejudicial. Man's propenſity to error and culpable inclinations, is ſtiled the original fault of nature; and in each ſtage of unlawful proceedings, a precedent, or an excuſe, may be found to palliate it.

" Call'd

" Call'd *here* ELIJAH, in his flaming car?
" Paſt by you the good ENOCH, on his road
" To thoſe fair fields, whence LUCIFER was hurl'd;
" Who bruſh'd, perhaps, your ſphere, in his deſcent,
" Stain'd your pure cryſtal æther, or let fall
" A ſhort eclipſe from his portentous ſhade?
" O! that the fiend had lodg'd on ſome broad orb
" Athwart his way; nor reach'd his preſent home,
" Then blacken'd *earth* with footſteps foul'd in hell,
" Nor waſh'd in *ocean*, as from ROME he paſt
" To BRITAIN's iſle; *too*, *too*, conſpicuous *there!*"
But this is all digreſſion: Where is HE,
That o'er heav'n's battlements the felon hurl'd
To groans, and chains, and darkneſs? Where is HE,
Who ſees creation's ſummit in a vale?

Line 1815. *Call'd here Elijah, in his flaming car?*] II. Kings, Chap. II. Verſe 11. " And it came to paſs as they ſtill went on, and " talked, that behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horſes " of fire, and parted them both aſunder; and Elijah went up by " a whirlwind into heaven."

Line 1816. *Paſt by you the good Enoch, on his road.*] Geneſis, chap. V. ver. 24. " And Enoch walked with God, and he was " not: for God took him."

Line 1817. *To thoſe fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd.*]

> ——— Him the almighty pow'r
> Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal ſky,
> With hideous ruin, &c.
>
> Milton's Par. Loſt, Book I.

Line 1829. *Who ſees creation's ſummit in a vale?*] The thought is pictureſque, but ill expreſſed. Its conciſeneſs, which with Young is ſeldom the caſe, is one of its greateſt errors. The diſtance betwixt heaven and earth renders the latter, ſituated as it were, in the cavity of a valley. This is the author's meaning; but " the almighty ſeeing creation in a vale," is too brief an explanation of the idea.

" HE,

HE, whom, while man is *man*, he can't but ſeek;
And if he finds, commences *more* than man? 1831
O for a teleſcope his throne to reach!
Tell me, ye learn'd on *earth!* or bleſt *above!*
Ye ſearching, ye *Newtonian* angels! tell,
Where, your great MASTER's orb? his planets where? 1835
Thoſe *conſcious* ſatellites*, thoſe *morning-ſtars*,
Firſt-born of DEITY! from central love†,
By veneration moſt profound, thrown off;
By ſweet attraction, no leſs ſtrongly drawn;
Aw'd, and yet *raptur'd*; *raptur'd*, yet *ſerene*; 1840
Paſt thought, illuſtrious, but with borrow'd beams;
In ſtill *approaching* circles, ſtill *remote*,
Revolving round the ſun's eternal SIRE?
Or ſent, in lines direct, on embaſſies
To nations---in what latitude?---Beyond 1845
Terreſtrial thought's horrizon!---And on what
High errands ſent?---Here *human* effort ends;

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* Attendant ſtars. † Affection for the almighty.

Line 1836. ——— ——— *Thoſe morning ſtars.*] Is no more than a verbal repetition (allowing the difference of gods and ſtars) figured as ſuch of a former thought.

——— Pavilion'd high he ſits
In darkneſs, from exceſſive ſplendor, born,
By gods unſeen, unleſs thro' luſtre loſt.
His glory, &c. &c.

Book 4. Line 412.

Line 1842. *In ſtill approaching circles, ſtill remote.*] It muſt be confeſſed, we are in ſome reſpects imitative of thoſe heavenly beings the author deſcribes; for the farther we approach into the metaphors, the more remote we are from the natural comprehenſion of their propriety. The ideas of themſelves may be underſtood, but in uniſon are a confuſed jumble of unneceſſary rhetorical figures.

And

And leaves me ſtill a ſtranger to *His* throne.
Full well it might! I quite miſtook my road.
Born in an age more curious, than devout,
More fond to fix the *place* of heav'n, or hell,
Than ſtudious *this* to ſhun, or *that* ſecure.
'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* path,
That leads me to my point: LORENZO! know,
Without or *ſtar*, or *angel*, for their guide,
Who worſhip GOD, ſhall *find* him.—Humble *love*,
And not proud *reaſon*, keeps the door of heav'n;
Love finds admiſſion, where proud *ſcience* fails.
Man's ſcience* is the culture of his heart;
And not to loſe his plumbet in the depths
Of *nature*, or the more profound of GOD.
Lither to know, is an attempt that ſets
The wiſeſt on a level with the fool.
To fathom *nature* (ill-attempted *here!*)
Paſt doubt, is deep philoſophy *above*;

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* Neceſſary knowledge and reflection.

Line 1852. *Than ſtudious this to ſhun, or that ſecure.*] Controverſies in religion, almoſt excluſive of the very centre to which morality ſteers, are ſo univerſally known, and fatal in their conſequences, that it would be needleſs to enumerate how remote their objects are from reaſon and piety. The church, in all ages, has warmly recommended a more ſolid baſis for the ſtructure of moral ſentiments, but in vain. The diſeaſe increaſes with our æra, each is concomitant, and mutual in their advances.

Line 1856. *Who worſhip GOD ſhall find him. Humble love.*] Plain ſenſe will clearly evince how fruitleſs are enquiries into that branch of nature, which, when we judge it moſt comprehenſible, is perhaps moſt contradictory to the judgment of our reaſon. As the Jewiſh ſacrifices were types of religious ardour and purity of heart, ſo enquiries into the nature and attributes of the deity (excluſive of our neceſſary welfare) are but emblematical figures for veneration and reſpect towards the almighty.

Higher

Higher degrees in bliſs archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the deepeſt, learning ſtill.
For, what a *thunder* of omnipotence
(So might I dare to ſpeak) is *ſeen* in all!
In *man!* in *earth!* in more amazing *ſkies!*
Teaching this leſſon, *pride* is loth to learn---
"Not *deeply* to *diſcern*, not *much* to *know*,
"Mankind was born to WONDER, and ADORE."
And is their cauſe for higher *wonder* ſtill,
Than that which ſtruck us from our paſt ſurveys?
Yes; and for deeper *adoration* too.
From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing?---Yes, LORENZO! this;
Each of theſe ſtars is a religious houſe;
I ſaw their altars ſmoke, their incenſe riſe,
And heard *Hoſannas* ring through ev'ry ſphere,
A ſeminary* fraught with future gods.
Nature all o'er is *conſecrated* ground,
Teeming† with growths immortal, and divine.
The great PROPRIETOR's all-bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waſte; but ſows theſe fiery fields
With ſeeds of *reaſon*, which to *virtues* riſe
Beneath *His* genial ray; and, if eſcap'd
The peſtilential blaſts of ſtubborn *will*,
When grown mature, are gather'd for the ſkies.

---

* Public inſtitution for the reception of youth. In the author's ſenſe, a celeſtial aſſembly. † Prolific, productive.

Line 1879. *Each of theſe ſtars is a religious houſe.*] Young's images are ſo much of one hue, and his figures ſo frequently repeated, that they will ſcarcely admit of a ſecond obſervation. The only remark we can with juſtice deduce from hence is, that the farther he advances into theſe ſtarry views and regions, the leſs ſublime are his figures, and the more puerile his repetitions.

And

And is *devotion* thought too much on *earth*,
When beings, ſo ſuperior, homage *boaſt*,
And *triumph* in proſtrations to THE THRONE?
But wherefore more of planets, or of ſtars?
Æthereal journies, and, diſcover'd there,
Ten thouſand worlds, ten thouſand ways devout?
All *nature* ſending incenſe to THE THRONE,
Except the bold LORENZO's of our ſphere?
Op'ning the ſolemn ſources of my ſoul,
Since I have pour'd, like feign'd ERIDANUS,
My flowing numbers o'er the flaming ſkies,
Nor ſee, of *fancy*, or of *fact*, what more,
Invites the muſe—here turn we, and review
Our paſt nocturnal landſcape wide;—then, ſay,
Say, then, LORENZO! with what burſt of heart,
The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,

Line 1897. *All nature ſending incenſe to the throne.*] Throughout the multiplicity of objects expoſed to view by the abundant fertility of creation, we can rationally perceive ſome final cauſe, either in inanimate beings for man's advantage, or in vivacious, for their ſelected intereſts. Thus, every eſſence, as it originates from the all-prolific hand of the deity, evidently expreſſes the omniſcient ratio of creation. And can man, endued with an all comprehending reaſon (as far as regards his contemplation of God's works) be deficient in gratitude to a being, who, as he formed the inferior animals for their mutual advantage and intercourſe, muſt have created himſelf for the attainment of the moſt refined bliſs? Unleſs experience proclaimed it, it were beyond the limits of natural conception.

Line 1900. *Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus.*]

Quem procul a patria diverſo maximus orbe
Excipit Eridanus: ſpurnantia que abluit ora. Ovid.

Alluding to the ſtory of Phæton, who, after ſetting the earth on fire, was hurled into the river Po.

Muſt

Muſt man exclaim, adoring, and aghaſt ?
" O what a root ! O what a branch is here !
" O what a Father ! what a family !
" Worlds ! ſyſtems ! and creations !—and creations,
" In one agglomerated* cluſter, hung,
" Great VINE ! on THEE, on THEE the cluſter hangs ;
" The filial cluſter ! infinitely ſpread
" In glowing globes, with various being fraught ;
" And drinks (nectareous draught !) immortal life.
" Or, ſhall I ſay (for *who* can ſay enough ?)
" A conſtellation of ten thouſand gems,
" (And, O ! of what dimenſion ! of what weight !)
" Set in one *ſignet*, flames on the right-hand
" Of MAJESTY DIVINE ! the *blazing ſeal*,
" That deeply ſtamps, on all created *mind*,
" Indelible, *His* ſov'reign attributes,
" OMNIPOTENCE, and LOVE ! *that*, paſſing bound ;
" And *this*, ſurpaſſing that. Nor ſtop we *here*,
" For want of *pow'r* in GOD, but *thought* in MAN.
" Ev'n *this* acknowledg'd, leaves us ſtill in debt ;
" If *greater* aught, that greater all is THINE,
" DREAD SIRE !—accept this *miniature* of THEE ;
" And pardon an *attempt* from moral thought,

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* The epithet is taken from the compacted cluſt'ring of bees—interwoven—cloſely united.

Line 1912. *Great vine ! on thee, on thee the cluſter hangs.*] Saint John XV. ver. 1. " I am the true vine, and my father is the " huſbandman "

Line 1923. ——————————*That, paſſing bound.*] As a poetical figure this is commendably pleaſing, and well expreſſed. On the ſubject of God's attributes, ſuch hyperboles are highly excellent, both in their moral and pictureſque tendency.

" In

" In which archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd."
How ſuch ideas of th' ALMIGHTY's *pow'r*,
And ſuch ideas of th' ALMIGHTY's *plan*,
(Ideas not abſurd*) diſtend the thought
Of feeble mortals! nor of *them* alone!
The fullneſs of the DEITY breaks forth
In *inconceivables*† to men, and gods.
Think, then, O think; nor ever drop the thought;
How *low* muſt *man* deſcend, when *gods* adore!—
Have I not, then, accompliſh'd my proud boaſt?
Did I not tell thee, " We would mount, LORENZO!
" And kindle our devotion at the *ſtars?*"
And have *I fail'd?* and did I *flatter* thee?
And art all adamant? and doſt confute
All urg'd, with one irrefragable‡ *ſmile?*
LORENZO! *mirth* how miſerable *here!*

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* Enlarge.

† Proofs, from their aſtoniſhing excellence, incomprehenſible to mankind.

‡ Overthrowing the whole texture of foregoing ſyſtems.

Line 1930. " *In which archangels might have failed, unblam'd.*"] When Young excells in the delivery of a ſentiment, his excellence is ſo ſtrikingly pleaſing, that we dwell on it with a poetic rapture. Such are in general his ſublime views of the Almighty, except when he almoſt unavoidably falls into incomprehenſible bombaſt, and ſtrained ideas. We muſt confeſs it is praiſe-worthy, " Aërias tentaſſe domos," and own at the ſame time a preſcient certainty of his neceſſary ſubjection to error, in ſoaring at " Things unattempted yet,"—at leaſt " in rhyme."

Line 1940. ——————*We would mount, Lorenzo!*] Referring to a former ſentiment:

——And innocently ſteal celeſtial fire.

Line 1942. *And have I fail'd? and did I flatter thee?*] Were the half of theſe interrogatories and exclamations to be excluded, the poetry would be leſs bombaſtical, and the ideas remain equally excellent.

Swear by the *ſtars*, by HIM who made them, ſwear,
Thy heart, henceforth, ſhall be as pure as *they*:
Then *thou*, like *them*, ſhalt *ſhine*; like *them*, ſhalt *riſe*
From low to lofty; from obſcure to bright;
By due gradation, *nature*'s ſacred law.
The *ſtars*, from whence?—Aſk *chaos*—*He* can tell.
Theſe bright temptations to idolatry,
From *darkneſs*, and *confuſion*, took their birth;
Sons of *deformity!* from fluid dregs*
Tartarean, firſt they roſe to maſſes rude†;
And then, to ſpheres opaque‡; then dimly ſhone;
Then brighten'd; then blaz'd out in *perfect day*.
Nature delights in progreſs; in advance
From worſe to better: but, when *minds* aſcend,
Progreſs, in part, depends upon *themſelves*.
Heav'n aids exertion; greater makes the great;
The *voluntary* little leſſens more.

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* Moiſt and liquid ſubſtances of chaos.

† Miſ-ſhapen uncompleted forms.

‡ Circular orbs, yet unenlightened.

Line 1957. ——————*Then blaz'd out in perfect day.*] This gradual expoſition of light, tho' an oppoſition to the deſcriptive ſentiment of Moſes, is nevertheleſs beautiful, and ting'd with the moſt pleaſing luſtre of poetry. We may perceive a natural picturesque in the deſcription, which is by no means incongruous with the nature of thoſe luminary orbs it repreſents. Milton's view of the ſtars extracting light from the ſun, is ſuperior in the abundance of its figures:

> Hither, as to their fountain, other ſtars
> Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
> And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
> By tincture or reflection they augment
> Their ſmall peculiar, tho' from human ſight
> So far remote, with diminution ſeen.
>
> Book VII. Line 364.

O be a *man!* and thou ſhalt be a *god!*
And *half ſelf made!*—Ambition how divine!
O thou, ambitious of diſgrace alone!
Still undevout? unkindled?—tho' high-taught,
School'd by the ſkies; and pupil of the ſtars;
Rank coward to the *faſhionable world!*
Art thou *aſham'd* to bend thy knee to Heaven?
Curſt fume of pride, exhal'd from deepeſt hell!
Pride in *religion* is man's higheſt praiſe.

Line 1964. ——————*Ambition how divine!*] When we conſider the qualities of ambition, as directed to different objects, their effective conſequences, as attached to a virtuous or immoral point, the paſſion ſeems even in itſelf as oppoſite as the very attendant principles of virtue and vice. A languor and unconcern for imaginary or material enjoyments, are not innate in the breaſts of mankind. From the firſt dawn of reaſon, the mind is active either in the cauſe of piety or immorality; and whether our purſuits are founded on miſtake or verity, they are conducted with a vigour which teſtifies our wiſhes to be ſincere. To advance to the honours of Deification after death, was the moſt perſuaſive wiſh the ancient emperors entertained. Alexander, even with his natural impatience, would have contrived the attainment of it during his exiſtence on earth. Young's counſels are the ſame, "O be a man, and thou ſhall be a God," but how different the nature of that Deity, and the path leading to thoſe eternal dignities!

Line 1968. *Rank coward to the faſhionable world!*] The ardent ambition of appearing boldly unconcerned at future events, tho' their conſequences be eternal, is the generally actuating motive to a life of regular audacity in religion. It is the almoſt univerſal error of mankind, to judge the concerns of a future life in a comparative view with thoſe of this fragile ſphere. On this examen, they proceed to eſtimate futurity as a terror, which courage and fortitude ſhould ſmile at. The generality of calm ſpectators (as ſuch there are, whoſe moments are employed in criticiſing other's conduct) encourage ſuch opinions, and note an earthly applauſe in the propagators of theſe unnatural ſyſtems.

Bent on deſtruction! and in love with death!
Not all theſe luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half ſo ſad, as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happineſs, and meets *deſpair*.
How, like a widow in her weeds, the *night*,
Amid her glimm'ring tapers, ſilent ſits!
How ſorrowful, how deſolate, ſhe weeps
Perpetual dews, and ſaddens nature's ſcene!
A ſcene more ſad *ſin* makes the darken'd ſoul;
All comfort kills, nor leaves one ſpark alive.
Tho' blind of heart, ſtill open is thine eye:
Why ſuch magnificence in all thou ſeeſt?
Of *matter*'s grandeur, know, one end is this,
To tell the *rational*, who gazes on it—
"Tho' *that* immenſely great, ſtill greater *he*,
"Whoſe breaſt, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
"Unburden'd, nature's univerſal ſcheme;
"Can graſp *creation* with a *ſingle* thought;
"*Creation* graſp; and not exclude its SIRE"—
To tell him farther—"It behoves him much
"To *guard* th' important, yet-depending, fate
"Of being, brighter than a thouſand ſuns;

Line 1976. *How, like a widow in her weeds, the night.*] The ſimilitude is lively, and the picturesque connection remarkably ſtriking.

Line 1990. ——————*And not exclude its Sire.*] Tho' our conceptions of God, as to his ſpiritual nature, excluſive of the advantages ariſing thence to man, are bold and erroneous; yet we have doubtleſs, by the omnipotence of reaſon, a rectitude of idea in regard to his attributes. Power, mercy, juſtice, are ſo unavoidably connected with the eſſence of the Divine Being, that while we are enlightened by reaſon, it is impoſſible to miſtake their neceſſary coherence.—This is what Young intends by "Not exclude its Sire."

"One

"One ſingle ray of *thought* outſhines them all."—
And if man hears obedient, ſoon he'll ſoar
Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
His purple wing bedrop'd with eyes of gold*,
Riſing, where *thought* is *now* deny'd to riſe,
Look down *triumphant* on theſe dazzling ſpheres.
Why then perſiſt?—No mortal ever liv'd
But, *dying*, he pronounc'd (when words are true!)
The whole that charms thee, abſolutely vain;
Vain, and far worſe!—Think thou, with dying men;
O *condeſcend* to think as angels think!
O *tolerate*‡ a chance for happineſs!
Our nature ſuch, ill choice enſures ill fate;
And hell had been, tho' there had been no God.

---

* Sprinkled, ſtudded.

‡ Reject not abſolutely, permit the temporary poſſibility.

Line 1996. ——————*And on his purple wing.*] The painting is highly coloured, and forms, from the united ſtrength of morality, a mutually dependant excellence of poetic argument.

Line 2000. ——————*No mortal ever liv'd.*] The many momentous and beautiful ſentiments contained in a preceding book, on the ſubject of death-bed repentance and its ſalutary counſels, cannot fail impreſſing on us the moſt grateful and ſerious ſenſations; ſo that we may look on the preſent digreſſion as a pleaſing recall to their more extenſive contents.

Line 2007. *And hell had been, tho' there had been no God.*] Experience acquaints us, that laying aſide the ideas of futurity, and its rewards or puniſhments, virtue is abſolutely beneficial, and indiſpenſably neceſſary for the preſervation of human felicity, and policy of earthly ſtates. Frauds, chicanery, and vice, in every ſhape, are productive of evil in a general ſenſe, tho' intereſted views may pronounce them eſſential to private emolument. In regard to the leſs public concerns of mankind, we ſee error in judgment, adherence to immorality, and malevolence of inclination, generate the very effects their nature muſt be ſuppoſed to operate. The wilful offender will find in his private ſufferings, how baleful a hell is the natural conſcience and effect of vice, unconnected with the acknowledgement of a Deity.

Doſt thou not know, my new aſtronomer!
Earth, turning from the *ſun*, brings night to man?
Man, turning from his GOD, brings *endleſs* night;
Where thou canſt read no *morals*, find no *friend*,
Amend no *manners*, and expect no *peace*.
How *deep* the darkneſs! and the groan, how *loud!*
And far, how far, from *lambent** are the flames!
Such is LORENZO's purchaſe! ſuch his praiſe!
The proud, the politic, LORENZO's praiſe!
Tho' in his ear, and levell'd at his heart,
I've half read o'er the volume of the ſkies.

For think not thou haſt heard all this from *me*;
My ſong but echoes what great *Nature* ſpeaks:
What has ſhe ſpoken? Thus the goddeſs ſpoke,
Thus ſpeaks for ever:---"Place, at nature's head,
"A Sov'reign, which o'er all things rolls his eye,
"Extends his wing, promulgates‡ his commands,
"But, above all, diffuſes endleſs good;
"*To whom*, for ſure redreſs, the wrong'd may fly;

---

* Erecting a placid luſtre. ‡ Proclaims, iſſues forth.

Line 2010. *Man, turning from his God, brings endleſs Night.*] As we are inſtructed with the moral doctrines of this poem, we are equally delighted with the conciſe and pleaſing references to nature. On a more ſcrutinous examination than perhaps has been the general reſult of man's contemplation, we find natural effects and courſes emblematically expreſſive of the growth and ſeries of religious ſentiments in the mind. Fixing the ſun as the all-creating and immortal centre, we trace in every object connected with it (as is the whole of creation) a viſible alluſion to rational progreſſion.

"The

" The vile, for mercy; and the pain'd, for peace;
" *By whom*, the various tenants of theſe ſpheres,
" Diverſify'd in fortunes, place, and powers,
" Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they riſe;
" Arrive at length (if worthy ſuch approach)
" At that bleſt fountain-head, from which they ſtream;
" Where conflict* paſt redoubles preſent joy;
" And preſent joy looks forward on increaſe;
" And that, on more; no period! ev'ry ſtep
" A double boon! a *promiſe*, and a *bliſs*."
How eaſy ſits *this* ſcheme on human hearts!
It ſuits their make; it ſooths their vaſt deſires;
Paſſion is pleas'd; and *reaſon* aſks no more;
'Tis rational! 'tis great!---But what is *thine*?
It darkens! ſhocks! excruciates! and confounds!

Leaves

---

* Misfortunes of earthly exiſtence.

Line 2027. *The vile, for mercy; and the pain'd, for peace.*] The whole of this addreſs of nature refers to our Saviour's divinely inimitable ſermon from the mount. The many healing and perſuaſive arguments it contains pronounce it the authoriſed promiſes of a merciful Creator.

Line 2036. " *A double boon! a promiſe, and a bliſs!*] The principle of hope, and the completion of its wiſhes, are ſo inſeparably connected together, that the ſmalleſt doubts would ſully the luſtre of every virtue incident to man. Such is the excellence of God's diſtribution, that the good man, on arriving at the ſummit of hope, has the previous anticipation of its deſires; and, by a conſcience of their reality, taſtes (as far as earth permits) their inexpreſſible ſweets.

Line 2041. *It darkens! ſhocks! excruciates! and confounds!*] In the judgment of reaſon, the univerſal benefits or diſadvantages of religious ſyſtems, muſt, I think, be of moſt eſſential weight to an unprejudiced mind, about to fix a momentous choice. Such then muſt be its ſentiments in comparatively viewing the doctrines inculcated

Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,
Sinking from bad to worſe; few years, the ſport
Of *fortune*; then, the morſel, of *deſpair*.
Say, then, LORENZO! (for thou know'ſt it well)
What's *vice*?---Mere want of compaſs in our thought.
Religion, what?---The proof of *common ſenſe*;
How art thou whooted, where the *leaſt* prevails!
Is it *my* fault, if *theſe truths* call thee *fool*?
And thou ſhalt never be *miſcall'd* by me.
Can neither *ſhame*, nor *terror*, ſtand thy friend?
And art thou *ſtill* an inſect in the mire?
How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown;
Snatch'd thee from earth; eſcorted thee thro' all
Th' æthereal armies; walkt thee, like a god,
Thro' ſplendors of firſt magnitude, arrang'd
On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;
Cloſe-cruis'd† on the bright paradiſe of GOD;
And almoſt introduc'd thee to THE THRONE!
And art thou ſtill carouſing, for delight,
Rank poiſon; firſt, fermenting to mere *froth**,
And then ſubſiding into final *gall*?

---

culcated by virtue and morality, and thoſe inſtilled by its contraries, vice and licentiouſneſs. Such a determination muſt be previouſly neceſſary, in examining the merits of judaiſm and chriſtianity. In ſhort, in every different ſect and perſuaſion, a general benevolence and utility muſt rationally claim the neareſt advances to true religion.

Line 2049. *Is it my fault, if theſe truths call thee fool?*] There is a forcible argument, and commendably modeſt reſignation of merited applauſe contained in this line, which is highly intereſting.

† Advancing towards the borders.

* The vain follies of a licentious and faſhionable miſconduct.

BIBLIOTHECA BODL

To

To beings of ſublime, *immortal* make,
How ſhocking is all joy, whoſe *end* is ſure!
Such joy *more* ſhocking ſtill, the more it *charms!*
And doſt thou chuſe what ends ere well-begun;
And infamous, as ſhort? And doſt thou chuſe
(*Thou*, to whoſe palate *glory* is ſo ſweet)
To wade into *perdition*, thro' *contempt*,
Not of poor bigots only, but thy *own?*
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
And ſeen it bluſh beneath a boaſtful brow;
For, by ſtrong guilt's moſt violent aſſault,
Conſcience is but *diſabled*, not *deſtroy'd*.
O thou moſt awful Being, and moſt vain!
Thy will, how *frail!* how *glorious* is thy power!
Tho' dread ETERNITY has ſown her ſeeds
Of bliſs, and woe, in thy deſpotic breaſt;
Tho' heav'n, and hell, depend upon thy choice;

Line 2074. *Conſcience is but diſabled, not deſtroy'd.*] In the conduct of the moſt profligate of mankind, we may now and then perceive ſome unextinguiſhed ſparks of virtuous awe counter-acting that general depravity, which, by its influence, has guided the major part of their lives. Whether we conſider conſcience as wounding the breaſt of the ſinner for his peculiar benefit, or for the ſerious inſtruction of mankind, or, in ſhort, to demonſtrate in general the evil tendency of vicious principles, its cautions are equally ſalutary and expreſſive of the benevolent mercies of the Almighty. To ſhew how deeply implanted are the ſeeds of conſcience, and with how conſpicuous a luſtre they ſhine amidſt the gloom of death, we need only conſult the final cloſe of men eminent for their vices:

O tyrant conſcience! how doſt thou afflict me?
When I look back 'tis terrible retreating:
I cannot bear the thought, nor dare repent,
I am but man, and fate do thou diſpoſe me.

Cibber's Richard III.

A butterfly comes 'croſs, and both are fled.
Is this the picture of a rational?
This horrid image, ſhall it be moſt juſt?
LORENZO! no: it cannot,---*ſhall* not be,
If there is force in *reaſon*; or, in *ſounds*
Chanted beneath the glimpſes of the moon,
A magic, at this planetary hour,
When *ſlumber* locks the gen'ral lip, and dreams
Thro' ſenſeleſs mazes hunt ſouls *un-inſpir'd*.
Attend---the ſacred myſteries begin---
My ſolemn *night-born* adjuration hear;
Hear, and I'll raiſe thy ſpirit from the duſt;
While the *ſtars* gaze on this inchantment *new*;
Inchantment, not infernal, but divine!
" BY *ſilence*, DEATH's peculiar attribute!
" BY *darkneſs*, GUILT's inevitable doom!
" BY *darkneſs*, and by *ſilence*, ſiſters dread!
" That draw the curtain round NIGHT's ebon throne,
" And raiſe ideas, ſolemn as the ſcene!
" BY NIGHT, and all of awful, night preſents
" To *thought*, or *ſenſe* (of awful much, to both,
" The goddeſs brings)! By theſe her trembling *fires*,

Line 2080. *A butterfly comes 'croſs, and both are fled.*] The alluſion is excellently deſcriptive of the vain trifles which univerſally attract man's attention. Its ludicrous idea is highly expreſſive of the natural image it contains.

Line 2087. *When ſlumber locks the gen'ral lip, and dreams.*] The deſcriptions of night we meet with in the Latin poets are peculiarly pictureſque and animated. Young has ſelected the moſt ſtriking beauties, which are admirably pleaſing, even in an Engliſh dreſs.

" Like

" Like VESTA's, ever-burning; and, like *hers*,
" Sacred to thoughts immaculate*, and pure!
" BY theſe bright orators, that *prove*, and *praiſe*,
" And preſs thee to revere the DEITY!
" Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd awhile,
" To reach *His* throne; as *ſtages* of the ſoul,
" Thro' which, at diff'rent periods, ſhe ſhall paſs,
" Refining gradual, for her final height,
" And purging off ſome droſs at ev'ry ſphere!
" BY this dark pall thrown o'er the ſilent world!
" BY the world's kings, and kingdoms, moſt renown'd,
" From ſhort ambition's *zenith*† ſet for ever;
" Sad preſage to vain boaſters, now in bloom!
" BY the long liſt of ſwift mortality,
" From ADAM downward to this ev'ning knell,
" Which midnight waves in *fancy*'s ſtartled eye;
" And ſhocks her with an hundred centuries,
" Round *death*'s black banner throng'd, in human thought!
" BY thouſands, *now*, reſigning their laſt breath,
" And calling thee---wert thou ſo wiſe to hear!

---

* Unſpotted. † Central honours.

Line 2102. *Like Veſta's, ever-burning; and, like hers.*] Veſta was the daughter of Saturn and Ops: She was the goddeſs of virginity, whoſe flame was ſacred, and perpetually attended by the veſtal virgins.

Line 2103. *Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure!*] From the peculiar ſolemnity of nocturnal ſilence, the mind is naturally led to momentous reflection; and in this ſcene, ſo admirably calculated for the examination of the heart, we are imperceptibly induced to lay aſide every intereſted motive, and view nature in her amiable nudity, diveſted of every earthly attachment.

" BY tombs o'er tombs ariſing; human earth
" Ejected, to make room for---human earth;
" The monarch's *terror!* and the ſexton's *trade!*
" BY pompous obſequies, that ſhun the day,
" The *torch* funereal *, and the nodding *plume*,
" Which makes poor man's humiliation proud;
" Boaſt of our *ruin!* triumph of our *duſt!*
" BY the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;
" And the pale lamp, that ſhews the ghaſtly dead,
" *More* ghaſtly, thro' the thick-incumbent gloom!
" BY viſits (if there are) from darker ſcenes,

---

* Attendant on burial ceremonies.

Line 2122. *By tombs o'er tombs ariſing; human earth.*] Impartial criticiſm muſt judge this an admirable view of night's effects in a poetic and moral ſenſe. Congreve has depictured the awful and ſilent grandeur of monumental edifices, when contemplated with the aſſiſtant reflections of pious reſignation, in ſome very deſcriptive lines:

——'Tis dreadful:
How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whoſe antient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made ſtedfaſt and immoveable,
Looking tranquility! it ſtrikes an awe
And terror to my aching ſight: the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And ſhoot a chillneſs to my trembling heart.
Mourning Bride.

Line 2128. *Boaſt of our ruin! triumph of our duſt!*] Alluding to former reflections in the firſt book, on the ſubject of the vain and empty pomps attendant on death.

" The

"The gliding ſpectre! and the groaning grove!
"BY groans, and graves, and miſeries that groan
"For the grave's ſhelter! BY deſponding† men,
"Senſeleſs to pains of death, from pangs of guilt!
"BY guilt's laſt audit‡! BY yon *moon* in blood,
"The rocking firmament, the falling ſtars,
"And thunder's laſt diſcharge, great nature's knell!
"BY SECOND *chaos*; and ETERNAL *night!*"--
BE WISE--- nor let PHILANDER blame my *charm*;
But own not ill-diſcharg'd my double debt,
Love to the living; *duty* to the dead.
For know, I'm but executor; *he* left
This moral legacy; *I* make it o'er
By *his* command; PHILANDER hear in me;
And Heav'n in both.—If deaf to theſe, oh! hear
FLORELLO's tender voice; *his* weal* depends

† Deſpairing the efficacy of mercy.
‡ Final judgment. * Welfare.

Line 2133. *The gliding ſpectre! and the groaning grove.*] I cannot judge the moſt trifling quotation (when authoriſed by the name of Maſon) either unworthy or incongruous with the ſubject of poetic machinery, or moral ſentiment. His thoughts are ſo natural and highly coloured, and, in the more extended offſprings of his pen, their tendency is ſo religious, that an admirer of Young muſt be enraptured with Maſon:

Yet ſome there are, who free from fear,
Could wander through the cloyſters drear:
Could rove each deſolated iſle,
Tho' midnight thunders ſhook the pile;
And dauntleſs view, or ſeem to view
(As faintly flaſh the lightnings blue)
Thin ſhiv'ring ghoſts from yawning charnels throng,
And glance, with ſilent ſweep, the ſhaggy vaults along.

Line 2148. *Florello's tender voice; his weal depends.*] By the addition of thoſe enforcing arguments, which cannot fail to impreſs

On *thy* reſolve; it trembles at thy choice;
For *his* ſake—love *thyſelf:* example ſtrikes
All human hearts; a *bad* example more;
More ſtill, a father's; that enſures his ruin.
As parent of his being, wouldſt thou prove
Th' unnatural parent of his miſeries,
And make him curſe the being which thou gav'ſt?
Is *this* the bleſſing of ſo fond a father?
If careleſs of LORENZO! ſpare, oh! ſpare,
FLORELLO's father, and PHILANDER's friend;

---

preſs a ſerious reflection, and draw a falling tear, (how due ſuch ſacrifice to nature!) the author awakens every feeling which every ſelected paſſion can give riſe to. The natural fondneſs of a father could not be clouded by the general miſconduct of Lorenzo's life, ſo darkly, as to be proof againſt the arguments of parental care and regard. Had ſuch a gloom of guilt and unnatural depravity taken place, the leſſons of virtue and immortality were not alone vainly, but fooliſhly addreſſed to ſo inſenſible a being. The intreating prayers of a ſuppliant were ever deſcribed as recalling to the victor's attention, an aged father or a youthful ſon. Heathens uſed ſuch arguments, as conſcious how irreſiſtible their effect muſt be upon a ſoul not abſolutely callous: They are therefore happily introduced by Young, on a ſubject which would enforce, with all the powers of nature, morality and real intereſt.

Line 2158. ——————*And Philander's friend.*] By the frequent introduction of Philander, as an incentive to Lorenzo's reformation, we are led to a rather more amiable view of this offending culprit. It is not natural to imagine him utterly loſt to humanity and virtue, if he could claim the friendſhip of ſo exalted a character as Philander. We muſt then look on him, as on many youths of faſhion and fortune, as wild, giddy, extravagant, licentious; but amidſt all theſe irregularities, bleſt with ſentiments of affection, honour, and a general well-wiſher to mankind. On this view, Philander's regard appears the effuſion of truly chriſtian benevolence; and as a former alluſion teſtifies, Lorenzo loved him.

FLORELLO's father ruin'd, ruins him;
And from PHILANDER's friend the world expects
A conduct, no diſhonour to the dead.
Let *paſſion* do, what *nobler motive* ſhould;
Let *love*, and *emulation*, riſe in aid
To *reaſon*; and perſuade thee to be—bleſt.
This ſeems not a requeſt to be deny'd;
Yet (ſuch th' infatuation of mankind!)
'Tis the moſt *hopeleſs*, man can make to man.
Shall I, then, riſe in argument, and warmth;
And urge PHILANDER's poſthumous† advice,
From topics yet unbroach'd*?—
But oh! I faint! my ſpirits fail!—nor ſtrange;
So long on wing, and in no middle clime;
To which my great CREATOR's glory call'd:
And *calls*---but, now, in vain. *Sleep*'s dewy wand

---

† A term applied to works not publiſhed till after the author's deceaſe.

* Unexamined.

Line 2171. *But oh! I faint!*———] The author's modeſty is equally laudable, and apparent with his almoſt inimitable excellence. What might be his private opinions, I cannot judge; but in general we find the Britiſh writers much leſs enraptured with their own compoſitions than the ancients, either Roman or Greek. Horace and Ovid took care to acquaint the world that they had a tolerable ſtock of ſelf ſufficiency. The latter, at the concluſion of his Metamorphoſes, expreſſes himſelf in the following conſcientiouſly modeſt declaration:

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas.

Line 2172. ———*And in no middle clime.*]

I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous ſong;
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar
Above th' Aonian mount.

Has ſtrok'd my drooping lids, and *promiſes*
My long arrear of reſt; the *downy god*
(Wont to return with our returning *peace*)
Will *pay*, ere-long, and bleſs me with repoſe.
Haſte, haſte, ſweet ſtranger! from the peaſant's cot,
The ſhip-boy's hammock, or the ſoldier's ſtraw,
Whence *ſorrow* never chas'd thee; with thee bring,
Not hideous viſions, as of late; but draughts
Delicious of well-taſted, cordial, reſt;
Man's rich reſtorative; his balmy bath,
That ſupples†, lubricates, and keeps in play,
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which aſks ſuch frequent periods of repair.
When tir'd with vain rotations‡ of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the ſucceeding dawn;

† Renders pliant, ſoftens. ‡ Regular revolutions.

Line 2175. ——————*And promiſes.*] The author honoured the world with ſome ſubſequent poems after the publication of this; but their worth, like Milton's ſecond Paradiſe, was greatly inferior to the former. His extraordinary abilities ſeem to have gradually decreaſed with the advances of age.

Line 2177. *Wont to return with our returning peace.*] Alluding to Book I.

He, like the world, his ready viſit pays
Where fortune ſmiles: the wretched he forſakes,
And lights on lids unſullied with a tear.

Line 2180. *The ſhip boy's hammock, or the ſoldier's ſtraw.*] The picturesque is beautifully enlivened, and the thought inexpreſſibly pleaſing.

Somnus, the humble god that dwells
In cottages and ſmoaky cells,
Hates gilded roofs, and beds of down,
And, tho' he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Waller.

Freſh

Freſh we ſpin on, till *ſickneſs* clogs our wheels,
Or *death* quite breaks the ſpring, and motion ends.
When will it end with me?
---"THOU only know'ſt,
" THOU, whoſe broad eye the *future*, and the *paſt*,
" Joins to the *preſent*; making one of *three*
" To mortal thought! THOU know'ſt, and THOU alone,
" All-knowing!---all-unknown!---and yet well-known!
" Near, tho' remote! and, tho' unfathom'd, felt!
" And, tho' inviſible, for ever ſeen!
" And ſeen in all! the *great*, and the *minute*:
" Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
" Each flow'r, each leaf, with its ſmall people ſwarm'd,
" (Thoſe puny vouchers of OMNIPOTENCE!)
" To the firſt thought, that aſks, "*From whence?* declare
" Their common ſource. THOU Fountain running [o'er
" In rivers of communicated joy!
Who gav'ſt us ſpeech for far, far humbler themes!

Line 2192. ——————*Thou only know'ſt.*] There is a magnificence of idea, a ſublimity of expreſſion, and a fervour of piety contained in this animated addreſs to the Almighty, that ſurpaſſes our higheſt conceptions of the author's remaining ſparks of poetic fire. The idea of the Almighty ſeems to have actuated on Young's latent excellence, as a gentle breeze on the covered remains of an apparently extinguiſhed flame. He blazes forth with unuſual luſtre, and demonſtrates again the enlivened and inimitable poet.

Line 2196. ——*All unknown, and yet well known.*] The former alludes to the incomprehenſible nature and eſſence of the Almighty; the latter to his attributes and omnipotence.

" Say, by what name ſhall I preſume to call
" HIM I ſee burning in theſe countleſs ſuns,
" As *Moſes*, in the *buſh?* ILLUSTRIOUS MIND!
" The whole creation, leſs, far leſs, to thee,
" Than *that* to the creation's ample round.
" How ſhall I name THEE?---How my labouring ſoul
" Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth!
" Great ſyſtem of perfections! mighty Cauſe
" Of cauſes mighty! Cauſe uncaus'd! ſole Root
" Of *nature*, that luxuriant growth of GOD!
" Firſt Father of *effects!* that progeny
" Of endleſs ſeries; where the golden chain's
" Laſt link admits a period, Who can tell?
" Father of all that is or heard, or hears!
" Father of all that is or ſeen, or ſees!

" Father

Line 2209. *As Moſes in the buſh!*——————] Exodus, Chap. III. Verſe 2. " And the angel of the Lord appeared unto " him in a flame of fire out of the midſt of a buſh: and he looked, " and behold the buſh burned with fire, and the buſh was not " conſumed."

Line 2215. *Of cauſes mighty! Cauſe uncaus'd! ſole Root.*] Theſe far-fetch'd epithets are in reality no more than a puerile play on the words, which is unpardonable on ſo ſerious and exalted a ſubject.

Line 2221. *Father of all that is or ſeen, or ſees!*] There are voluminous contents of matter, it muſt be owned, inherent in each of theſe ſelected addreſſes to the Deity; but the turn of expreſſion is ſo little poetical, and penned with ſo diſguſting a ſameneſs, that it cannot be looked on in the genuine light of excellent compoſition. Thomſon's hymn is equally dignified with piety, and abundantly more pleaſing in its poetic ideas:

Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-buſy, wheels the ſilent ſpheres;

Works

" Father of all that *is*, or *ſhall* ariſe!
" Father of this immeaſurable maſs
" Of *matter* multiform*; or denſe†, or rare‡;
" Opaque, or lucid§; rapid, or at reſt;
" Minute, or paſſing bound! In each extreme
" Of like amaze, and myſtery, to man.
" Father of theſe bright millions of the *night!*
" Of which the leaſt full godhead had proclaim'd,
" And thrown the gazer on his knee--Or, ſay,
" Is appellation higher ſtill, thy choice?
" Father of *matter*'s temporary lords||!
" Father of *ſpirits!* nobler offſpring! ſparks
" Of high paternal glory; rich endow'd
" With various meaſures, and with various modes
" Of *inſtinct*, *reaſon*, *intuition*; beams
" More pale, or bright from *day divine*, to break
" The dark of matter *organis'd(a)* (the ware

Works in the ſecret deep; ſhoots, ſteaming, thence
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the ſpring:
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature, &c. &c.

It may be ſaid, that the deſcriptive was Thomſon's forte, and the nature of his work calculated to elucidate the revolving objects of the ſeaſon. In anſwer to this, we muſt bid ſuch recollect, that from nature, as well as revelation, Young deduces his arguments: Therefore, a more picturesque ſtile would have been by no means amiſs.

Line 2238. ——————————(*The ware.*] Unleſs the author by theſe uncouth terms means the external habiliments of corporeal ſubſtance, I am at a loſs to diſcover the ſpirit of the expreſſion.

* Variouſly faſhioned. † Maſſy, rude. ‡ Refined.
§ Abundant with luſtre. || Mankind.
(*a*) Intended by the nature of their texture.

" Of

" Of all *created* ſpirit); beams, that riſe
" Each over other in ſuperior light,
" Till the laſt ripens into luſtre ſtrong,
" Of next approach to GODHEAD. Father fond
" (Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)
" Of *intellectual* beings! beings bleſt
" With pow'rs to pleaſe THEE; not of paſſive ply†
" To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in ſeats
" Of well-adapted joys; in diff'rent domes
" Of this imperial palace for thy ſons;
" Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,
" Tho' boundleſs habitation, plann'd by THEE;
" Whoſe ſeveral clans* their ſeveral climates ſuit;
" And tranſpoſition, doubtleſs, would deſtroy.
" Or, Oh! indulge, Immortal KING! indulge
" A title, leſs auguſt indeed, but more
" Endearing; ah! how ſweet in human ears!
" Sweet in our ears! and triumph in our hearts!
" *Father of immortality to man!*
" A theme that ‡ lately ſet my ſoul on fire.—
" And THOU the NEXT! yet equal! THOU, by whom

" *That*

† Compliance.

* Bodies of men, a term taken from the different diviſions of the ancient wanderers.

‡ Book the Sixth and Seventh.

Line 2259. *And thou the next! yet equal! Thou by whom.*] In regard to the immortality of mankind, our Saviour's redeeming interpoſition and ſufferings were doubtleſs infinitely more calculated for the grateful contemplation of rational beings, than the creation of innumerable worlds. We ſee, in the behalf of our eternal felicity, each ſelected perſonage of the Holy Trinity intereſted with the moſt ſanguine mercy and benevolence. The Almighty

" *That* bleſſing was convey'd; far more! was *bought*;
" Ineffable† the price! by whom all worlds
" Were made; and one, redeem'd! Illuſtrious Light
" From Light illuſtrious! THOU, whoſe *regal* power,
" Finite in *time*, but infinite in *ſpace*,
" On more than adamantine baſis fix'd,
" O'er more, far more, than diadems, and thrones,
" Inviolably reigns; the *dread* of gods!
" And oh! the *friend* of man! Beneath whoſe foot,
" And by the mandate of whoſe awful nod,
" All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
" Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
" Thro' the ſhort channels of expiring *time*,
" Or ſhoreleſs ocean of eternity,
" Calm, or tempeſtuous (as *thy* ſpirit breathes)
" In abſolute ſubjection!—And, O THOU
" The glorious THIRD! Diſtinct, not ſeparate!

Almighty Father, as he hath breathed into us the ſpirit of life, and endued us with the attributes and capability of reaſon, ſo has originally planned the immortal happineſs of his creatures. Our Saviour (as on the fall of Adam theſe ineſtimable privileges were forfeited) by his deſcent on earth, cancelled thoſe obligations, and initiated us into our former claims and purity. At his death, the Holy Spirit was ſent to guide the breaſts of man to virtuous purſuits; ſince, by his natural inclination, he had neither the power or will to reſiſt the world's and Satan's temptations. Thus our welfare has been almoſt irreſiſtibly founded by omnipotence; and, conſidering this, how utterly loſt muſt a being appear, to remain in wilful error and miſconduct?

Line 2264. *Finite in Time.*————————] Either in regard to our Saviour's reſignation of the abſolute dominion of the world, during his continuance on earth, or as being the *begotten* ſon of God, exiſting before *all worlds*.

† Unſpeakable.

" Beaming

" Beaming from *both!* with both incorporate!
" And (ſtrange to tell!) incorporate with duſt!
" By condeſcenſion, as thy glory, great,
" Enſhrin'd in man! Of human hearts, if pure,
" Divine inhabitant! The tie divine
" Of heav'n with diſtant earth! By whom, I truſt,
" (If not inſpir'd) uncenſur'd this addreſs
" To THEE, to THEM---To Whom?---Myſterious Power!
" Reveal'd---yet unreveal'd! darkneſs in light!
" Number in unity! Our joy! our dread!
" The *triple* bolt that lays all wrong in ruin!
" That animates all right, the *triple* ſun!
" Sun of the ſoul! her never-ſetting ſun!
" Triune*, Unutterable, Unconceiv'd,
" Abſconding†, yet Demonſtrable, GREAT GOD!
" Greater than Greateſt! Better than the Beſt!
" Kinder than Kindeſt! with ſoft *pity's* eye,
" Or (ſtronger ſtill to ſpeak it) with *thine own*,
" From Thy bright home, from that high firmament,
" Where THOU, from all eternity, has dwelt,

---

† Trinity in unity.

† Of an incomprehenſible nature.

Line 2278. ——————*Incorporate with duſt*,] On our firſt entrance into life, previous to the apparent conception of natural revolution, we are protected by the influence of the divine Spirit; whoſe guardian ſway, as it directs our choice in the controverſy of good and evil, ſo implants in us the ſeeds of virtue, and primarily diverts our innate prepoſſeſſion from the latter.

Line 2286. *Number in unity.*——————] The addreſs is well penned and animated; but from the incomprehenſible nature of the Trinity, contains confuſed ideas, which all the powers of language cannot eraſe.

" Beyond

" Beyond archangels *unaſſiſted* ken;
" From far above what mortals higheſt call;
" From elevation's pinnacle; look down,
" Through---What? Confounding interval! Thro' All,
" And more, than lab'ring *fancy* can conceive;
" Thro' radiant ranks of eſſences unknown;
" Thro' hierarchies* from hierarchies detach'd
" Round various banners of OMNIPOTENCE,
" With endleſs change of rapturous duties fir'd;
" Thro' wond'rous beings interpoſing ſwarms,
" All cluſt'ring at the call, to dwell in THEE;
" Thro' this wide waſte of worlds; this *viſta* vaſt†,
" All ſanded o'er with ſun's; ſuns turn'd to *night*
" Before *thy* feebleſt beam---Look down---down---
" On a poor *breathing particle* in duſt, [down,
" Or, lower,---an *immortal* in his crimes.

---

* Celeſtial armies of a ſuperior kind.

† Extended ſurface.

Line 2297. *Beyond archangels unaſſiſted ken.*] By the conſtrained turn of the expreſſion, the ſentiment is not ſo clear as is neceſſary for the immediate conception required (as is uſually the caſe) on a ſlight peruſal. The generality of readers are diſpoſed not to unravel the myſteries of an author's ideas, but to taſte their beauties. What Young intends to convey by the above line, is evidently this, " That the manſions of the Almighty are beyond the view even of archangels, unleſs aſſiſted with extraordinary powers by God." But from the nature of the noun, and un-poetical inſertion of its epithet, the ſenſe is ſomewhat ambiguous.

Line 2309. " *All ſanded o'er with ſuns; ſuns turn'd to night.*] The alluſion, as being poetical, is ſo far juſt and picturesque. As to its neceſſary connection, in regard to dignity, with the ſubject, there can be but little advanced in its favour. It is even more in the ſinking ſtile than depicturing the ſtars, as ſnow-drops in a flower garden,

" His

" His crimes forgive! Forgive his virtues, too!
" Thoſe ſmaller faults; half converts to the right.
" Nor let me cloſe theſe eyes, which never more
" May ſee the ſun (tho' night's deſcending ſcale
" Now weighs up morn), unpity'd, and unbleſt!
" In *thy* diſpleaſure dwells *eternal* pain;
" Pain, our averſion; pain, which ſtrikes me *now*;
" And, ſince all pain is terrible to man,
" Tho' tranſient, terrible; at *thy* good hour,
" Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,
" My *clay-cold bed!* by nature, now, ſo near;
" By nature, near; ſtill nearer by diſeaſe!
" Till then, be *this*, an emblem of my grave:
" Let it out-preach the preacher; ev'ry night
" Let it out-cry the boy at PHILIP's ear;

Line 2213. " *His crimes forgive! Forgive his virtues, too!*] We meet with a ſublimity and fervent pathos in this petitionary addreſs, that impreſs the moſt favourable idea of the author's ſincere piety and veneration. It ſeems a ſelect piece, penned with the natural effuſions of real gratitude, and, like that of Pope, ſeparated from the poetry of the foregoing lines. In regard to the compoſition, there appears a moral reſignation after the conſcious ſatisfaction of having ſincerely laboured for the reformation of mankind. And yet, himſelf, like " Philander, had his foes." It muſt be wiſhed they were foes only to the poetic parts of his ideas, for we can hardly judge the world ſo loſt, as to diſeſteem a man whoſe ſentiments beſpeak benevolence and chriſtianity.

Line 2327. " *Let it out-cry the boy at Philip's ear.*] This prince was ſo conſcious of the allurements of temptation, and the vain oblivion attendant on human grandeur, that he introduced into his houſhold a boy, to remind him, when actuated by his dignity, that he was alike ſubject to death, with the meaneſt of his ſlaves. The tyranny of power is not, at this æra, ſo omnipotent; but the conduct of the great ſeems to proclaim them equally inattentive to the plunders of fate, with their anceſtors.

" That

" That tongue of death! that herald of the tomb!
" And when (the ſhelter of thy wing implor'd)
" My *ſenſes*, ſooth'd, ſhall ſink in ſoft repoſe;
" O ſink *this* truth ſtill deeper in my ſoul,
" Suggeſted by my pillow, ſign'd by *Fate*,
" Firſt, in *Fate*'s volume, at the page of *Man*---
" *Man's ſickly ſoul, tho' turn'd and toſs'd for ever,*
" *From ſide to ſide, can reſt on nought but* THEE;
" *Here, in full truſt; Hereafter in full joy.* —
" On THEE, the promis'd, ſure, eternal down
" Of ſpirits, toil'd in travel thro' this vale.
" Nor of *that* pillow ſhall *my* ſoul deſpond;
" For—Love Almighty! Love Almighty! (ſing,
" Exult, creation!) Love Almighty reigns!
" That death of *death!* That cordial of *deſpair!*
" And loud ETERNITY's triumphant ſong!
" Of whom, no more:—For, O thou PATRON-GOD!
" Thou *God*, and *mortal!* thence *more* GOD to man!
" Man's theme eternal! man's eternal theme!
" THOU canſt not 'ſcape *uninjur'd* from our *praiſe*.

Line 2335. ——————*Can reſt on nought but thee.*] David's ſentiments in his addreſſes to the Deity, are expreſſed in a ſimilar ſtile of reſignation. He, as well as Young, learnt in the boſom of adverſity, the all-directing powers and mercy of the Almighty: 'Tis therefore natural that their thoughts ſhould have a reſemblance of fervency and veneration.

Line 2341. *Exult, creation!*——————] There is an evident ſimilarity between this animated exclamation of Young, and that of the angels in Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, on our Saviour's condeſcenſion in the redemption of mankind:

——O unexampled love!
Love no where to be found leſs than divine!
Hail Son of God, Saviour of men!

" Uninjur'd from our praiſe can HE eſcape,
" Who, diſemboſom'd* from the FATHER, bows
" The heav'n of heav'ns, to kiſs the diſtant earth!
" Breathes out in agonies a ſinleſs ſoul!
" Againſt the *croſs*, *death*'s iron ſceptre breaks!
" From famiſh'd *ruin* plucks her human prey!
" Throws wide the gates celeſtial to his *foes!*
" Their *gratitude*, for ſuch a boundleſs debt,
" Deputes their *ſuff'ring brothers* to receive!
" And, if deep human guilt in payment fails;
" As deeper guilt, prohibits our *deſpair!*
" Injoins it, as our duty, to *rejoice!*
" And (to cloſe all), omnipotently kind,
" *Takes his delights among the ſons of men.*"
What words are theſe!—And did they come from Heaven?
And were they ſpoke to man? To guilty man?
What are all myſteries to love like this!
The ſong of angels, all the melodies
Of choral§ gods, are wafted in the ſound;
Heal and exhilarate† the broken heart,
Tho' plung'd, before, in horrors dark as *night:*
Rich prelibation‡ of *conſummate* joy!
Nor wait we diſſolution to be bleſt.

---

* Diſunited from the Godhead by his deſcent on earth.
§ Reſounding in hymns of praiſe.
† Diffuſe joy and comfort. ‡ Anticipated enjoyment.

Line 2350. *The heav'n of heav'ns, to kiſs the diſtant earth!*] The ſublime and pictureſque are here admirably introduced, and the thought completely poetical.

Line 2361. " *Takes his delights among the ſons of men.*"] Proverbs, Chap. VIII. Verſe 4. " Unto you, O men, I call: and my " voice is to the ſons of man."

This

This final effort of the moral muſe,
How juſtly † *titled!* Nor for me alone;
For all that read; what ſpirit of ſupport,
What heights of CONSOLATION, crown my ſong!
Then, farewell NIGHT! Of darkneſs, now, no more:
Joy breaks; ſhines; triumphs; 'tis eternal day.
Shall that which riſes out of *nought* complain
Of a few evils, paid with endleſs joys?
My ſoul! henceforth, in ſweeteſt union join
The two ſupports of human happineſs,
Which ſome, erroneous, think can never meet;
True *taſte of life*, and conſtant *thought of death*;
The *thought* of death, ſole victor of its *dread!*

---

† The Conſolation.

Line 2374. *What heights of Conſolation, crown my ſong!*] After reviewing the neceſſity of a virtuous life, and the rugged paths which lead to it, the ſelf denials, and worldly misfortunes incumbent towards the firm baſis of religious conduct, the author happily introduces the fairer ſide, in regard to our eternal privileges, and the unfading felicities of immortality. Conſolation is ſo neceſſary a cordial in human revolutions, that religion may call it her primary allurement to mankind, and the ever-viſible goal to which a life of virtue aims.

Line 2382. *True taſte of life, and conſtant thought of death.*] However contradictory this union may appear at firſt ſight, it will nevertheleſs, on a nearer view, be much more reconciled with man's preſent nature and happineſs. As in the accumulation of fortune, the paths and gradual advances impreſs as pleaſing an idea (while we confine our reſearches within the bounds of honeſty) as the real attainment of what we ſeek; ſo, in a moral view, by a fixed attention to the bleſſings of futurity, we paſs over the diſcharge of natural and practical virtues, each of which is productive of the other; and in their mutual combination render life ſweet, exclude the bitters of misfortune, by a ſatisfactory reflection of having acted well, and enſure the merits of eternity.

Hope be thy *joy*; and *probity* thy *ſkill*;
Thy *patron*, HE, whoſe diadem has dropp'd
Yon gems of Heav'n; *eternity*, thy *prize*:
And leave the racers of the *world* their own,
Their feather, and their froth, for endleſs toils:
They part with all for that *which is not bread*;
They mortify, they ſtarve, on wealth, fame, power;
And laugh to ſcorn the *fools* that aim at more.
How muſt a ſpirit, late eſcap'd from earth,
Suppoſe PHILANDER's, LUCIA's, or NARCISSA's,
The *truth of things*, new-blazing in its eye,
Look back, aſtoniſh'd, on the ways of men,
Whoſe lives whole driſt is to forget their graves!
And when our *preſent privilege* is paſt,
To ſcourge us with due ſenſe of its *abuſe*,
The *ſame* aſtoniſhment will ſeize us all.
What *then* muſt pain us, would preſerve us *now*.

Line 2387. *And leave the racers of the world their own.*] Theſe moral conſiderations are addreſſed to our rational faculties with more than common energy. Its poetical and inſtructive parts are equally excellent and ingenious. The thought of the Almighty's diadem dropping the gems of heaven, is ſuperior to any idea I have yet met with on the ſubject.

Line 2389. ——————*Which is not bread.*] Alluding to the words of our Saviour, "I am the bread of life."

Line 2400. *What then muſt pain us, would preſerve us now.*] In the moſt trifling circumſtances of life, to which our paſſions are any ways attached, we perceive a ſimilar effect in regard to after reflection. The neceſſity of weighing future advantages is abſolutely proved in the immature and ill ſucceſs our moſt ſanguine purſuits are attended with: Of how unſpeakable a moment muſt it then be to act with caution in affairs on which eternity depends, when deviation not only includes misfortune, but the bitter conſideration of running into wilful error. What will (that is, reflection) pain us, when too late to recall our ſteps, will now, ſince the taſk of living well is hardly begun, make ſure of our claims to felicity.

LORENZO,

LORENZO! 'tis not yet too late: LORENZO!
Seize wiſdom, ere 'tis torment to be wiſe;
That is, ſeize *wiſdom*, ere ſhe ſeizes *thee*.
For, what, my ſmall philoſopher! is *hell?*
'Tis nothing, but full knowlege of *the truth*,
When *truth*, reſiſted long, is ſworn our foe;
And calls ETERNITY to do her right.
Thus, *darkneſs* aiding intellectual light,
And ſacred *ſilence* whiſp'ring truths divine,
And *truths divine* converting pain to peace,
My ſong the midnight raven has outwing'd,
And ſhot, ambitious of unbounded ſcenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
Of *fancy*, when our *hearts* remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatterers, and foes;
'Tis pride, to praiſe her; penance, to perform.
To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,
LORENZO! riſe, at this auſpicious hour;
An hour, when Heav'n's moſt intimate with man;
When, like a falling ſtar, the ray divine
Glides ſwift into the boſom of the *juſt*;
And juſt are all, *determin'd* to reclaim;
Which ſets that title high, within thy reach.

Line 2403. *That is, ſeize wiſdom, ere ſhe ſeizes thee*] The ſentiment is conciſely expreſſed; but, tho' it conveys a poetical, does not, at firſt view, a comprehenſive meaning. In the more enlarged completion of the idea, we perceive the following excellent obſervation: "Practice the leſſons of virtue and religion before a too late conſcientiouſneſs of their neceſſity, proclaims how needful the knowledge of them were to human, or, rather eternal tranquility."

Awake; then: thy PHILANDER calls: awake!
Thou, who ſhalt wake, when the creation ſleeps;
When, like a taper, all theſe ſuns expire;
When TIME, like him of *Gaza* in his wrath*,
Plucking the pillars that ſupport the world,
In NATURE's ample ruins lies entomb'd;
And MIDNIGHT, *univerſal* Midnight! reigns.

---

* Sampſon:—Vide his death in the Book of Judges.

Line 2125. *Awake, then: thy Philander calls: awake!*] Is in a more ſublime and momentous view, what Pope expreſſes at the commencement of his Eſſay on Man:

Awake, my St. John, leave all meaner things
To low, &c. &c.

Line 2426. *Thou, who ſhalt wake, when the creation ſleeps.*] I would recommend the reader to a peruſal of the Evangeliſts, where our Saviour paints the horrors of guilt on the ſolemn view of an approaching judgment.

Line 2431. *And Midnight, univerſal Midnight! reigns.*] The ſublimity and awful addreſs with which this poem is concluded, is infinitely ſuperior to any of the foregoing ſentiments. Young, as he has evidently penned the remainder of the Night-thoughts in a diſguſting languor, revives with inconceivable brilliancy, and, if we can admit puerility and trifling errors in ſo excellent a compoſer, will make amends for many of the preceding baits for ill-natured criticiſm. In ſhort, conſidering that the author has not the advantage of narration, he has ſucceeded far beyond any expectation we could have formed from the nature of the ſubject. He is warm in his deſcriptions, which contain a fund of religion, piety, and morality, not to be met with in any of his contemporaries. Mr. Melmoth's critique is very ingenious, and in general juſt. As private letters to a pupil, his remarks were excellent; but, when intended for the public eye, are by far too ſcrupulouſly ſevere. Horace's ſentiments ſhould be the peculiar maxim of an annotator:

Ubi plura, nitent in carmine
Non ego paucis offendar maculis.

END *of the* Night-Thoughts.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

It must be so .....
Or whence those pleasing hopes, those fond desires,
Those longings after Immortality?
Tis the Divinity that stirs within
Tis heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to Man.

Addisons Cato.

A

POEM

ON THE

LAST DAY,

BY THE LATE

Dr. YOUNG.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

An ARGUMENT to each BOOK, with NOTES and ILLUSTRATIONS,

By W. WARING,

Late of MAGDALEN-COLLEGE, OXFORD.

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MDCCLXXVII.

The ARGUMENT.

BOOK I.

AFTER an alluſion to the accuſtomed ſtrains of his contemporaries, the author enters upon a conciſe review of the momentous ſubject into which he launches.—Conſideration of its ſuperiority to the general ones ſo frequently immortalized.—Poetical invocation.—The neceſſity of man's contemplating the works and wonders of nature.—Their irreſiſtable ſubjection to oblivion and decay.—The preparatory ſcenes of the judgment day.—Salutary excellence of its reflections to man when plunging into an abyſs of vice and miſery.—The allurements of vice compared with the external beauties of a ſerpent.—Trembling adoration of ſinners at the earth's diſſolution.—The fading glories of ſublunary honors when contracted with religion.—Terrors of the world's final cloſe, compared to the effect of mariners in a tempeſt.—Beneficence and placid mercies of the Almighty.—Digreſſion on the piety and miraculous preſervation of Jonah.—A type of our Saviour's reſurrection, exemplified in the ſecond book.

LIANA·BIBLIOTHEQUE

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK I.

Ipſe pater, media nimborum in nocte, coruſca
Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
Terra tremit: fugêre feræ! et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis ſtravit pavor. —— VIRG.

WHILE others ſing the fortune of the Great;
Empire and Arms, and all the pomp of State;
With *Britain*'s Hero * ſet their ſouls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inſpire; 4

* The Duke of Marlborough.

Line 1. *While others ſing the fortune of the great.*] This method of entering on the ſtriking arguments of an author's work, has been almoſt the general plan of ancient and modern writers. An alluſion to the labours or amuſement of the various claſſes of mankind, happily introduces the peculiar employment and bent of our own reſearches. Horace, in his ſecond Epiſtle, has a ſtile of reaſoning which bears an exact affinity to it:

Trojani belli ſcriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, prænestæ relegi
Qui, quid ſit pulchrum——————
——————Niſi quid te detinet, audi.

Line 3. *With Britain's Hero ſet their ſouls on fire.*] Alluding to a work of Addiſon's, on the ſubject of the Duke of Marlborough's Victories, called the Campaign.

I draw a deeper ſcene: a ſcene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan;
Death's antient ſceptre broke, the* teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom.
'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold deſign,
And aſk my anxious heart, if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the ſight of conſcious ſtars or ſun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down
On all the ſplendors of the *Britiſh* crown.

---

* Abundant, fertile, emitting her latent poſſeſſions.

Line 10. *The righteous judge, and man's eternal doom.*] Young has exactly followed the plan of Virgil, in the commencement of his Georgics, both in the delivery of his ſubjects, and the immediate invocation to celeſtial powers:

Quid faciat lætas ſegetes, quo vertere terram
Sidere, Mæcenas——————
————Vos, O clariſſima mundi
Liber & alma Ceres——————

Line 11. *'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold deſign.*] To a mind conſcious of integrity and rectitude, joy muſt be a paſſion inſeparable from the conſideration of felicity's eternal rewards, the purchaſed merits, both of our Saviour's ſufferings, and his own attachments to virtue. By the immediate ſucceſſion of pain, the author implies that aſtoniſhed and trembling contemplation, which muſt be naturally incident to the human mind, when environed by a deſcending Redeemer in all the dazzling glories of celeſtial ſplendor, and the guilty ſinner invoking thoſe rocks to cover him, which, with the falling ſpheres, are melting in the preſence of their God.

This

This globe is for my verſe a narrow bound;
Attend me, all the glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howſoe'er disjoin'd,
Of every various order, place, and kind,
Hear, and aſſiſt, a feeble mortal's lays;
'Tis your *Eternal King* I ſtrive to praiſe.
But chiefly Thou, great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whoſe throne archangels proſtrate fall;
If at thy nod, from diſcord, and from night,
Sprang beauty, and yon ſparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darkneſs of my mind diſpel;
To my great ſubject Thou my breaſt inſpire,
And raiſe my lab'ring ſoul with equal fire.
Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face:

Line 18. *Attend me, all the glorious worlds around!*] On comparing this work with the Night Thoughts, we perceive how injurious the jingle of rhyme is to the clear and expreſſive idea of a poet's ſentiments. The beauty of the thoughts is not only ſullied, but in the ſublime, it inevitably introduces a puerility inconſiſtent with the ſubject.

Line 23. *But chiefly Thou, great Ruler! Lord of all!*]

And chiefly Thou, O Spirit! that doſt prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure.

Milton.

Line 30. *And raiſe my lab'ring ſoul with equal fire.*] As the author of Paradiſe Loſt treats particularly of the fall of man, ſo Young, almoſt with equal ſublimity, paints the ſolemnity and beatific privileges of his reſurrection. The plan, allowing this difference, is nearly the ſame, and introduced with ſimilar poetic images.

Line 31. *Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every grace.*]

Oh Nature! all-ſufficient! over all!
Inrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heav'n; thy rolling wonders there
World beyond world, &c.

Thomſon's Autumn.

See ſpring's gay bloom; ſee golden autumn's ſtore;
See how earth ſmiles, and hear old ocean roar.
Leviathans but heave their cumb'rous mail†,
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies fail.
Here, foreſts riſe, the mountain's awful pride;
Here, rivers meaſure climes, and worlds divide;
There, vallies fraught with gold's reſplendent ſeeds,
Hold king's, and kingdoms fortunes, in their beds:
There, to the ſkies, aſpiring hills aſcend,
And into diſtant lands their ſhades extend.
Views cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See *Europe*'s law, in *Albion*'s channel ride.
View the whole earth's vaſt landſkip unconfin'd,
Or view in *Britain* all her glories join'd.

---

† Scales of a peculiar magnitude.

Line 36. *It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies fail.*] It is unhappy both in regard to the omnipotent and creative powers of the Almighty, as well as the diſcoveries of curious travellers, that mankind are ſo loth to give credit to circumſtances, the probability of which baffles the extent of human conception. Of the wonderful productions of earth (as to magnitude) we are ſtill utterly ignorant, the confines of our native ſpot ſecluding the generality of men from a knowledge of them; but by our affinity and neceſſary connection with the ſeas, it cannot be ſuppoſed we remain intirely unacquainted with their unfathomable offſprings. The want of belief, not of their reality, renders the adoration of their Creator ſo generally cold.

Line 42. *And into diſtant lands their ſhades extend.*] This aſſertion is rather hyberbolical; but in regard to the wonderful works of the Almighty, I think not more ſo than a ſuppoſition entertained by ſome, that the Aurora Borealis proceeds from a reflection of thoſe flames continually exiſting in the torrid zone.

Line 46. *Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.*] Partiality to our native clime is ſo amiable a perſuaſion, that it cannot (while retained within a proper bound) be pronounced a vice. In regard to Britain, our author's declaration is almoſt literally true, excepting the 41ſt and 42d lines.

Then

Then let the firmament thy wonder raiſe;
'Twill raiſe thy wonder, but tranſcend thy praiſe.
How far from eaſt to weſt? The lab'ring eye
Can ſcarce the diſtant azure bounds deſcry:
Wide theatre! where tempeſts play at large,
And God's right-hand can all its wrath diſcharge.
Mark how thoſe radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the ſeaſons, and the year controul:
They ſhine thro' time, with an unalter'd ray:
See This grand period riſe, and That decay:
So *vaſt*, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal ſpace;
So *bright*, with ſuch a wealth of glory ſtor'd,
'Twere ſin in heathens not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how ſacred, all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all muſt drop, as autumn's ſickleſt grain,
And earth and firmament be ſought in vain:

Line 47. *Then let the firmament thy wonder raiſe.*] Pſalm viii. Verſe 3. "When I conſider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the ſtars which thou haſt ordained."

The 19th and 24th Pſalms are alſo replete with ſentiments of ſimilar grandeur and piety, naturally ariſing in breaſts animated with equal veneration.

Line 60. *'Twere ſin in heathens not to have ador'd.*] This, as being a repetition of ſeveral former ideas in the Night Thoughts, needs no comment. What I would obſerve is only this, that it ſtill augments the intellectual faculties and piety of the heathen world, and contraſts them very forcibly with ourſelves.

Line 63. *Yet all muſt drop, as autumn's ſickleſt grain.*]

This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
And all thoſe worlds that roll around the ſun;
The ſun himſelf ſhall die, and ancient night
Again involve the deſolate abyſs,
Till the great, &c. &c. Armſtrong.

The tract* forgot where *conſtellations* ſhone,
Or where the STUARTS fill'd an awful throne:
Time ſhall be ſlain, all *nature* be deſtroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.
Sooner, or later, in ſome future date,
(A dreadful ſecret in the book of fate!)
This hour, for aught all human wiſdom knows,
Or when ten thouſand harveſts more have roſe;
When ſcenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
While other *Bourbons* rule in other lands,
And (if man's ſin forbids not) other ANNES;
While the ſtill buſy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thouſand years before,

---

* Celeſtial path.

Line 69. *Sooner, or later, in ſome future date.*] Has an evident alluſion to the Night Thoughts, Book IX.

At midnight, 'tis preſum'd, this pomp will burſt
From tenfold darkneſs.

Line 76. *And (if man's ſin forbids not) other Annes.*] The compliment is a pleaſing imitation of Horace's Ode to Auguſtus:

Verus in cœlum redeas, diuque
Lætus interſis populo quirini;
Neve te noſtris vitiis iniquum
Ocyor aura
Tollat:———— Line 45.

Line 78. *The paths they trod five thouſand years before.*] This ſentiment was greedily embraced by ancient writers, both moral and poetical, and, conſidering the ideas which they drew from nature, by no means abſurd. Virgil, in his deſcent of Æneas to Hell, has the following lines:

Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,
Lethæum ad flumen deus evocat agmine magno:
Scilicet immemores ſupera ut convexa reviſant,
Rurſus & incipiant in corpora velle reverti.
Book VI. Line 748.

Thoughtleſs

Thoughtleſs as thoſe who *now* life's mazes run,
Of earth diſſolv'd, or an extinguiſh'd ſun;
(Ye ſublunary worlds, awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nation, hear, and ſhake!)
Thick clouds of darkneſs ſhall ariſe on day;
In ſudden night all earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the ſcatter'd foreſts rend;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted ſhore;
A ſanguine* ſtain the ſilver moon o'erſpread;
Darkneſs the circle of the ſun invade;
From inmoſt heav'n inceſſant thunders roll,
And the ſtrong echo bound from pole to pole.
When, lo, a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note; the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation ſhake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

---

* Bloody.

Line 89. *A ſanguine ſtain the ſilver moon o'erſpread.*] Alluding to the prophecy of future judgment in the Evangeliſts. I would recommend the reader to a comparative peruſal of Ogilvie's Day of Judgment, each being explanatory of the other.

Line 93. *When lo, a mighty trump, one half conceal'd.*] Revelation, Chap. XI. Verſe 15. "And the ſeventh angel ſounded, "&c."

Verſe 19. "And the temple of God was opened in heaven, "and there were ſeen in his temple the ark of his teſtament; "and there were lightnings, and voices, and thunderings, and a "great earthquake."

Line 97. *Th' extended circuit of creation ſhake.*] Referring to the miraculous terrors attendant on our Lord's crucifixion.

Oh pow'rful blaſt! to which no equal ſound
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Tho' rival clarions* have been ſtrain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal thro' the ſky,
Tho' God's whole enginery diſcharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.
Have angels ſinn'd? and ſhall not man beware?
How ſhall a ſon of earth decline the ſnare?
Not folded arms, and ſlackneſs of the mind,
Can promiſe for the ſafety of mankind:
None are ſupinely good: thro' care and pain,
And various hearts, the ſteep aſcent we gain.
This is the ſcene of combat, not of reſt,
Man's is laborious happineſs at beſt;
On this ſide death his dangers never ceaſe,
His joys are joys of conqueſt, not of peace.

---

* Trumpets.

Line 101. *Tho' rival clarions have been ſtrain'd on high.*]

——Together ruſh'd,
Both battles main, with ruinous aſſault,
And inextinguiſhable rage: all heav'n
Reſounded; and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre ſhook.

Par. Loſt, Book VI.

Line 109. *None are ſupinely good; thro' care and pain.*]

No man e'er found a happy life by chance.

The veracity of this ſentiment is ſufficiently proved by its neceſſary connection with juſtice and reaſon. To gain immortality by the purſuit of virtue, muſt, in the mind of man, whether prejudiced or impartial, appear the only rational cauſe for its eternal felicity, excluſive of the particular grace which God ſhowers on his elect. Amidſt the general or peculiar temptations of the world, it is evident, ſupineneſs muſt neceſſarily introduce compliance, and from thence undoubtedly ariſes the guilt of human kind.

If then, obſequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human ſtate,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty ſmiles, or grandeur ſpreads her charms,
The conſcious ſoul would *this* great ſcene diſplay,
Call down th' immortal hoſts in dread array,
The *trumpet* ſound, the Chriſtian banner ſpread,
And raiſe from ſilent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impreſſion would the picture make,
No pow'r on earth her firm reſolve could ſhake;
Engag'd with angels ſhe would greatly ſtand,
And look regardleſs down on ſea and land;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could reſtrain,
And death might ſhake his threat'ning lance in vain!
Her certain conqueſt would endear the fight,
And danger ſerve but to exalt delight.
Inſtructed thus to ſhun the fatal ſpring,
Whence flow the terrors of that *day* I ſing;
More boldly we our labours may purſue,
And all the dreadful image ſet to view.

Line 124. *No pow'r on earth her firm reſolve could ſhake.*] Deliberate wickedneſs is of ſo heinous a nature, that we cannot, without much difficulty, believe the poſſible exiſtence of ſuch a crime. When human nature errs, it muſt be at a time in which our allurements are ſo powerful as to eradicate the ideas of heaven and virtue; for, in reaſon, there cannot exiſt a mortal ſo deeply plunged in vice, as to weigh ſeparately the merits of piety and guilt, and calmly to prefer the latter.

Line 130. *And danger ſerve but to exalt delight.*] In human affairs, this has been generally prevalent. The farther we advance into the ſcenes of terror, the greater is our felicity, and meritorious boaſt if we eſcape them. Man, were the path of virtue ſmooth, would be no more than paſſively immortal.

The ſparkling eye, the ſleek and painted breaſt,
The burniſh'd ſcale, curl'd train, and riſing creſt,
All that is lovely in the noxious ſnake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake:
The ſting once drawn, his guiltleſs beauties riſe
In pleaſing luſtre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And ſtrong averſion ſoftens into love.

Say, then, my muſe, whom diſmal ſcenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The laſt extremes of terror and deſpair;
Oh ſay, what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackeſt moment ſince the world began.

Ah mournful turn! the bliſsful earth, who late
At leiſure on her axle roll'd in ſtate;
While thouſand golden planets knew no reſt,
Still onward in their circling journey preſt;
A grateful change of ſeaſons ſome to bring,
And ſweet viciſſitude* of fall and ſpring:
Some thro' vaſt oceans to conduct the keel,
And ſome thoſe watry worlds to ſink, or ſwell:

---

* Regular gradation.

Line 142. *And ſtrong averſion ſoftens into love.*] The ſimilitude is pleaſing, and beautifully expreſſes the fatal conſequence of too fond an indulgence of thoſe pleaſures which, on a diſtant view, have an inviting luſtre and apparent innocence.

Line 143. *Say then, my muſe, whom diſmal ſcenes delight.*] The author cannot be ſuppoſed to addreſs the moon, as the devaſtations he deſcribes deſtroy her exiſtence. It muſt be therefore Urania to whom his invocation is directed. Virgil commences his Æneid in a ſimilar ſtile:

Muſa, mihi cauſas memora, quo numine læſo.

Line 156. *And ſome thoſe watry worlds to ſink, or ſwel..*] The foregoing line evidently alludes to the conſtellations of Caſtor, Pollux, &c. and this, which I have referred to, to the influence of the moon over the tides.

Around

Around her ſome their ſplendors to diſplay,
And gild her globe with tributary day :
This world ſo great, of joy the bright abode,
Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkneſs and deſpair.
No ſun in radiant glory ſhines on high ;
No light, but from the terrors of the ſky :
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers loſt,
And all into a ſecond chaos toſt :
One univerſal ruin ſpreads abroad ;
Nothing is ſafe beneath the throne of God.
Such, earth, thy fate : what then canſt thou afford
To comfort and ſupport thy guilty lord ?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How muſt he bend his ſoul's ambition down ?
Proſtrate, the reptile own, and diſavow
His boaſted ſtature, and aſſuming brow ?

Line 158. *And gild her globe with tributary day.*] A ſoft ſtile of expreſſion, and conciſe beauty of idea, render this line truly poetical. The ſo evident excellence of the thought is even ſuperior to the obnoxious difficulties of rhyme.

Line 161. *Now looks an exile from her father's care.*] Alluding to the revelation of St. John the divine, where the merchants are depictured bewailing the deſtruction of Babylon.

Line 171. *Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon.*] Shakeſpear admirably deſcribes the meanneſs and dependancy of mankind, when conſidered as beings, whoſe exiſtence eternally terminated at the cloſe of ſublunary life :

> Is man no more than this? Conſider him well.
> Thou ow'ſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide,
> The ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume.
> Thou art the thing itſelf;
> Uncommodated man is no more, but ſuch a poor,
> Bareforkʼd animal as thou art.
>
> King Lear.

Claim

Claim kindred with the clay, and curſe his form,
That ſpeaks diſtinction from his ſiſter worm ?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade ?
Lord, why doſt thou forſake, whom thou haſt made ?
Who can ſuſtain thy anger ? who can ſtand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand ?
It flies the reach of thought ; oh ſave me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs ſupreme, in that tremendous hour !
Thou who beneath the frown of fate haſt ſtood,
And in thy dreadful agony ſweat blood ;
Thou, who for me, thro' ev'ry throbbing vein,
Has felt the keeneſt edge of mortal pain ;
Whom death led captive thro' the realms below,
And taught thoſe horrid myſteries of woe ;
Defend me, O my God ! Oh ſave me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs ſupreme, in that tremendous hour !
From eaſt to weſt they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring ſhelter from the wrath divine ;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming ſeas to ſweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compaſſionately deep :
Seas caſt the monſter forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but priſon up for wrath to come.

Line 181. ——————*Oh ſave me pow'r.*] The whole of this review and addreſs is animated with the true ſpirit of forcible argument and critical poetry. The author excells with his uſual ſuperiority in the conſtrained ſentiments of rhymic meaſure.

Line 191. *From eaſt to weſt they fly, from pole to line.*] We meet with a ſtriking picturesque in the view of this confuſed ſcene. It is fatally painted from nature itſelf; and its truths will be too evidently explained at that tremendous day, when man ſhall be viewed in the diſtinguiſhing dreſs of virtue only. The curtain which ſecludes all previous imaginary diſtinctions, cloſes our office of probation, and man is rendered but a ſpirit.

So

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown;
While death ſits threat'ning in his prince's frown,
His heart's diſmay'd; and now his fears command,
To change his native for a diſtant land:
Swift orders fly, the king's ſevere decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the ſea;
The port he ſeeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted ſword.
But why this idle toil to paint *that* day?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the diſtreſs,
The height of eloquence would make it leſs;
Heav'ns! how the *good* man trembles?—
And is there a *Laſt Day?* and muſt there come
A ſure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
Ambition ſwell, and, thy proud ſails to ſhow,
Take all the winds that *vanity* can blow;
Wealth on a golden mountain blazing ſtand,
And reach an *India* forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple cluſters, tempting *vine*,
And thou, more dreadful foe, bright *beauty* ſhine;

Line 215. *And reach an India forth in either hand.*] To a mind, enwrapt wholly in the ſublime and ſalutary contemplation of eternity, temptations are but a ſtronger incentive towards the more ardent purſuit of virtue. Her luſtre ſhines more clearly from the laboured oppoſition of her antagoniſt, and, as it ſhews the conteſt to be of weight, we vote the majority to our moſt deſerving candidate:

Creſcit ſub pondere virtus.

The choice of Hercules is admirably expreſſive of this ſalutary truth.

Shine all; in all your charms together riſe;
That all, in all your charms, I may deſpiſe,
While I mount upward on a ſtrong deſire,
Borne, like *Elijah*, in a car of fire.
In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To ſmile at death! to long to be diſſolv'd!
From our decays a pleaſure to receive!
And kindle into tranſport at a grave!
What equals *this?* And ſhall the victor now
Boaſt the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! Oh thou cherub, heav'nly bright!
Oh joys unmixt, and fathomleſs delight!
Thou, Thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own ſoul.
For ever then, my ſoul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praiſe him more.

Line 228. *Religion! Oh thou cherub, heav'nly bright!*] The ineſtimable felicity of a warm and fervid religion, which is love to God and man, has been beautifully deſcribed by moral authors of every claſs. The benevolent view and placid inſpiration which are painted in poetic addreſſes to religion, are excellently calculated for a pleaſing perſuaſion of her benign protection.

Come then, Religion, holy, heav'n born maid,
Thou ſureſt refuge in our day of trouble,
To thy great guidance, to thy ſtrong protection
I give my child.

Francis' Eugenia.

Line 230. *Thou, thou art all nor find I in the whole.*] A ſimilarity of ſtile and ſentiment is diſperſed throughout ſeveral parts of the Night Thoughts.

Line 232. *For ever then, my ſoul, thy God adore.*] The hymns compoſed for the inſtruction of the Winchester ſcholars, by a late biſhop of that ſee, are admirably penned in the genuine language of piety, and critical excellence of poetry. They are ſomething in the ſtile of Young, and not inferior in merit.

Shall

Shall things inanimate* my conduct blame,
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame?
They all for him pursue, or quit, their end;
The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspend;
In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
To rest and silence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
When darkness round him all her horrors spread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?

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* Unblest with a rational soul.

Line 237. *The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspend.*] Alluding to Shadrach, Meshack, and Abednego, who, contrary to the natural expectation of Nebuchadnezzar, escaped the furnace.

Line 238. *In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand.*] The brief review of this miraculous effect refers to the passage of the children of Israel through the Red Sea, when pursued by Pharaoh:

——But them lets pass
(As on dry land) between two crystal walls;
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided, 'till his rescu'd gain their shore:
Such wond'rous pow'r God to his saint will lend,
Though present in his angel.

Par. Lost, Book XII.

Line 244. *Did not the prophet this great truth maintain.*] Jonah, Chap. II. Verse 6. "I went down to the bottoms of the mountains: the earth with her bars was about me for ever: yet hast thou brought up my life from corruption, O Lord my God!"

When

When now the thunder roars, the light'ning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous riſe;
When now the foaming* ſurges, toſt on high,
Diſcloſe the ſands beneath, and touch the ſky;
When death draws near, the mariners aghaſt,
Look back with terror on their actions paſt;
Their courage ſickens into deep diſmay,
Their hearts, through fear and anguiſh, melt away;
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempeſt can appeaſe;
Now they devote their treaſure to the ſeas;
Unload their ſhatter'd barque, tho' richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but oh, the ſtorm ſo high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.
The trembling prophet then, themſelves to ſave,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he deſcends, and, booming† o'er his head,
The billows cloſe; he's number'd with the dead.

---

* Mountains of agitated waves.

† Ruſhing with rapidity.—A ſhip is ſaid to boom forwards, when ſhe comes with all the ſail ſhe can make.

Line 261. *Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.*] This natural view of the mariner's diſtreſsful ſituation in the tempeſts of the ocean, is admirably deſcriptive both in its images and moral effect. We may look on it as a true emblem of approaching death. All is confuſion. Every nerve and faculty ſtrained to render the moſt acceptable repentance. And yet, when the troubled elements are calm, how ſimilarly compoſed are thoſe of the human mind!

Line 262. *The trembling prophet then, themſelves to ſave.*] Jonah, Chap. I. Verſe 12. "And he ſaid unto them, take me up and "caſt me forth into the ſea."

15. "So they took up Jonah, and caſt him forth into the ſea, "and the ſea ceaſed from her raging."

(Hear, O ye juſt! attend, ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety purſue)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks ſmiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his ſervant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempeſtuous nature ſilent ſtand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a ſoft embrace:
He bridles in the monſters of the deep
The bridled monſters awful diſtance keep:
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltleſs gaze, and round the ſtranger play.
But ſtill ariſe new wonders; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word,
And calls the great leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his ſtate;
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
Makes the ſea ſhake, and heav'n and earth reſound;
Blackens the waters with the riſing ſand,
And drives vaſt billows to the diſtant land.

Line 277. *And guiltleſs gaze, and round the ſtranger play.*] I cannot omit introducing to the reader's view, a ſmall extract from Virgil's ſublime Eclogue, intituled Pollio, as evidently connected with the omnipotent tranquility of nature our author deſcribes:

Ipſæ lacte domum referent diſtenta capellæ
Ubera: nec magnos metuent armenta leones.
Ipſa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.
Occidet & ſerpens, & fallax herba veneni
Occidet. Aſſyrium vulgo naſcetur amomum.

Line 21.

When now the thunder roars, the light'ning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous riſe;
When now the foaming* ſurges, toſt on high,
Diſcloſe the ſands beneath, and touch the ſky;
When death draws near, the mariners aghaſt,
Look back with terror on their actions paſt;
Their courage ſickens into deep diſmay,
Their hearts, through fear and anguiſh, melt away;
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempeſt can appeaſe;
Now they devote their treaſure to the ſeas;
Unload their ſhatter'd barque, tho' richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but oh, the ſtorm ſo high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.
The trembling prophet then, themſelves to ſave,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
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† Ruſhing with rapidity.—A ſhip is ſaid to boom forwards, when ſhe comes with all the ſail ſhe can make.

Line 261. *Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.*] This natural view of the mariner's diſtreſsful ſituation in the tempeſts of the ocean, is admirably deſcriptive both in its images and moral effect. We may look on it as a true emblem of approaching death. All is confuſion. Every nerve and faculty ſtrained to render the moſt acceptable repentance. And yet, when the troubled elements are calm, how ſimilarly compoſed are thoſe of the human mind!

Line 262. *The trembling prophet then, themſelves to ſave.*] Jonah, Chap. I. Verſe 12. "And he ſaid unto them, take me up and "caſt me forth into the ſea."

15. "So they took up Jonah, and caſt him forth into the ſea, "and the ſea ceaſed from her raging."

(Hear,

(Hear, O ye juſt! attend, ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety purſue)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks ſmiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his ſervant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempeſtuous nature ſilent ſtand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a ſoft embrace:
He bridles in the monſters of the deep
The bridled monſters awful diſtance keep:
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltleſs gaze, and round the ſtranger play.
  But ſtill ariſe new wonders; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word,
And calls the great leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his ſtate;
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
Makes the ſea ſhake, and heav'n and earth reſound;
Blackens the waters with the riſing ſand,
And drives vaſt billows to the diſtant land.

Line 277. *And guiltleſs gaze, and round the ſtranger play.*] I cannot omit introducing to the reader's view, a ſmall extract from Virgil's ſublime Eclogue, intituled Pollio, as evidently connected with the omnipotent tranquility of nature our author deſcribes:

Ipſæ lacte domum referent diſtenta capellæ
Ubera: nec magnos metuent armenta leones.
Ipſa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.
Occidet & ſerpens, & fallax herba veneni
Occidet. Aſſyrium vulgo naſcetur amomum.

Line 21.

As yawns an earthquake, when impriſon'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous ſize;
The prophet views the cavern with ſurprize;
Meaſures his monſtrous teeth, afar deſcry'd,
And rolls his wond'ring eyes from ſide to ſide:
Then takes poſſeſſion of the ſpacious ſeat,
And ſails ſecure within the dark retreat.
Now is he pleas'd the northern blaſt to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear;
Or falls immers'd* into the depths below,
Where the dead ſilent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the ſhelving mountain's dreadful ſhade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides ſerenely thro' the paths of death.
Two wond'rous days and nights thro' coral groves,
Thro' labyrinths of rocks and ſands, he roves:
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,

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* Deeply plunged.

Line 293. *And ſails ſecure within the dark retreat.*] The poetic embelliſhments are inimitably ſublime, and have a pleaſing flow which renders their magnificence ſuperior to criticiſm.

Jonah, Chap. I. Verſe 17. "Now the Lord had prepared a "great fiſh to ſwallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly "of the fiſh three days and three nights."

It ſees the king of waters riſe and pour
His ſacred gueſt un-injur'd on the ſhore:
A type of that great bleſſing, which the muſe
In her next labour ardently purſues.

Line 307. *His ſacred gueſt un-injur'd on the ſhore.*] Chap. II. Verſe 10. "And the Lord ſpake unto the fiſh, and it vomited "out Jonah upon the dry land."

The poetical parts of this compoſition are, I think, ſuperior in the warmth of their colouring to thoſe of the Night Thoughts. We muſt account for it from the nature of the ſubject being more elevated and pictureſque in its views than that of the latter, and leſs interwoven with ſolemn and moral doctrines.

The ARGUMENT.

BOOK II.

VIEW of man, as iſſuing from the oblivion of death and the tomb.—The author briefly alludes to the nature of his ſtrain and ſubject.—General reſurrection, and union of parts, however diſperſed.—Reference to the ſeparation of the head, and body of Pompey.—Similitude to a ſwarm of bees.—Review of the ſoul initiated into the poſſeſſion of immortality.—Man univerſally ſcattered throughout each element, renders each ſpot the receptacle of his duſt.—The variety of paſſions actuated in the reſurrection of mankind.—United complacency of varying ſects, conjoined in the love and adoration of their redeemer.—The excellence of benevolence and chriſtianity.—Man's neceſſary but unequal gratitude.—Exile of poetic machinery and fiction, each vain in deſcribing the deſcent of the eternal.—General ſalutation of the members of every æra.—The boaſted multitudes in preſent exiſtence, loſt in the view of univerſal concourſe.—Momentous introduction of Judgment.—View of God the Son exalted in all the ſplendors of heaven, ſupported by virtue, dominion, praiſe, and omnipotence.—Alluſion to the impiety of Caiaphas.—The author concludes with a pious and ſublime addreſs to the Almighty, for the guardian direction of his holy ſpirit.

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK II.

———Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν ἐς φάος ἐλθεῖν.
Λείψαν ἀποιχομένων· ὀπίσω δὲ θεοὶ τελέθουσι.
PHOCYL.

i. e.

———*We hope, that the departed will riſe again from the duſt: after which, like the gods, they will be immortal.*

NOW Man awakes, and from his ſilent bed,
Where he has ſlept for ages, lifts his head;
Shakes off the ſlumber of ten thouſand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears. 4

Line 1. *Now Man awakes, and from his ſilent bed.*] At the concluſion of the preceding book, we find the continuation of Jonah in the belly of the whale, depictured (as repreſented in the ſcriptures) as an alluſion to our Saviour's three days inanimate ſtate previous to his reſurrection. The ſecond book commencing in a very poetical and deſcriptive manner, riſing gradually with man's regular egreſſion from the boſom of the earth.

Whate'er the bold, the raſh, adventure coſt,
In wide ETERNITY I dare be loſt.
The muſe is wont in narrow bounds to ſing,
To *teach the ſwain*, or *celebrate the king*.
I graſp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and ſing to *human kind:*
I ſing to men and angels; angels join,
While ſuch the theme, their ſacred ſongs with mine.
Again the trumpet's intermitted* ſound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An univerſal concourſe to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air:
In ſome wide field, which active whirlwinds ſweep,
Drives cities, foreſts, mountains, to the deep,
To ſmooth and lengthen out th'unbounded ſpace,
And ſpread an area for all human race.
Now monuments prove faithful to their truſt,
And render back their long committed duſt.

---

* Alternately ſounding.

Line 5. *Whate'er the bold, the raſh adventure coſt.*] Horace, after introducing one of his odes with

Pindarum quiſquis ſtudet æmulari
Jule, ceratis ope Dædalea
Nititur pennis———

Purſues his compliments with a thought not greatly diſſimilar to Young's:

Tum meæ, ſi quid loquar audiendum
Vocis accedet bona pars.———

Line 21. *Now monuments prove faithful to their truſt.*] Ogilvie's Day of Judgment contains a ſtile and turn of thought exactly reſembling the ſentiments painted by our author:

Rous'd from their ſleep unnumber'd myriads come,
All wak'd at once, and burſt the yielding tomb;
O'er the broad deep the looſen'd members ſwim,
Each ſweeping whirlwind bore the flying limb.

Now

Now charnels rattle; ſcatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obſequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The diſtant head; the diſtant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, ſee thro' the duſky ſky
Fragments of bodies in confuſion fly,
To diſtant regions journeying, there to claim
Deſerted members, and compleat the frame.
When the world bow'd to *Rome*'s almighty ſword,
Rome bow'd to POMPEY, and confeſs'd her lord.
Yet one day loſt, this deity below
Became the ſcorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's ſacrifice was made,
And ſmok'd indignant† on a ruffian's blade.

---

† With an apparent mixture of anger and diſdain.

Line 24. *The various bones, obſequious to the call.*]

——And now, in fairer proſpect ſhown,
Limb clung to limb, and bone rejoin'd its bone;
Here ſtood improv'd in ſtrength, the graceful frame
There flow'd, &c. &c.

Ogilvie.

Line 27. ——————*See thro' the duſky ſky.*]

The living atoms with peculiar care,
Drawn from their cells, came ſpeeding thro' the air;
Whether they lurk'd thro' ages undecay'd,
Deep in the rock, or cloth'd ſome ſmiling mead.

Ogilvie.

Line 31. *When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty ſword.*] This digreſſion on the united dominion and ſubjection of Rome, is a digreſſion entirely needleſs and unpoetical; as its contents have an alluſion to Pompey's death only, not the ſtate and peculiarity of his reſurrection.

Line 35. *His blood a traitor's ſacrifice was made.*] Cneius Pompeius, called, by Sylla, Magnus, was a valiant commander of the Romans, but at laſt overcome by Cæſar, and ſlain in his flight to Egypt. Himſelf, with Julius and Anthony, divided the known univerſe between them, which union, the death of the one, and conqueſt of the other, entirely diſcompoſed.

No

No trumpet's ſound, no gaſping armie's yell,
Bid, with due horror, his great ſoul farewel.
Obſcure his fall! all welt'ring in his gore,
His trunk was caſt to periſh on the ſhore!
While JULIUS frown'd the bloody monſter dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This ſever'd head and trunk ſhall join once more,
Tho' realms now riſe between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's ſound each fragment moat ſhall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the ſignal wafted in the wind,
And not one ſleeping atom lag behind.
So ſwarming bees, that on a ſummer's day
In airy rings, and wild meanders* play,
Charm'd with the brazen ſound, their wand'rings end,
And, gently circling, on a bough deſcend.
The body thus renew'd, the conſcious ſoul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
Or midſt the burning planets wond'ring ſtray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpſe was laid;

Or

---

* Variety of forms acting in an inter-union.

Line 49. *So ſwarming bees, that on a ſummer's day.*] The ſimile is pleaſingly introduced, but in ſome reſpects derogatory of the dignity which is adequate to a deſcription of the general reſurrection. The placid flow of its beauties, however, with the natural luſtre of its colouring, makes a ſufficient amends for the errors picked out by criticiſm.

Line 54. *Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole.*]

Nulli certa domus, lucis habitamus opacis
Riparumque toros, & prata recentia rivis
Incolimus.———

Virgil's Æneid, Book VI. Line 673.

Line 56. *Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpſe was laid.*] The ancients entertained an idea, that unleſs the bodies of the dead were

Or rather'd coaſted on her final ſtate,
And fear'd or wiſh'd for, her appointed fate:
This ſoul, returning with a conſtant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, ſo high is wound,
The ſprings maintain an everlaſting round.
Thus a frail model of the work deſign'd
Firſt takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the ſtructure firm with laſting oak,
And marble bowels of the ſolid rock,
Turns the ſtrong arch, and bids the columns riſe,
And bear the lofty palace to the ſkies;
The wrongs of time enabled to ſurpaſs,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of braſs.
That ancient, ſacred, and illuſtrious * dome,
Where ſoon or late fair *Albion*'s heroes come,
From camps, and courts, tho' great, or wiſe, or juſt,
To feed the worm, and moulder into duſt;
That ſolemn manſion of the royal dead,
Where paſſing ſlaves o'er ſleeping monarchs tread,

---

were interred, their ſouls wander'd throughout the earth, tortur'd and miſerable, incapable of enjoying preſent or eternal felicity. Palinurus, who was drown'd in his paſſage with Æneas, is again introduced addreſſing that leader in the 6th book of the Æneid:

Eripe me his, invicte, malis; aut tu mihi terram
Injice, namque potes.——————

Line 62. *The ſprings maintain an everlaſting round.*] The alluſion is puerile, and tho' its congruity may be exact in all its parts, ſtrikes us not either with the poetry or reaſon of the ſimilitude.

Line 63. *Thus a frail model of the work deſign'd.*] There is a certain eaſe of verſification diſperſed throughout the images which this compariſon contains; but as to the propriety of the main argument, or rational comprehenſibility of its introduction, I cannot launch out into many favourable encomiums.

* Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Now

Now populous o'erflows: a num'rous race
Of riſing kings fill all th' extended ſpace:
A life well ſpent, not the victorious ſword,
Awards the crown, and ſtiles the greater lord.
Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
Labours with man to this his ſecond birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp ariſe,
And gilded theatres invade the ſkies,
Nations ſhall wake, whoſe unreſpected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious ſons.
The moſt magnificent and coſtly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No ſpot on earth, but has ſupply'd a grave,
And human ſkulls the ſpacious ocean pave.
All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn,
The ſwarm ſhall iſſue, and the hive ſhall burn.
Not all at once, nor in like manner, riſe:
Some lift with pain their ſlow unwilling eyes:
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bleſs the grave, and call for laſting night.

Line 91. *All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn.*] From the remote period of the world's firſt origin from chaos, the gradual increaſe and unfathomable extent of its inhabitants, this is not only a poſſible, but an indubitable truth. Nice calculators have, and will reduce it to the cleareſt certainty; but as Young treats of it in its moral influence only, it is needleſs to examine it in a more critical ſenſe. The reader muſt perceive a natural reflection ariſe from the due conſideration of this aſſertion, which enforces the neceſſity, as well as the dignity of immortal exiſtence, with the moſt ſtriking arguments.

Others,

Others, whoſe long-attempted virtue ſtood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the ruſhing flood,
Whoſe firm reſolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their poſture frown;
Such, in this day of horrors, ſhall be ſeen
To face the thunders with a godlike mein;
The planets drop, their thoughts are fixt above;
The centre ſhakes, their hearts diſdain to move:
An earth diſſolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends on every ſide,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bleſs the dawn of everlaſting day.
Here *greatneſs* proſtrate falls; there *ſtrength* gives place;
Here, *lazars** ſmile; there, beauty hides her face.

---

* Pilgrims worn out with years and infirmity.

Line 97. *Others, whoſe long attempted virtue ſtood.*] Seneca, on the ſubject of Divine Providence, admirably deſcribes the unſhaken fortitude of Cato in theſe bold and elevated ſentiments. "Behold a fight worthy for the God of heaven to look down on, "tho' buſied in his eternal works! [Behold dignity equal to the "divine attributes of deities, fortitude unmoved by the calamities of misfortune. I perceive not, continues he, what greater "ſublimity Jupiter can behold throughout the world, if willing "to regard a mortal being, than Cato, boldly courageous amidſt "the public ruin, amidſt the frequent ill ſucceſſes of his friends!"

Line 99. *Whoſe firm reſolve, nor beauty could melt down.*] As Young had previouſly reviewed the neceſſary and certain path to immortality in the Night Thoughts, he now crowns the preceding labours with their wiſhed felicity. This and the foregoing lines ſeem evidently to be the completion of a ſentiment in the 8th or 9th book:

The low, the lofty, joyous, and ſevere,
Fortunes dread frowns, and faſcinating ſmiles,
Make one promiſcuous and neglected heap;
The man beneath, if I may call him man,
Whom immortality's full force inſpires.

Chriſtians,

Chriſtians, and *Jews*, and *Turks*, and *Pagans* ſtand,
A blended throng, one indiſtinguiſh'd band.
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their diſtinct perſuations fir'd,
In mutual friendſhip their long ſlumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are fluſh'd with brighter joy, or, warm
With juſter confidence, enjoy the ſtorm,
Than thoſe, whoſe pious bounties, unconfin'd,
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illuſtrious rank, what ſhining light
With ſuch diſtinguiſh'd glory fills my ſight?
Bend down, my grateful muſe, that homage ſhow,
Which to ſuch worthies thou art proud to owe.

Line 116. *And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.*] This ſentiment is beyond deſcription beautiful. Founded on the pureſt benevolence, it breathes forth the dictates of the moſt chriſtian doctrine, and points out the moral ſublimity of his ideas. How contrary are the prepoſſeſſed and partial judgments (if they deſerve ſo fair a name) of thoſe who found ſalvation on an adherence to one perſuaſion, and, in oppoſition to St. Paul, make God not only a reſpecter of perſons, but even of uſeleſs controverſy.

Line 119. *Than thoſe, whoſe pious bounties, unconfin'd.*] The truly pious and ſublime author of the Seaſons, has a ſimilar and excellently penned digreſſion on the ſubject of benevolence, which highly merits a brief inſertion. It will, at the ſame time, plead ſtrongly in favour of its compoſer, and place in a clearer view the elegant ſentiments of Young:

> And here can I forget the generous band,
> Who, touch'd with human woe, redreſſive ſearch'd
> Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
> Unpity'd and unheard, where miſ'ry moans;
> Where ſickneſs pines, &c. &c.
> O great deſign! if executed well,
> With patient care, and wiſdom-temper'd zeal.
>
> Winter.

WICKHAM! FOX! CHICHLEY! hail, illuſtrious* names,
Who to far diſtant times diſpenſe your beams;
Beneath your ſhades, and near your chryſtal ſprings,
I firſt preſum'd to touch the trembling ſtrings.
All hail, thrice honour'd! 'Twas your great renown
To bleſs a people, and oblige a crown.
And now you riſe, eternally to ſhine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.
Indulgent God! Oh how ſhall mortal raiſe
His ſoul to due returns of grateful praiſe,
For bounty ſo profuſe‡ to human kind,
Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who, ſome few years ago, was leſs
Than worm, or mite, or ſhadow can expreſs,
Was Nothing; ſhall I live, when ev'ry fire
And ev'ry ſtar ſhall languiſh and expire?

---

* Founders of New-College, Corpus Chriſti, and All-Souls, in Oxford; of all which the author was a member.

‡ Beneficent, laviſh.

Line 132. *Eternally to drink the rays divine.*] Severe ſcrutiny and criticiſm will perceive a kind of falling off at the concluſion of this compliment; not in regard to the ſentiments, as they evidently riſe, but in the turn of expreſſion and verſification. The obliging a crown, and drinking eternally the rays divine, are but a lame explanation of good ideas.

Line 133. *Indulgent God! Oh how ſhall mortal raiſe.*] Adam's enraptured exclamations, on being made acquainted with the felicity of eternal exiſtence by Michael, has a natural ſimilarity:

O goodneſs infinite! Goodneſs immenſe!
That all this good of evil ſhall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Than that, which by creation firſt brought forth
Light out of darkneſs.———

Par. Loſt, Book XII.

Chriſtians, and *Jews*, and *Turks*, and *Pagans* ſtand,
A blended throng, one indiſtinguiſh'd band.
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their diſtinct perſuations fir'd,
In mutual friendſhip their long ſlumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are fluſh'd with brighter joy, or, warm
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Beneath your ſhades, and near your chryſtal ſprings,
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All hail, thrice honour'd! 'Twas your great renown
To bleſs a people, and oblige a crown.
And now you riſe, eternally to ſhine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.
Indulgent God! Oh how ſhall mortal raiſe
His ſoul to due returns of grateful praiſe,
For bounty ſo profuſe‡ to human kind,
Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal mind?
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Was Nothing; ſhall I live, when ev'ry fire
And ev'ry ſtar ſhall languiſh and expire?

---

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‡ Beneficent, laviſh.

Line 132. *Eternally to drink the rays divine.*] Severe ſcrutiny and criticiſm will perceive a kind of falling off at the concluſion of this compliment; not in regard to the ſentiments, as they evidently riſe, but in the turn of expreſſion and verſification. The obliging a crown, and drinking eternally the rays divine, are but a lame explanation of good ideas.

Line 133. *Indulgent God! Oh how ſhall mortal raiſe.*] Adam's enraptured exclamations, on being made acquainted with the felicity of eternal exiſtence by Michael, has a natural ſimilarity:

> O goodneſs infinite! Goodneſs immenſe!
> That all this good of evil ſhall produce,
> And evil turn to good; more wonderful
> Than that, which by creation firſt brought forth
> Light out of darkneſs.———

Par. Loſt, Book XII.

When earth's no more, ſhall I ſurvive above,
And thro' the radient files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I ſtand,
See new worlds rolling from His ſpacious hand,
Where our adventures ſhall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how MICHAEL ſung or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of *Love divine!*
But oh! before this bliſsful ſtate, before
Th' aſpiring ſoul this wond'rous height can ſoar,
The Judge, deſcending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is ſummon'd to the Bar.
This mighty ſcene I next preſume to draw:
Attend, great ANNA, with religious awe.
Expect not here the known ſucceſsful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts:
Fiction, be far away; let no machine
Deſcending here, no fabled God, be ſeen;
Behold the God of *Gods* indeed deſcend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!
Lo! the wide theatre, whoſe ample ſpace
Muſt entertain the whole of human race,
At heav'n's all-pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:

Line 157. *Fiction, be far away; let no machine.*] The language is poetically animated, and beautifully expreſſive of the dignity and natural embelliſhments inſeparably connected with ſo momentous a ſubject. As it awakens the reader's attention by its diſtinguiſhing plan from that of poetical writers in general, ſo it is a forcible and perſuaſive introduction to the ſublime morality of its contents.

And

And ev'ry age, and nation, pours along;
NIMROD and BOURBON mingle in the throng:
ADAM ſalutes his youngeſt ſon; no ſign
Of all thoſe ages, which their births disjoin.
How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart?
What volumes have been ſwell'd, what time been ſpent,
To fix a hero's birth day, or deſcent?
What joy muſt it now yield, what rapture raiſe,
To ſee the glorious race of antient days?
To greet thoſe worthies, who perhaps have ſtood
Illuſtrious on record before the flood?
Alas! a nearer care your ſoul demands.
CÆSAR un-noted in your preſence ſtands.

Line 170. *Of all thoſe ages, which their births disjoin.*] The univerſal re-exiſtence of mankind, and the diſparity of the æra's in which they flouriſhed, add a luſtre of benevolence to the ſerious reflection of a reſurrection. The ſatisfactory and rational idea ſuch a belief impreſſes, conveys a more ſublime magnificence than that of ancient philoſophy, at a time when it was received as a general opinion, that the introduction of ſouls into the elyſian fields, was gradually regular, and dependant on the period that terminated their exiſtence on earth.

Line 177. *To greet thoſe worthies, who perhaps have ſtood.*] Virgil, in the 6th book of his Æneid, deſcribes Æneas mutually embracing (if ſuch a term may be conſiſtent with ſhadows) the departed heroes ſlain in the Trojan war. From thence, we may deduce this moral certainty, that omitting the lights conveyed to us from Revelation, the ancients entertained ſyſtems and opinions nearly ſimilar, and full as reaſonable as thoſe of a later date.

Line 180. *Cæſar un-noted in your preſence ſtands.*] The conſideration of man's imperceptible minuteneſs, even conſidered as an emperor, at that moment when almoſt every particle of duſt ſhall receive animation, muſt operate ſtrongly in favour of virtue. "Cæſar un-noted" conveys a more weighty reflection than "Cæſar condemned;" for even in futurity, ſuppoſing the paſſions to act with their uſual force, contempt muſt actuate on the haughty mind more feelingly than malevolence or condemnation.

How

How vaſt the concourſe! not in number more
The waves that break on the reſounding ſhore,
The leaves that tremble in the ſhady grove,
The lamps that gild the ſpangled vaults above:
Thoſe overwhelming armies, whoſe command
Said to one empire, *Fall*; another *Stand:*
Whoſe rear* lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rouz'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
Great XERXES' world in arms, proud *Cannæ*'s field,
Where *Carthage* taught victorious *Rome* to yield,
(Another blow had broke the fates decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)

---

* The extent of whoſe army was ſo great, that while the front was ſo ſituated as to receive the light of the ſun, the ſkirts and rear were abſolutely in a contrary region of the earth, and involved in darkneſs.

Line 182. *The waves that break on the reſounding ſhore.*] The ſimile is an imitation of Homer's alluſion, when he deſcribes the numbers and arrangement of the Greeks.

Line 187. *Whoſe rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn.*] A boldneſs of imagination, and happy introduction of ſentiment, palliate (if even in ſeverity it needs palliation) the extraordinary rhetorical hyperbole of this flight of fancy. Hiſtory aſſures us, that the forces of Xerxes were really innumerable, ſo that a little embelliſhment is but poetical. Virgil takes the ſame liberty in his alluſion to a deeply-rooted oak:

Ipſa hæret ſcopulis; et quantum vertice ad auras
Æthereas, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.

Book IV. Line 445.

Line 189. *Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field.*] Xerxes was the ſon of Darius, king of the Perſians; he waged war with the Greeks, and manned ſo numerous a fleet, that they entirely covered the Helleſpont. He was conquered at Salamis and Thermopylæ.

Line 190. *Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield.*] Annibal defeated the Romans at Cannæ, after having paſſed into Italy over the Alps, forcing his way by means of fire and vinegar.

Immortal

Immortal *Blenheim*, fam'd *Ramillia*'s hoſt,
They All are here, and here they All are loſt:
Their millions ſwell to be diſcern'd in vain,
Loſt as a billow in th' unbounded main.
This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
For judgment, judgment, ſons of men, prepare!
Earth ſhakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
And hell through all her trembling realms reſound.
Whoe'er thou art, thou greateſt pow'r of earth,
Bleſt with moſt equal planets at thy birth;
Whoſe valour drew the moſt ſucceſsful ſword,
Moſt realms united in one common lord;
Who, on the day of triumph, ſaidſt, Be thine
The ſkies, JEHOVAH, all this world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas! my muſe,
How art thou loſt? what numbers canſt thou chuſe?
A ſudden bluſh inflames the waving ſky,
And now the crimſon curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'n's great Sov'reign reigns in worlds of light
Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works ſurvey,

Line 193. *Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's hoſt.*] The ſeat of war, during the reign of queen Anne, when the Engliſh were headed by the duke of Marlborough.

Line 201. *Whoe'er thou art, thou greateſt pow'r of earth.*] A natural ſolemnity ariſing from the awful dignity of the ſubject, ſtrikingly introduces this excellently penned addreſs. The ſentiments it contains are warm, and animated with the genuine effuſions of reverential piety. Man, conſidered as exiſting to the attainment of ſuperior felicity, acts a vain and irreligious part in a too exalted confidence in human grandeur.

Creates, ſupports, confounds! Where *time*, and *place*,
Matter, and *form*, and *fortune*, *life*, and *grace*,
Wait humbly at the footſtool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-ſuſpended ball
(Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.
Thence iſſuing I behold (but mortal ſight
Suſtains not ſuch a ruſhing ſea of light!)
I ſee, on an empyreal* flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heav'n's everlaſting Son;
Crown'd with that majeſty, which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, *dominion*, *praiſe*, *omnipotence*,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone†, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac‡, winds its light.

---

* Reſplendent with flames. † A girdle.

‡ Broad circle, whoſe middle is the ecliptic, comprehending the excurſion of the ſun and planets.

Line 228. *And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.*] Alluding to the viſion of St. John. Revelation, Chap. XX. Verſe 2. "And he laid hold on the dragon, the old ſerpent, which is the "devil and Satan, and bound him for a thouſand years."

Verſe 3. "And caſt him into the bottomleſs pit, and ſhut "him up, &c. &c."

Line 231. *A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright.*] Milton's deſcription of the perſon, and attendants of our Saviour, is, I think, more ſublime:

Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majeſty divine; ſapience and love
Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhone.
About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd;
Cherub, and ſeraph, potentates and thrones,
And virtues, wing'd ſpirits, and chariots wing'd
From the armory of God. Book VII.

Night

Night ſhades the ſolemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er ſerene, he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradiſe:
But if reſentment reddens their mild beams,
The *Eden* kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, *knowledge* ſhines in pureſt light;
On one, the ſword of *juſtice*, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in ſport, preſent the reed;
Now tell the ſcourg'd Impoſtor he ſhall bleed!
Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n, the ſource
Of life and death eternal bends his courſe;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelic hoſt is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the ſtring, ſome ſtrike the ſounding ſhell,
And mingling voices in rich concert ſwell;
Voices ſeraphic; bleſt with ſuch a ſtrain,
Could *Satan* hear, he were a god again.
Triumphant King of GLORY! Soul of Bliſs!
What a ſtupendous turn of fate is this?

Line 242. *Now tell the ſcourg'd Impoſtor he ſhall bleed!*] Retorting arguments have ever that ſevere force which is incapable of being ſucceſsfully reſiſted. We meet with ſimilar arguments in the hiſtory of our Saviour's life and ſufferings, where he foretells to the Jews, "That they ſhall ſee the Son of Man deſcending "in the clouds of heaven," a warning, to which, through wilful blindneſs, they give not even an impartial attention.

Line 250. *Could Satan hear, he were a god again.*] The author, in a former line, obſerves, that from the reſounding thunders preparatory to the judgment, earth ſhook, and hell re-echoed. We muſt therefore, from ſuch an aſſertion, be led to imagine, that Satan might have the power of hearing the celeſtial melody, unleſs we admit his being "flaming downward hurl'd," a cauſe of the contrary effect. The moral reaſoning is excellent, tho' the material may be counted erroneous.

O!

O! whither art thou rais'd above the ſcorn
And indigence of *him* in *Bethlem* born;
A needleſs, helpleſs, unaccounted, gueſt,
And but a ſecond to the fodder'd beaſt?
How chang'd from *him*, who meekly proſtrate laid,
Vouchſaf'd to waſh the feet himſelf had made?
From *him* who was betray'd, forſook, deny'd,
Wept, languiſh'd, pray'd, bled, thirſted, groan'd, and
Hung pierc'd and bare, inſulted by the foe, [dy'd;
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?
And was't enough to bid the Sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I ſee, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vaniſh'd,—I am wholly thine.
Miſtaken CAIAPHAS*! Ah! which blaſphem'd;
Thou, or thy Pris'ner? which ſhall be condemn'd?
Well might'ſt thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'Tis wond'rous all! Ev'n He
Thou gav'ſt to death, ſhame, torture, dy'd for Thee.
Now the deſcending triumph ſtops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.

---

* An aſſiſtant with Pilate in the condemnation of our Saviour.

Line 262. *All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?*] The brief review of our Saviour's life and actions is admirably picturesque and conciſe. Each ſeveral emblem of his humility and ſufferings is introduced, and the reflections deduced from it excellent, both as moral and poetical.

There all the clouds condens'd*, two columns raiſe
Diſtinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in ſea, and round
Its ample foot the ſwelling billows ſound.
Theſe an immeaſurable arch ſupport,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the pureſt ſky,
Stream from the chryſtal arch, and round the columns fly.
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the baſis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.
Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the ſun burns beneath his awful feet.
Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his ſilver ſtaff of wond'rous height,
Unfurls the *Chriſtian* flag, which waving flies,
And ſhuts and opens more than half the ſkies:
The Croſs ſo ſtrong a red, it ſheds a ſtain,
Where-e'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main;
Flufhes the hill, and ſets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

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* Embodied in union.

Line 275. *There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raiſe.*] In colouring, the author is critically deſcriptive, and in his moral reaſonings, truly exalted; and yet there is a ſomething deficient in regard to magnificence, that perſuades us the views of eternity are neither within conception or deſcription. Such has been the error of the moſt inimitable of authors, if it can be ſtiled an error; and ſuch muſt be the inevitable proof, that celeſtial grandeur is far beyond the reach of man.

Line 288. *And the ſun burns beneath his awful feet.*] There is a majeſty of deſcription contained in this idea, which conveys a pleaſing luſtre to the ſentiments connected with it.

Oh

Oh formidable GLORY! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty ſight.
Ah turn, unwary muſe, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not, (to make the *Sun* ſhrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wiſh it all a dream;
Wiſh, or their ſouls may with their limbs decay,
Or GOD be ſpoil'd of his eternal ſway.
But rather, if thou know'ſt the means, unfold
How they with tranſport might the ſcene behold.
Ah how! but by Repentance, by a mind
Quick, and ſevere its own offence to find?

Line 302. *Dare not affirm, they wiſh it all a dream.*] Amidſt the tranquility of grandeur and fortune, we may, by a varied roll of pleaſures, be in general deafened to the voice of conſcience, and caſt a willing oblivion over our unfortunate deviations from virtue; but when the fatal moment of unforced recollection intrudes itſelf on our view, the gloomy horrors naturally incident to the commiſſion of vice, redouble their influence, from our previous palliation, and neglect of them. The man, whoſe life has been a ſcene of wantonneſs and irregularity, muſt indubitably have faſhioned his mind by a preceding and preparatory ſyſtem of future inanimation. It is not therefore to be wondered at, if on the terrific and ſublime appearance of the Son of Man, his former impiety ſhould ruſh to his unwilling reflection; and urge him (as the only remaining reſource) to wiſh the probability of what he fears to believe.

Line 307. *Ah how! but by Repentance, by a mind.*] One of the enforcing arguments which our Saviour introduces as a favourable defence, and incitement to repentance, is the appropinquity of the day of judgment. Conſcious of man's depravity, and unexpecting ſuch a ſacrifice from the effuſions of gratitude only, our Lord ſtrengthens his admonition with reflecting on the cloſe connection it maintained with their felicity; urging, that at leaſt, on the doctrine of ſelf-preſervation, they would eraſe their former miſconducts. "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven "is at hand."

By

By tears, and groans, and never-ceaſing care,
And all the pious violence of Pray'r?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I caſt my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the ſkies ſurround,
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.
" O Thou! whoſe balance does the mountains weigh,
" Whoſe will the wild tumultuous ſeas obey,
" Whoſe breath can turn thoſe watry worlds to flame,
" That flame to tempeſt, and that tempeſt tame;
" Earth's meaneſt ſon, all trembling, proſtrate falls,
" And on the boundleſs of thy goodneſs calls,
" Oh! give the winds all paſt offence to ſweep,
" To ſcatter wide, or bury in the deep:
" Thy pow'r, my weakneſs, may I ever ſee,
" And wholly dedicate my ſoul to Thee:
" Reign o'er my will; my paſſions ebb and flow
" At thy command, nor human motive know!

Line 315. " *O Thou! whoſe balance does the mountains weigh.*] This fervency of prayer is happily introduced, both in regard to the effect it muſt have on a chriſtian reader, and its natural connection to the ſolemnity of an immortal futurity. The pathos it is replete with, is truly ſublime and poetic, and beautifully deſcriptive (as far as rational conception leads us) of the attributes of the Omnipotent, to whom it is addreſſed.

Line 318. " *That flame to tempeſt, and that tempeſt tame.*] The ſentiments have a reſemblance to thoſe of Virgil, wherein Juno addreſſes the god of the winds:

Æole (namque tibi divum pater, atque hominum rex,
Et mulcere dedit fluctus, & tollere ventos.)
Æneid, Book I.

Line 325. " *Reign o'er my will* ——————]

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.
Pope's Univerſal Prayer.

" If

" If anger boil, let anger be my praiſe,
" And ſin the graceful indignation raiſe.
" My love be warm to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
" And lift the burden from the ſoul oppreſs'd.
" Oh may my underſtanding ever read
" This glorious volume, which Thy wiſdom made!
" Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?
" Who calls forth Summer, like a ſparkling bride?
" Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
" And bids old Winter lay her honours down?
" Not the great OTTOMAN*, or Greater CZAR†,
" Not *Europe*'s arbitreſs‡ of peace and war.
" May ſee and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
" To bring th' eternal Author to my mind?
" When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll, [ſoul!
" May thoughts of thy dread vengeance ſhake my
" When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly ſhine,
" Adore, my heart, the MAJESTY *Divine!*

" Thro'

---

* Emperor of Perſia. † Prince of Muſcovy.
‡ Finally mediating and deciding.

Line 329. " *My love be warm to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd.*]
Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhew,
That mercy ſhew to me

Line 331. " *Oh may my underſtanding ever read.*]
Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quick'ned by thy breath;
O lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

Line 344. " *Adore, my heart, the Majeſty Divine!*]
To Thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all beings raiſe!
All nature's incenſe riſe!

I have ſelected theſe ſeveral paſſages from the above inimitable author, to evince, that tho' in regard to the tenets of religion he might

" Thro' ev'ry ſcene of life, or peace, or war,
" Plenty, or want, Thy glory be my care!
" Shine we in arms? or ſing beneath our vine?
" Thine is the vintage, and the conqueſt Thine:
" Thy pleaſure points the ſhaft, and bends the bow;
" The cluſter blaſts, or bids it brightly glow:
" 'Tis thou that lead'ſt our pow'rful armies forth,
" And giv'ſt Great ANNE *Thy* ſceptre o'er the north.
" Grant I may ever, at the *Morning Ray*,
" Open with Pray'r the conſecrated day;
" Tune Thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe,
" And with the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies:
" As that advances, let my zeal improve,
" And glow with ardour of conſummate love;
" Nor ceaſe at eve, but with the *Setting Sun*
" My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.

---

might differ from Young, yet in the grand point of veneration towards the Deity, their language and ſentiments of praiſe, were exactly ſimilar. It is the moſt favourable gem which adorns the brow of religion, that men of ſuch known ſagacity and ſhining abilities, ſhould ſo happily co-incide in their moral and chriſtian principles.

Line 353. *Grant I may ever, at the Morning Ray.*]

Awake, my ſoul, and with the ſun
Thy daily ſtage of duty run;
Shake off dull ſloth, and early riſe
To pay thy morning ſacrifice.

Biſhop of Wincheſter's Hymns.

Line 360. " *My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.*] The natural warmth of piety, evident in this petitionary addreſs, merits the moſt ſanguine encomiums; and cannot fail impreſſing its moral ſublimity on the moſt irreligious hearts. The ſentiments are happily conceived, and, by their pleaſing poetic flow, enforce the unfeigned fervour which animates them.

" And, oh! permit the gloom of ſolemn night
" To ſacred thought may forcibly invite.
" When this world's ſhut, and awful planets riſe,
" Call on our minds, and raiſe them to the ſkies;
" Compoſe our ſouls with a leſs dazzling ſight,
" And ſhew all nature in a milder light;
" How every boiſterous thought in calms ſubſides!
" How the ſmooth'd ſpirit into goodneſs glides!
" O how divine! to tread the milky way,
" To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
" His court admire, or for his favour ſue,
" Or leagues of friendſhip with His ſaints renew;
" Pleas'd to look down, and ſee the *World* aſleep,
" While I long vigils to its *Founder* keep!
" Can'ſt Thou not ſhake the centre? Oh controul,
" Subdue by force, the rebel in my ſoul:
" Thou, who canſt ſtill the raging of the flood,
" Reſtrain the various tumults of my blood;

Line 374. " *While I long vigils to its Founder keep!*] Night, by its tranquility, and the ſolemn ſcenes which it exhibits, is doubtleſs, appropriated for ſerenity of meditation, and the reflections neceſſary to man. As ſuch, Thomſon treats of it in his Winter, and briefly reviews the ſalutary admonitions ſilently impreſſed by its variation over the face of nature. But, methinks, our author's continual repetitions, are, in every reſpect, incongruous with the natural bent of mind ariſing in man, from an examination of nature's courſe. He has, in the firſt place, ſo widely enlarged on it in the Night Thoughts, that it is inevitably, if not diſagreeably familiar to the reader's reflection; and ſecondly, the occupations of men are ſo inſeparably connected with a neceſſary reſt, that they will not gladly liſten to a doctrine ſo ſubverſive of their natural inclinations. Its moral tendency is commendably excellent, but when too remotely extended, rather enthuſiaſtically irrational.

" Teach

" Teach me, with equal firmneſs, to ſuſtain
" Alluring pleaſure, and aſſaulting pain.
" O may I pant for Thee in each deſire!
" And with ſtrong faith foment the holy fire!
" Stretch out my ſoul in hope, and graſp the prize,
" Which in *Eternity*'s deep boſom lies!
" At the *Great Day* of recompence behold,
" Devoid of fear, the *fatal Book* unfold!
" Then wafted upwards to the bliſsful ſeat,
" From age to age, my grateful ſong repeat;
" My light, my Life, my GOD, my *Saviour* ſee,
" And rival angels in the praiſe of THEE."

Line 390. " *And rival angels in the praiſe of Thee.*"]

Give me a place at thy Saint's feet,
Or ſome fall'n angel's vacant ſeat;
I'll ſtrive to ſing as loud as they,
Who ſit above in brighter day.
Oh, may I always ready ſtand,
With my lamp burning in my hand;
May I in ſight of heav'n rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Biſhop of Wincheſter's Hymns.

The ARGUMENT.

BOOK III.

REVIEW of the contents.—Enraptured exaltation of the muſe.—Sublimity and awful ſilence attendant on the judgment.—Eternal ſeparation of the virtuous and guilty.—Horrors ſurrounding the latter.—Ardent admonition to immediate repentance, previouſly warned by the contemplation of irrevocable perdition.—View of the immortally bleſt, baſking in the beams *of their Almighty judge.—The trembling felicity of the aſcending Angels compared with that of an impatient bridegroom.—Contraſted appearance of Heaven's exalted ſplendor with the tartarean gloomy abyſs of hell.—Fruitleſs complaints of condemned ſinners.—Reflections on their previous and unprovoked impiety.—Prayers for the expiration of torments, tho' the period be beyond the reach of numbers.—Overthrow and diſſolution of the earth by flames.—The author concludes with arguments ſeverally deduced from the preceding views, and urges an enforcing invocations to mankind, to reflect on the inevitable fall of ſublunary glory, and attach their fondeſt, and moſt ardent paſſions, to the honour, and veneration of the Almighty.*

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur, affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli
Ardeat; & mundi moles operoſa laboret. OVID. MET.

THE book unfolding; the reſplendent ſeat
Of ſaints and angels; the tremendous fate
Of guilty ſouls; the gloomy realms of woe;
And all the horrors of the world below;
I next preſume to ſing: What yet remains
Demands my laſt, but moſt exalted ſtrains.

Line 6. *Demands my laſt, but moſt exalted ſtrains.*] Our readers will doubtleſs be happy in diſcovering the old proverb verified "Finis coronat opus," ſince, in the fertile imagination and enthuſiaſtic flights which this book contains, we perceive the moſt ardent, the moſt laborious work of Young, crowned with the moſt ſanguine ſucceſs. Virgil, in his Eclogue, entitled Pollio, bids adieu to the humble ſtrains of rural ſports, and ſtrikes into a path equally contrary and ſublime:

Si celides muſæ, paulo majora canamus;
Non omnes arbuſta, &c. &c.

And let the *Muſe* or now affect the ſky,
Or in inglorious ſhades for ever lie.
She kindles, ſhe's inflam'd ſo near the goal* ;
She mounts, ſhe gains upon the ſtarry pole ;
The world grows leſs as ſhe purſues her flight,
And the ſun darkens to her diſtant ſight.
Heav'n op'ning, all its ſacred pomp diſplays,
And overwhelms her with the ruſhing blaze !
The triumph rings ! archangels ſhout around !
And echoing nature lengthens out the ſound !
Ten thouſand trumpets *now* at once advance ;
Now deepeſt ſilence lulls the vaſt expanſe‡ :
So deep the ſilence, and ſo ſtrong the blaſt,
As nature dy'd, when ſhe had groan'd her laſt.
Nor man, nor angel, moves ; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the ſky :

---

* Final aim and period. ‡ Extenſive fields of heaven.

Line 8. *Or in inglorious ſhades for ever lie.*] Horace, in his Epiſtles, introduces a friendly perſuaſion to poets, not to riſque the fame they may have acquired by former excellence, in wantonly ſtriving to augment thoſe honours, by aiming at flights too much in the Icarian ſtrain. The natural force of imagination and compoſition which we perceive in juvenility, rarely retains its uſual luſtre in old age. Young himſelf, in his latter works, is a ſtriking inſtance of this truth ; but in regard to the LAST DAY, he riſes infinitely beyond the favourable conceptions we had formed of his inimitable excellence in the NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Line 12. *And the ſun darkens to her diſtant ſight.*] The imagery is warm and poetic, and, in the deſcriptive, naturally coloured.

Line 21. *Noa man, nor angel, moves ; the Judge on high.*] We are imperceptibly impreſſed with a ſerious attention on reviewing the ſilent ſolemnity, ſo beautifully deſcribed throughout this poem. The introduction to it is ſublime and poetically moral, beyond the aſſiſtance of a comment; and the deſcriptive images painted with ſo bold a tint, that they enforce the repreſentation almoſt to the deception of an enraptured admirer. The thought I have particularly cited, is, I think, conciſely magnificent; and peculiarly expreſſive of the ineffable and ſolemn dignity attendant on the hour of judgment.

The

Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view ſupporting ſeraphs raiſe;
In ſolemn form the rituals† are prepar'd,
The ſeal is broken, and a groan is heard.
And thou, my ſoul, (oh fall to ſudden pray'r,
And let the thought ſink deep!) ſhalt thou be there?
See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand;)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obſcene,
What more than death in ev'ry face and mien?
With what diſtreſs, and glarings of affright,
They ſhock the heart, and turn away the ſight?
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid ſecrets of the ſoul.
Each geſture mourns, each look is black with care,
And ev'ry groan is loaded with deſpair.
Reader, if guilty, ſpare the muſe, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.

† Eternal records of condemnation.

Line 30. *The throng divided falls on either hand.*] In alluſion to the parables of our Saviour, concerning the ſeparation of the virtuous from condemned ſinners.

Line 40. *A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.*] The fields of fancy, tho' the uſual reſort of poetry, are very little ranged by Young. His deſcriptions, tho' they are ſimilar in the picturesque, lay down, for their foundation, truths too preſent to our ideas to be forgotten, and too momentous to be trifled with. Amidſt our pleaſing contemplations on eternity, we have this heart-felt ſatisfaction, that however apparently fabulous our views of the bleſt manſions may be drawn, their bliſs exceeds the powers of language or conception. If led by virtue, we need not ſearch a record for their diſcovery: the placid conſcientious mind creates them of itſelf. If plunged in vice, we need not fly to written proofs of an eternal judgment. Reflection, and the bitter ſtings of recent ſin, too ſoon inflame the latent aſhes of unwilling faith, and make our recollection a preparatory hell.

Should'ſt

Should'ſt thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the ſoft companions of thy life,
Whoſe blended int'reſts levell'd at one aim,
Whoſe mix'd deſires ſent up one common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched Self alone
Caſt on the left, of all whom thou haſt known;
How would it wound? What millions would'ſt thou give
For One more trial, One more day to live?
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's ſpace,
To graſp with eagerneſs the means of Grace;
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, ſuſpend a ſtorm in air,
Arreſt* the *Sun*; but ſtill of *this* deſpair.
Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's image freſh in ev'ry face!
What purple bloom my raviſh'd ſoul admires,
And their eyes ſparkling with immortal fires!

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* Retard the motion of.

Line 54. *Arreſt the Sun; but ſtill of this deſpair.*] The diſpenſations and graces of providence are ſo numerous, and, at the ſame time, ſo varied in regard to the ſublunary conditions of man, that we admire their miraculous effect, and judge of the ſanctity of their ſecondary authors by the number or quality of theſe ſupervalent inſtances. That from the immediate interpoſition of God, in authorizing a mortal to work miracles, we ſhould from thence imagine, that mortal incapable of future offence, is peculiarly abſurd. He may act either for his more forcible ſatisfaction of God's preſiding influence over virtue, or be only the inſtrument of perſuading its favourable utility to mankind. As our Saviour obſerves, that the working miracles is of no prevalence towards eternal bliſs, excluſive of charity, ſo we may reſt aſſured, that unleſs attended with ever-wiſhing efforts towards purity, and ever-watching duties of repentance, theſe peculiar powers are no more than vain and uſeleſs.

Triumphant

Triumphant beauty! charms that riſe above
This world, and in bleſt angels kindle love!
To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flaſh ſuſtain, againſt its terror riſe,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are theſe the forms that moulder'd in the duſt?
Oh the tranſcendent glory of the juſt!
Yet ſtill ſome thin remains of fear and doubt,
Th' infected brightneſs of their joy pollute.
Thus the chaſte bridegroom, when the prieſt draws nigh,
Beholds his bleſſing with a trembling eye,
Feels doubtful paſſions throb in ev'ry vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
Leſt ſtill ſome intervening chance ſhould riſe,
Leap forth at once, and ſnatch the golden prize;
Inflame his woe, by bringing it ſo late,
And ſtab him in the criſis* of his fate.
Since ADAM's family, from firſt to laſt,
Now into one diſtinct ſurvey is caſt;
Look round, vain-glorious muſe, and you whoe'er
Devote yourſelves to fame, and think her fair;
Look round, and ſeek the lights of human race,
Whoſe ſhining acts *time*'s brighteſt annals grace;

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* Moment of conſummation.

Line 69. *Thus the chaſte bridegroom, when the prieſt draws nigh.*] Young evidently intended this to be looked on in the light of a parable, and as ſuch it is particularly lively and expreſſive. By alluding to what is generally eſteemed the moſt ardent felicity of life, he pleaſingly enforces the hopes and fears ſucceſſively and mutually ariſing on the (almoſt from its inconceivable joys) viſionary approach of conſummate never fading bliſs.

Who founded ſects ; crowns conquer'd, or reſign'd ;
Gave names to nations ; or fam'd empires join'd ;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low ;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow ;
Who with vaſt fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madneſs of the roaring main :
All loſt ? all undiſtinguiſh'd ? no-where found ?
How will this truth in BOURBON's palace ſound ?
That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right-hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or deſtroy'd;
Southern or eaſtern ſceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave north or weſt dominion o'er the world ;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himſelf was ſpilt,

Line 89. *All loſt ? all undiſtinguiſh'd ? no where found ?*] From the reiterated and perſuaſive arguments delivered to Lorenzo in the Night Thoughts, towards a paſſive and unconcerned attention to momentary honours, and firm reliance on virtue built on immortality, it was indiſpenſably neceſſary, for the more forcible ſtrengthening of ſuch ſentiments, to depicture, as preſent, that future bliſs, deſcribed and recommended with ſuch moral and poetic energy. The author ſeems to have been ſenſible of this, and in the majority of his views, has the cleareſt reference to the maxims and counſels previouſly enforced.

Line 90. *How will this truth in Bourbon's palace ſound.*] Britain, at the period of Young's compoſitions, was in a ſtate of hoſtility with the Gallic powers. 'Tis, I imagine, on this account, that he ſo often introduces ſevere reflections on their growing pride and luſt of dominion. In regard to Bourbon, he alludes to Louis XIV. whoſe haughty ambition was the contemptuous admiration of other ſtates.

That dreadful moment is arriv'd.
Aloft, the ſeats of bliſs their pomp diſplay
Brighter than brightneſs, this diſtinguiſh'd day;
Leſs glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won:
Thro' heav'n's high gates, when he triumphant rode,
And ſhouting angels hail'd the Victor God.
Horrors, *beneath*, darkneſs in darkneſs, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;

Line 99. *That dreadful moment is arriv'd.*] The omiſſion of the uſual poetic meaſure is a beauty which the nature of the ſubject critically requires. It adds a kind of ſolemnity and dignity to the preceding ſentiments; and, being the conciſe ſummary of a foregoing digreſſion, enforces its contents with peculiar emphaſis. Virgil has, throughout his Æneid, many of theſe poetical breaks, which ſome annotators impute to a fear of introducing ſome ideas incongruous with the tenor of the foregoing parts; and add, that immature death prevented the completion of them: but ſuch opinions are, I think, abſurd, in regard to ſo inimitable an author.

Line 104. *Thro' heav'ns high gates, when he triumphant rode.*]

Then to the heav'n of heav'ns he ſhall aſcend
With victory, triumphing thro' the air,
Over his foes and thine; there ſhall ſurpriſe
The ſerpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Thro' all his realm, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and reſume
His ſeat at God's right-hand, exalted high
Above all names in heav'n; and thence ſhall come,
When this world's diſſolution ſhall be ripe,
With glory and pow'r, to judge both quick and dead;
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliſs,
Whether in heav'n or earth:———

Par. Loſt, Book XII.

A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
O'er-boiling with a mad ſulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, moſt dreadful to ſurvey,
And roars outrageous for the deſtin'd prey.
The ſons of light ſcarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer preſs heav'n's everlaſting throne.
Such is the ſcene; and one ſhort moment's ſpace
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write;
The whole creation ſwims before my ſight:
I ſee, I ſee, the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not, 'tis diſtant; I behold it *now*;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My ſoul recoils at the ſtupendous woe;
That woe, thoſe pangs, which from the *guilty* breaſt,
In theſe, or words like theſe, ſhall be expreſt.
" Who burſt the barriers of my peaceful grave?
" Ah! cruel death, that would no longer ſave,

Line 108. *A furnace formidable, deep, and wide.*] Milton's deſcription of the infernal regions, is, both in the ideas and expreſſion, ſuperior to our author's. I ſhall ſelect a few lines, to place each in a comparative view:

——————He views
The diſmal ſituation waſte and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all ſides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from thoſe flames
No light, but rather darkneſs viſible
Serv'd only, &c. Book I.

Line 112. *The ſons of light ſcarce unappall'd look down.*] The originality and expreſſive excellence of this thought are equally deſcriptive of the author's ſuperiority in compoſition.

Line 124. " *Who burſt the barriers of my peaceful grave?*] This ſoliloquy is admirably penned, and conveys the moſt natural effect, ariſing from reflections on the ſubject of eternity, whether founded on felicity or eternal misfortune.

" But

" But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
" And caſt out into the wrath of God ;
" Where ſhrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
" And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
" Our only ſong ; black fire's malignant light,
" The ſole refreſhment of the blaſted ſight.
" Muſt all thoſe pow'rs, heav'n gave me to ſupply
" My ſoul with pleaſure, and bring in my joy,
" Riſe up in arms againſt me, join the foe,
" *Senſe, reaſon, memory*, increaſe my woe ?
" And ſhall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
" Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell ?
" Oh ! muſt I look with terror on my gain,
" And with *exiſtence* only meaſure *pain* ?
" What ! no reprieve, no leaſt indulgence giv'n,
" No beam of hope, from any point of heav'n !
" Ah Mercy ! Mercy ! art thou dead above ?
" Is Love extinguiſh'd in the Source of Love ?

Line 130. ——————*Black fire's malignant light.*] Beelzebub's addreſs to Satan has ſentiments nearly ſimilar :

Too well I ſee and rue the dire event,
That with ſad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath loſt us heav'n, and all this mighty hoſt
In horrible deſtruction laid thus low,
As far as, &c. &c.

Book I.

Line 142. " *Ah Mercy ! Mercy ! art thou dead above.*] The poetic images and moral ſentiments contained in this digreſſive ſpeech, are equally beautiful. The author alludes, in this line, peculiarly to that ſevere rebuke of our Saviour's, " Not every one " who crieth Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the kingdom of heaven." The reflection is very neceſſary, and ſets the duties of prayer in their juſt and reaſonable light; not as ariſing from the forced repentance urged in imminent danger, but the grateful effuſions of a rational and ſincerely devout ſoul.

" Bold that I am, did heav'n ſtoop down to hell?
" Th' expiring Lord of life my ranſom ſeal?
" Have I not been induſtrious to provoke?
" From his embraces obſtinately broke?
" Purſu'd, and panted for his mortal hate,
" Earn'd my deſtruction, labour'd out my fate?
" And dare I on extinguiſh'd Love exclaim?
" Take, take full vengeance, rouze the ſlack'ning flame;
" Juſt is my lot—but oh! muſt it tranſcend*
" The reach of time, deſpair a diſtant end?
" With dreadful growth ſhoot forward, and ariſe,
" Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies!
" *NEVER!* where falls the ſoul at that dread ſound?
" Down an abyſs how dark, and how profound?
" Down, down, (I ſtill am falling, horrid pain!)
" Ten thouſand thouſand fathoms ſtill remain;

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* Surpaſs.

Line 152. *Juſt is my lot—but oh! muſt it tranſcend.*] In this age of depravity and unnatural notions, nearly amounting to atheiſm, it is rather mal a-propos to imagine a guilty ſoul, ſuppoſing its reaſonings and paſſions to be the ſame, willing, amidſt ſurrounding horrors, to confeſs the juſtice of its ſentence, founded on beneficial and impartial laws. It may at leaſt be averred, that at preſent, excluſive of an inſight into futurity, men, tho' their conduct be infamous, and, to natural conception, the period of their deaths remote, indulge, and openly declare their confidence in a ſyſtem of univerſal bliſs without diſtinction. Such a perſuaſion may be, in ſome reſpects, worked up in weak unthinking minds; but when we conſider God, as a being, extending grace and mercy to virtuous merit, only diveſted of human paſſions, and an irrational undeſerved, nay, ſometimes unimplored compaſſion, we cannot calmly judge the audacity and vices of mankind ſo eaſily eraſed from his eternal mind.

" My

" My plunge but ſtill begun—And this for ſin ?
" Could I offend, if I had never been,
" But ſtill increas'd the ſenſeleſs happy maſs,
" Flow'd in the ſtream, or ſhiver'd in the graſs ?
" Father of mercies ! why from ſilent earth
" Did'ſt thou awake, and curſe me into birth ?
" Tear me from quiet, raviſh me from night,
" And make a thankleſs preſent of thy light ?
" Puſh into being a reverſe of Thee,
" And animate a clod with miſery ?
" The beaſts are happy ; they come forth, and keep
" Short watch on earth, and then lie down to ſleep.
" Pain is for man ; and oh ! how vaſt a pain
" For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain ?
" Annull'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
" And flung his agonies, and death, away ?
" As our dire puniſhment for ever ſtrong,
" Our conſtitution too for ever young.
" Curſt with returns of vigour, ſtill the ſame
" Pow'rful to bear, and ſatisfy the flame :
" Still to be caught, and ſtill to be purſu'd !
" To periſh ſtill, and ſtill to be renew'd !

Line 165. ——————*Curſe me into birth.*] Alluding to the ſentiments contained in the Complaint, where the author ſeparately reviews the irrevocable misfortunes attendant on humanity. " The thought of untormented into man," is exactly the ſame reflection expreſſed in different terms,

Line 181. " *To periſh ſtill, and ſtill to be renew'd.*] Prometheus, after having ſtolen fire from heaven, was preyed on by a vulture, and his liver, immediately after the ravenous plunder of that bird, grew afreſh, renewing as it decayed. To this fabulous hiſtory, Young ſeems, in his creative imagery, to have alluded, and doubtleſs the morality to be deduced from thence, as from the generality of Ovid's tales, is forcible and excellent.

" And this, *My Help! My God!* at thy decree?
" Nature is chang'd, and *hell* ſhould *ſuccour* me.
" And can'ſt Thou then look down from perfect bliſs,
" And ſee me plunging in the dark abyſs? 185
" Calling Thee Father, in a ſea of fire?
" Or pouring blaſphemies at Thy deſire?
" With mortals anguiſh wilt Thou raiſe *Thy* name,
" And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?
" Thou, who canſt toſs the planets to and fro, 190
" Contract not Thy great vengeance to my woe;
" Cruſh worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
" On me Almighty wrath is caſt away.
" Call back Thy thunders, Lord, hold in Thy rage,
" Nor with a ſpeck of wretchedneſs engage: 195
" Forget me quite, nor ſtoop a worm to blame;
" But loſe me in the greatneſs of Thy name.

Line 189. " *And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?*] The ſinner's ſelf-defending arguments, tho' not built on a rational baſis, are penned in the melting ſtrains of poignant diſtreſs and pitiful misfortune. It is ſaid, by an ingenious ſatyriſt, that there lived a lady of ſo compaſſionate a ſoul, and ſo peculiarly attached to pity, that ſhe declared in company, it was her ardent prayer, that God in his mercy would have a kind conſideration for the poor devil. I introduce this, not as morally connected with the ſubject, but to ſhew, that from our natural tendency to evil, we are led to think thoſe worthy of compaſſion, whoſe lives have been a ſcene of irreligion, rapine, and impiety. And why? Becauſe when time's no more, they pitifully implore the mercy of that Deity they have ſo groſſly affronted.

Line 196. *Forget me quite, nor ſtoop a worm to blame.*] Theſe are arguments whoſe propriety might ſuit a crouching ſlave at the foot of his tyrannical emperor. In ſhort, they are the language of a ſincere, but unworthy ſorrow, founded on terror, not reſpect; and conſidering man, not as the worm he repreſents, but as the rational and primary object of creation, have not the leaſt avail in the pleas they introduce.

" Thou

"Thou art all Love, all Mercy, all Divine,
"And ſhall I make thoſe glories ceaſe to ſhine?
"Shall ſinful man grow great by his offence,
"And from its courſe turn back Omnipotence?
"Forbid it! and oh! grant, Great *God*, at leaſt
"This one, this ſlender, almoſt *no* requeſt;
"When I have wept a thouſand lives away,
"When torment is grown weary of its prey,
"When I have rav'd ten thouſand years in fire,
"Ten thouſand thouſand, let me then expire."
Deep anguiſh! but too late; the hopeleſs ſoul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,

Line 207. "*Ten thouſand thouſand, let me then expire.*"] It was evidently the ſanguine wiſh of Young, as it ſhould of every moral author, that the reflecting reader, if he feels for (as who with human paſſions can do otherwiſe) the ſufferings of irrevocable condemnation, ſhould calmly conſider the reality of what is painted, and the fatal proofs which a life of immorality will introduce. 'Tis by ſuch conſideration only, and a conſcientious gratitude to God's providence, that a due and acceptable repentance can be founded. Lillo, on the commencing the tragedy of George Barnwell, a work whoſe moral abundance amply ſupplies the deficiency of ſublimity, has the following ſimple, tho' excellent quotation:

Learn to be wiſe by others woe,
And thou ſhalt do full well.

Line 208. *Deep anguiſh! but too late; the hopeleſs ſoul.*] The Almighty's addreſs to our Saviour, on the ſubject of man's fall, contains a pleaſing and ſatisfactory oppoſition to any ſentiments that might be formed of rational forgiveneſs of a life of ſin and wilful immorality:

——Ingrate! he had of me
All he could have: I made him juſt and right,
Sufficient to have ſtood, tho' free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal pow'rs

And

Though loth, and ever loud blaſpheming, owns
He's juſtly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd* with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, ſtruggling with its chain:
To talk to fiery tempeſts; to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er;
To toſs, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended GOD.
The favour'd of their Judge, in triumph move
To take poſſeſſion of their thrones above;
Satan's accurs'd deſertion to ſupply,
And fill the vacant ſtations of the ſky;
Again to kindle long extinguiſh'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze;
To crop the roſes of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain head of ſacred truth;
To ſwim in ſeas of bliſs, to ſtrike the ſtring,
And lift the voice to their Almighty KING;
To loſe eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praiſe.

And ſpirits, both them who ſtood, and them who fail'd;
Freely they ſtood who ſtood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n ſincere
Of true allegiance.——————

Par. Loſt, Book III.

Line 218. "*The favour'd of their Judge, in triumph move.*]

——————Mean while
The world ſhall burn, and from her aſhes ſpring
New heav'n and earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell;
And after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.

Book III.

* Pierced thro' the innermoſt receſſes.

But

But I attempt the wond'rous height in vain,
And leave unfiniſh'd the too lofty ſtrain:
What boldly I begin, let others end;
My ſtrength exhauſted, fainting I, deſcend,
And chuſe a leſs, but no ignoble, theme,
Diſſolving elements, and worlds in flame.
The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
And nature ſhrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the ſign, and all
Heav'n's terrors in array ſurround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conſpire,
And, darted downward, ſet the world on fire;
Black riſing clouds the thicken'd *Æther* choke,
And ſpiry flames dart thro' the rolling ſmoke,
With keen vibrations* cut the ſullen night,
And ſtrike the darken'd ſky with dreadful light;
From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous courſe,
T' enrage the flame: It ſpreads, it ſoars on high,
Swells in the ſtorm, and billows thro' the ſky:
Here winding pyramids of fire aſcend,
Cities and deſarts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes wafted, overwhelm
The ſpacious face of a far diſtant realm;

---

* Forked velocity.

Line 233. *My ſtrength exhauſted, fainting I deſcend.*]

——But I perceive
Thy mortal ſight to fail: Objects divine
Muſt needs impair and weary human ſenſe. Book XII.

Line 236. *The fatal period, the great hour, is come.*] In regard to the deſcriptive, there is an aſtoniſhing ſublimity in commencing the final diſſolution of this fragile ſphere. The imagery is bold, and depictured with the warmeſt poetic ideas. An original ſolemnity of colouring ſtamps its beauties as inimitable and immortal, and beautifully repreſents to our view, the *viſible darkneſs*, alluded to by Milton.

There

There, undermin'd, down ruſh eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vaſt deſtruction fills.
Hear'ſt thou that dreadful crack? that ſound which broke
Like peals of thunder, and the centre ſhook?
What wonders muſt that groan of nature tell?
*Olympus** there, and mightier *Atlas*, fell;
Which ſeem'd above the reach of fate to ſtand,
A tow'ring monument of God's right hand;
Now duſt and ſmoke, whoſe brow, ſo lately, ſpread,
O'er ſhelter'd countries its diffuſive ſhade.
Shew me that celebrated ſpot, where all
The various rulers of the ſever'd ball
Have humbly ſought wealth, honour, and redreſs,
That land which heav'n ſeem'd diligent to bleſs,
Once call'd *Britannia:* Can her glories end?
And can't ſurrounding ſeas her realms defend!
Alas! in flames behold ſurrounding ſeas!
Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.
Some angel ſay, Where ran proud *Aſia*'s bound?
Or where with fruits was fair *Europa* crown'd?
Where ſtretch'd waſte *Lybia?* Where did *India*'s ſtore
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each loſt in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all diſſolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.
And now whate'er or ſwims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of ſea, or earth, or ſkies;

* A mountain celebrated by the ancient poets.

Line 268. *Once call'd Britannia: Can her glories end?*] This introduction is naturally ſtriking, and enforces its moral contents with a degree of energy peculiarly directed to the inhabitants of our iſle. By a digreſſion ſo ſelected to ourſelves, and deduced from the preceding views, we are more warmly attentive, and liſten to its counſels even from intereſted motives.

All

All on whom ADAM's wiſdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and periſh in the conqu'ring flame.
This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aſpire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'n's their prey;
The ſun, the moon, the ſtars, all melt away;
All, all is loſt; no monument, no ſign,
Where once ſo proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming ſtream expire,
So ſparks that ſcatter from the kindling fire;
The devaſtations of One dreadful hour
The Great Creator's Six days work devour.
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet One *ſoul*
Has more to boaſt, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in ſuperior excellence,
Caſts down to nothing, ſuch a vaſt expence.
Have you not ſeen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth diſſolving, a deſcending God?
What ſtrange ſurprizes through all nature ran?
For whom theſe revolutions, but for Man?
For him, Omnipotence new meaſures takes,
For him, through all eternity, awakes;
Pours on him gifts ſufficient to ſupply
Heav'n's loſs, and with freſh glories fill the ſky.
Think deeply then, O Man, how *great* thou art;
Pay thyſelf homage with a trembling heart;

Line 302. *For him, Omnipotence new meaſures takes.*] From this beautifully admirable view of a diſſolving world, we are naturally led to a ſatisfactory reflection of our ſuperior dignity. Such a conſideration muſt raiſe the concomitant enquiry, for what end we were thus created. Theſe moral reſearches, join'd to a warm and rational contemplation, cannot, unleſs in callous breaſts, fail to produce the moſt ſanguine reſolutions towards a life conſiſtent with the will and deſign of the beneficent Creator.

What

What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting, thyſelf, affront not God's reſpect.
Enter the ſacred temple of thy breaſt,
And gaze, and wonder there, a raviſh'd gueſt;
Gaze on thoſe hidden treaſures thou ſhalt find,
Wonder thro' all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, ſee, the dawning light
Foretels a noon moſt exquiſitely bright!
Here, ſprings of endleſs joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promiſe of celeſtial worth!
Worth, which muſt ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter *Sun*, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, *Minor*, canſt not gueſs thy vaſt eſtate,
What ſtores, on foreign coaſts, thy landing wait:
Loſe not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod;
Thus glad all heav'n, and pleaſe that bounteous GOD,
Who, to light thee to pleaſures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent* of the ſky:
That ſervice done, its beams ſhall fade away,
And GOD ſhine forth in one *Eternal* DAY.

---

* Arbiter, director.

Line 327. *And God ſhine forth in one Eternal Day.*] Thus has the author, with his uſual fund of excellence, concluded a work, which, for its dignity of language, ſtrength of imagination, and moral contents, will, while mankind have the remaining ſparks of virtue kindled in their breaſts, yield the palm to neither ancient or modern poet, for its innumerable excellencies of compoſition. It is an additional ſatisfaction, when we reflect, that amidſt the many ſentiments Young's poems contain on the ſubject of religion, he maintains none contrary to the generally received truths of the chriſtian faith. His counſels are built on the moſt benevolent principles, and by their pleaſing ſimplicity, ſet in a ludicrous view the numerous diſputes ſo vainly introduced on the ſubject of religion. The tenor of his life was from the moſt aſſured certainty, the brighteſt example of piety and rational devotion. That of his writings will be to future ages the pureſt and moſt excellent plan for perſeverence in virtue, and the deſirable bliſs of immortality.

END *of the* LAST DAY.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

But why, my Soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy Load;
Why do my Thoughts indulge Despair,
And sin against my God;

A

PARAPHRASE

ON

Part of the Book of *JOB*;

WITH

NOTES,

BY THE LATE

Dr. YOUNG.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

ILLUSTRATIONS.

By W. WARING,
Late of MAGDALEN-COLLEGE, OXFORD.

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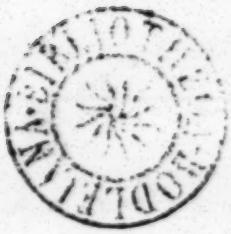

A

PARAPHRASE

ON

Part of the Book of *JOB.*

THRICE happy *Job* long liv'd in regal ſtate,
Nor ſaw the ſumptuous eaſt a prince ſo great;
Whoſe worldly ſtores in ſuch abundance flow'd,
Whoſe heart with ſuch exalted virtue glow'd.

A At

It is diſputed among the critics who was the author of the book of *Job*. Some give it to *Moſes*; ſome to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, ſome arguments occurr'd to me, which favour the former of theſe opinions; which arguments I have flung into the following notes, where little elſe is to be expected.

Line 1. *Thrice happy* Job, &c.] The Almighty's ſpeech, chap er xxxviii. *&c.* which is what I paraphraſe in this little work, is by much the fineſt part of the nobleſt, and moſt ancient poem in the world. Biſhop *Patrick* ſays, its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whiſper. In order to ſet this diſtinguiſh'd part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridg'd the preceding and ſubſequent parts of the poem, and join'd them to it; ſo that this piece is a ſort of an epitome of the whole book of *Job*.

I uſe the word Paraphraſe, becauſe I want another which might better anſwer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted,

At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills ſucceed ; a dreadful train !
What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The ſword wide-waſting, the reproachful tongue,
And ſpotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
So thick with pains, they wanted room for more ?
A change ſo ſad what mortal heart could bear ?
Exhauſted woe had left him nought to fear ;
But gave him all to grief. Low earth he preſt,
Wept in the duſt, and ſorely ſmote his breaſt.
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd ;
In anguiſh of their hearts their mantles rent,
And ſev'n long days in ſolemn ſilence ſpent ;
A debt of re'vrence to diſtreſs ſo great !
Then *Job* contain'd* no more ; but curs'd his fate.
His day of birth, its inauſpicious light,
He wiſhes ſunk in ſhades of endleſs night,

---

emitted, added, and tranſpos'd. The mountain, the comet, the ſun, and other parts, are intirely added : the peacock, the lion, &c. are much enlarg'd : and I have thrown the whole into a method more ſuitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the ori inal, will, I flatter myſelf, find the reaſons for the great liberties I have indulg'd myſelf in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which ſhews that they contribute much to the ſublime. This ſpeech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation ſeems indeed the proper ſtile of majeſty incens'd. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a perſon execute himſelf, does from a common execution ; for he that aſks the guilty a proper queſtion, makes him, in effect paſs ſentence on himſelf.

* No longer confined his murmurs of diſcontent.

And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
Death, inſtant death; impatient for the grave,
That ſeat of peace, that manſion of repoſe,
Where reſt and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counſellors are huſh'd, and mighty kings,
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.
His words were daring, and diſpleas'd his friends;
His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And ſentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
Fixt in opinion, both refuſe to yield,
And ſummon all their reaſon to the field:
So high at length their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the laſt extent of human thought;
A pauſe enſu'd.—When, lo! Heav'n interpos'd,
And awfully the long contention clos'd.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible ſurprize,
A ſudden whirlwind blacken'd all the ſkies:
They ſaw, and trembled!) from the darkneſs broke
A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty ſpoke.
Who gives his tongue a looſe ſo bold and vain,
Cenſures my conduct, and reproves my reign?

Line 41. ——— ———*From the darkneſs broke*
A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty ſpoke.] The book of *Job* is well known to be dramatic, and, like the tragedies of old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this moſt noble part of it, the Almighty ſpeaking out of the whirlwind (ſo ſuitable to the after-practice of the Greek ſtage, when there happened Dignus vindice nodus), is fictitious; but it is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which *Job* lived, than to any ſince. Frequent, before the law, were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, Exodus, chap. xix. Ezekiel, chap. i. &c. Hence is he ſaid to "dwell in "thick darkneſs: and have his way in the whirlwind."

Lifts up his thoughts againſt Me from the duſt,
And tells the world's Creator what is juſt?
Of late ſo brave, now lift a dauntleſs eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply:
Where didſt thou dwell at nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the ſpacious *earth?*
Who on its ſurface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
Who fix'd the corner-ſtone* ? What hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and faſten'd it in air;
When the bright morning ſtars in concert ſung,
When heav'n's high arch with loud hoſanna's rung,
When ſhouting ſons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the ſound?
Earth's num'rous *kingdoms*, haſt thou view'd them all?
And can thy ſpan of knowledge graſp the ball?
Who heav'd the *mountain*, which ſublimely ſtands,
And caſts its ſhadows into diſtant lands?
Who, ſtretching forth his ſceptre o'er the *deep*,
Can that wide world in due ſubjection keep?
I broke the globe, I ſcoop'd its hollow ſide,
And did a baſon for the floods provide;
I chain them with my word; the boiling ſea,
Work'd up in tempeſts, hears my great decree;
"Thus far, thy floating tide ſhall be convey'd;
"And here, O main, be thy proud billows ſtay'd"

Haſt

---

* Plac'd its boundaries.

Line 69. *Thus far, thy floating tide*, &c.] There is a very great air in all that precedes; but this is ſignally ſublime. We are ſtruck with admiration to ſee the vaſt and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like

a

Haſt thou explor'd the *ſecrets* of the deep,
Where, ſhut from uſe, unnumber'd treaſures ſleep;
Where, down a thouſand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the ſea?
Thoſe gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?
*Hath the cleft *centre* open'd wide to thee?
Death's inmoſt chambers didſt thou ever ſee?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal thro' th' incumbent ſhade?
Deep are thoſe ſhades; but ſhades ſtill deeper hide
My counſels from the ken of human pride.
Where dwells the *light?* in what refulgent dome?
And where has *darkneſs* made her diſmal home?
Thou know'ſt, no doubt, ſince thy large heart is fraught
With ripen'd wiſdom thro' long ages brought;
Since nature was call'd forth when thou waſt by,
And into being roſe beneath thine eye!
Are *miſts* begotten? Who their father knew?
From whom deſcend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the ſtream by night, what hand can boaſt,
Or whiten morning, with the hoary *froſt?*
Whoſe pow'rful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the ſea, and turns it into ſtone?

---

a manag'd horſe, raging, toſſing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its Maſter. This paſſage yields in ſublimity to that of "Let there be light, &c." ſo much only, as the abſolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like ſpirit in theſe two paſſages is no bad concurrent argument, that *Moſes* is author of the book of *Job*.

* Alluding to the earthquakes.

A ſudden deſart ſpreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waſte?
Thou know'ſt Me not; thy blindneſs cannot ſee
How vaſt a diſtance parts thy God from thee.
Canſt thou in *whirlwinds* mount aloft? Canſt thou
In clouds and darkneſs wrap thy awful brow?
And when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and ſhade the world with night?
Who launch the *clouds* in air, and bid them roll
Suſpended ſeas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refreſh the burning ſandy plain,
And quench the ſummer with a waſte of rain?
Who in rough deſarts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and deſolation ſmile?
There blooms the roſe, where human face ne'er ſhone,
And ſpreads its beauties to the ſun alone.
To check the ſhow'r, who lifts his hand on high,
And ſhuts the ſluices of th' exhauſted ſky;
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her ruſſet* plains;
But, new in life, a chearful proſpect yields
Of ſhining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and foreſts laviſh all their bloom,
And earth and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume?
Haſt thou e'er ſcal'd my wintry ſkies, and ſeen
Of *hail* and *ſnows* my northern† magazine?
Theſe the dread treaſures of mine anger are,
My fund of vengeance for the day of war,

---

* Of a red hue.

† The Epithet is taken from the peculiar ſeverity which reigns towards that point.

When

When clouds rain death, and ſtorms, at my command,
Rage thro' the world, or waſte a guilty land.
Who taught the rapid *winds* to fly ſo faſt,
Or ſhakes the centre with its eaſtern blaſt?
Who from the ſkies can a whole deluge pour?
Who ſtrikes thro' nature with the ſolemn roar
Of dreadful *thunder*, points it where to fall,
And in fierce *lightning* wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the ſound, and in the flaſh expires.
Who drew the *comet* out to ſuch a ſize,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the ſkies?
Did thy reſentment hang him out? Does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce, from thee?
Who on low earth can moderate the rein,
That guides the *ſtars* along th' æthereal plain;
Appoint their ſeaſons, and direct their courſe,
Their luſtre brighten, and ſupply their force?
Canſt thou the ſkies benevolence reſtrain,
And cauſe the *Pleiades** to ſhine in vain?
Or, when *Orion*† ſparkles from his ſphere,
Thaw the cold ſeaſon, and unbind the year?
Bid *Mazzaroth*‡ his deſtin'd ſtation know,
And teach the bright *Arcturus*§ where to glow?
Mine is the *night*, with all her ſtars; I pour
Myriads‖, and myriads I reſerve in ſtore.

---

* The ſeven ſtars, feign'd to be the daughters of Atlas and Pleione.

† A great hunter, ſtung to death by a ſcorpion, and placed among the conſtellations.

‡ One of the conſtellations.

§ A ſtar by the tail of urſa major. ‖ Immenſe multitudes.

Doſt

Doſt thou pronounce where day-light ſhall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the morn;
Awake the *ſun*, and bid him come away,
And glad thy world with his obſequious ray?
Haſt thou, inthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
Triumphant round the ſpacious ring of heav'n?
That pomp of light, what hand ſo far diſplays,
That diſtant earth lies baſking in the blaze?
Who did the *ſoul* with her rich pow'rs inveſt,
And light up reaſon in the human breaſt,
To ſhine, with freſh increaſe of luſtre, bright,
When ſtars and ſun are ſet in endleſs night?
To theſe my various queſtions make reply.
Th' Almighty ſpoke; and ſpeaking, ſhook the ſky.
What then, *Chaldæan* ſire, was thy ſurprize!
Thus thou, with trembling heart, and down-caſt eyes:
"Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
"My tongue has err'd; but ſhall preſume no more.
"My voice is in eternal ſilence bound,
"And all my ſoul falls proſtrate to the ground."
He ceas'd: when, lo! again th'Almighty ſpoke;
The ſame dread voice from the black whirlwind broke,
Can that arm meaſure with an arm divine?
And canſt thou thunder with a voice like mine?
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-ſpreading main,
When, mad with tempeſts, all the billows riſe
In all their rage, and daſh the diſtant ſkies?
Come forth, in beauty's excellence array'd;
And be the grandeur of thy pow'r diſplay'd;
Put on omnipotence, and frowning make
The ſpacious round of the creation ſhake;

Dipatch

Diſpatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to duſt. When this is done,
I grant thy ſafety lodg'd in thee alone;
Of thee thou art, and may'ſt undaunted ſtand
Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.
Fond man! the viſion of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and ſhadow of a ſhade!
What worlds haſt thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd,
What inſects cheriſh'd, that thy God is blam'd?
When, pain'd with hunger, the wild *raven*'s brood
Calls upon God, importunate for food,
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarſe requeſt,
And ſtills the clamour of the craving neſt?
Who in the cruel *oſtrich* has ſubdu'd
A parent's care, and fond inquietude;

While

Line 191. *When, pain'd with hunger, the wild raven's brood*, &c.] Another argument that *Moſes* was the author, is, that moſt of the creatures here mentioned are Egyptian. The reaſon given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence, is, becauſe, by her clamorous and importunate voice, ſhe particularly ſeems always calling upon it. And ſince there were ravens on the banks of the Nile more clamorous than the reſt of that ſpecies, thoſe probably are meant in this place.

Line 195. *Who in the cruel oſtrich has ſubdu'd*, &c.] There are many inſtances of this bird's ſtupidity; let two ſuffice.

Firſt, It covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itſelf all out of ſight.

——Stat lumine clauſo
Ridendum revoluta caput; creditque latere,
Quæ non ipſa videt—— Claud.

Secondly, They that go in purſuit of them, draw the ſkin of an oſtrich's neck on one hand, which proves a ſufficient lure to take them with the other.

They

While far ſhe flies, her ſcatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the ſandy ground;
Caſt out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent ſky;
Adopted by the ſun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray.
Unmindful ſhe, that ſome unhappy tread
May cruſh her young in their neglected bed.
What time ſhe ſkims along the field with ſpeed,
She ſcorns the rider, and purſuing ſteed.
How rich the *peacock!* what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the ſun!

He

They have ſo little brain, that Heliogabalus had ſix hundred heads for his ſupper.

Here we may obſerve, that our judicious as well as ſublime author, juſt touches the great points of diſtinction in each creature, and then haſtens to another. A deſcription is exact when you cannot add, but what is common to another thing; nor withdraw, but ſomething peculiarly belonging to the thing deſcribed. A likeneſs is loſt in too much deſcription, as a meaning often in too much illuſtration.

Line 205. *What time ſhe ſkims along the field*, &c.] Here is mark'd another peculiar quality of this creature, which neither flies, nor runs diſtinctly, but has a motion compoſed of both, and, uſing its wings as ſails, makes great ſpeed.

Vaſta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales
Cum premitur, calidas curſu tranſmittit arenas,
Inque modum veli ſinuatis flamine pennis
Pulverulenta volat——— Claud. in Eutr.

Line 206. *She ſcorns the rider, and purſuing ſteed.*] Xenophon ſays, Cyrus had horſes that could overtake the goat, and the wild-aſs; but none that could reach this creature. A thouſand golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was the ſtated price of a horſe that could equal their ſpeed.

Line 207. *How rich the peacock*, &c.] Though this bird is but juſt mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and ſpreading thoſe beautiful plumes (which are there

ſhut

He proudly ſpreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day;
With conſcious ſtate the ſpacious round diſplays,
And ſlowly moves amid the waving blaze.
Who taught the *hawk* to find, in ſeaſons wiſe,
Perpetual ſummer, and a change of ſkies?
When clouds deform the year, ſhe mounts the wind,
Shoots to the ſouth, nor fears the ſtorm behind;
The ſun returning, ſhe returns agen,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.
Tho' ſtrong the hawk, tho' practis'd well to fly,
An *eagle* drops her in a lower ſky;
An *eagle*, when, deſerting human ſight,
She ſeeks the ſun in her unweary'd flight.
Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
So high in air, and ſeat her on the clift,
Where far above thy world ſhe dwells alone,
And proudly makes the ſtrength of rocks her own;
Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread ſurvey,
And with a glance predeſtinates her prey?

ſhut up) into half a dozen lines. The circumſtance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the ſun is true. Expandit colores adverſo maxime ſole, quia ſic fulgentius radiant. Plin. l. x. c. 20.

Line 219. *Though ſtrong the hawk, though practic'd well to fly.*] Thuanus (de re accip.) mentions a hawk that flew from Paris to London in a night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its ſwiftneſs, made it their ſymbom for the wind; for which reaſon we may ſuppoſe the hawk, as well as the crow above, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

Line 227. *Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread ſurvey.*] The eagle is ſaid to be of ſo acute a ſight, that when ſhe is ſo high in air, that man cannot ſee her, ſhe can diſcern the ſmalleſt fiſh under water. My author accurately underſtood the nature of the creatures he deſcribes, and ſeems to have been a naturaliſt as well as a poet, which the next note will confirm.

She

She feaſts her young with blood, and, hov'ring o'er
Th' unſlaughter'd hoſt, enjoys the *promis'd* gore.
Know'ſt thou how many moons, by Me aſſign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain *goat*, and foreſt *hind*,
While pregnant they a mother's load ſuſtain?
They bend in anguiſh, and caſt forth their pain.
Hale* are their young, from human frailties freed;
Walk unſuſtain'd, and unaſſiſted feed;
They live at once; forſake the dam's warm ſide;
Take the wide world, with nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the the lawn, or ſeek the diſtant glade;
And find a home in each delightful ſhade.
Will the tall *reem*, which knows no lord but Me,
Low at the crib, and aſk an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn ſhoulder to the yoke,
Break the ſtiff clod, and o'er thy furrow ſmoak?
Since great his ſtrength, go truſt him, void of care;
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;
Bid him bring home the ſeaſons to thy doors,
And caſt his load among thy gather'd ſtores.
Didſt thou from ſervice the *wild-aſs* diſcharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,

---

* Vigorous and healthy.

Line 231. *Know'ſt thou how many moons, by me aſſign'd*, &c.] The meaning of this queſtion is, Know'ſt thou the time and circumſtances of their bringing forth? For to know the time only was eaſy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumſtances had ſomething peculiarly expreſſive of God's providence, which makes the queſtion proper in this place. Pliny obſerves, that the hind with young is by inſtinct directed to a certain herb called ſeſelis, which facilitates the birth. Thunder alſo (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the ſame effect. Pl. xxix. In ſo early an age to obſerve theſe things may ſtile our author a naturaliſt.

Thro'

Thro' the wide waſte, his ample manſion, roam,
And loſe himſelf in his unbounded home?
By nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains ſpread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He ſees in diſtant ſmoak the city throng;
Conſcious of freedom, ſcorns the ſmother'd train,
The threat'ning driver, and the ſervile rein.
Survey the warlike *horſe!* Didſt thou inveſt
With thunder, his robuſt diſtended cheſt?
No ſenſe of fear his dauntleſs ſoul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his noſtrils blaze;
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulneſs of his might;
High-rais'd he ſnuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war,
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a ſtorm of fury ſhakes the ground.
How does his firm, his riſing heart advance
Full on the brandiſh'd ſword, and ſhaken lance;
While his fixt eye-balls meet the dazzling ſhield,
Gaze, and return the lighning of the field!
He ſinks the ſenſe of pain in gen'rous pride,
Nor feels the ſhaft that trembles in his ſide;
But neighs to the ſhrill trumpet's dreadful blaſt
Till death; and when he groans he groans his laſt.

Line 259. *Survey the warlike horſe*, &c.] The deſcription of the horſe is the moſt celebrated of any in the poem. There is an excellent critique on it in the Guardians. I ſhall therefore only obſerve, that, in this deſcription, as in other parts of this ſpeech, our vulgar tranſlation has much more ſpirit than the ſeptuagint; it always takes the original in the moſt poetical and exalted ſenſe, ſo that moſt commentators, even on the Hebrew itſelf, fall beneath it.

But, fiercer ſtill, the lordly *lion* ſtalks,
Grimly majeſtic in his lonely walks;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
He clears the deſart with his rolling eye.
Say, mortal, does he rouſe at thy command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thine hand?
Doſt thou for him in foreſts bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morſel throw,
Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
And, couch'd in dreadful ambuſh, pant for blood;
Or, ſtretch'd on broken limbs, conſume the day,
In darkneſs wrapt, and ſlumber o'er their prey?
By the pale moon they take their deſtin'd round,
And laſh their ſides, and furious tear the ground.
Now ſhrieks, and dying groans, the deſart fill;
They rage, they rend, their rav'nous jaws diſtill
With crimſon foam; and, when the banquet's o'er,
They ſtride away, and paint their ſteps with gore;
In flight alone the ſhepherd puts his truſt,
And ſhudders at the talon in the duſt.
Mild is my *behemoth**, tho' large his frame;
Smooth is his temper, and repreſt his flame,
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts aſhore for food;
Earth ſinks beneath him, as he moves along
To ſeek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.

---

* The Kraken, deſcribed in the Biſhop of Pontoppidan's Survey of Norway.

Line 289. *By the pale moon they take their deſtin'd round*, &c.] Purſuing their prey by night is true of moſt wild beaſts, particularly the lion. Pſ. civ. v. 20. The Arabians have one among their 500 names for the lion, which ſignifies the hunter by moonſhine.

See, with what ſtrength his harden'd loins are bound,
All over proof, and ſhut againſt a wound.
How like a mountain cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated ſinews fail.
Built high and wide, his ſolid bones ſurpaſs
The bars of ſteel; his ribs are ribs of braſs;
His port majeſtic, and his armed jaw,
Give the wide foreſt, and the mountain, law.
The mountains feed him; there the beaſts admire
The mighty ſtranger, and in dread retire:
At length his greatneſs nearer they ſurvey,
Graze in his ſhadow, and his eye obey,
The fens and marſhes are his cool retreat,
His noontide ſhelter from the burning heat;
Their ſedgy boſoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their ſhade.
His eye drinks *Jordan* up, when, fir'd with drought,
He truſts to turn its current down his throat;
In leſſen'd waves it creeps along the plain;
He ſinks a river, and he thirſts again.
Go to the *Nile*, and, from its fruitful ſide,
Caſt forth thy line into the ſwelling tide:

Line 322. *He ſinks a river, and he thirſts again*, &c.]

Cephiſi glaciale caput, quo ſuetus anhelam
Ferre ſitim Python, amnemque avertere ponto.
Stat. Theb. v. 349.

Qui ſpiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
Flumina, &c.——— Claud. Præf. in Ruf.

Let not then this hyperbole ſeem too much for an eaſtern poet, tho' ſome commentators of name ſtrain hard in this place for a new conſtruction, thro' fear of it.

Line 323. *Go to the Nile, and from its fruitful ſide*, &c.] The taking the crocodile is moſt difficult. Diodorus ſays, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When Auguſtus conquer'd Egypt, he ſtruck a medal, the impreſs of which was a crocodile chain'd to a palm-tree, with this inſcription, Nemo antea religavit.

With ſlender hair *leviathan* command,
And ſtretch his vaſtneſs on the loaded ſtrand.
Will he become thy ſervant? Will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?
Or with his ſport amuſe thy leiſure-day,
And, bound in ſilk, with thy ſoft maidens play?
Shall pompous banquets ſwell with ſuch a prize,
And the bowl journey round his ample ſize?
Or the debating merchants ſhare the prey,
And various limbs to various marts* convey?
Thro' his firm ſkull what ſteel its way can win?
What forceful engine can ſubdue his ſkin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchleſs might;
The braveſt ſhrink to cowards in his ſight;
The raſheſt dare not rouſe him up: Who then
Shall turn on Me, among the ſons of men?
Am I a debtor? Haſt thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts which are on me conferr'd?
My laviſh fruit a thouſand valleys fills.
And mine the herds, that graze a thouſand hills:
Earth, ſea, and air, all nature is my own;
And ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath my throne.
And dar'ſt thou with the world's great Father vye,
Thou, who doſt tremble at my creature's eye?
At full my large *leviathan* ſhall riſe,
Boaſt all his ſtrength, and ſpread his wond'rous ſize.

---

* Places for the reception of merchandiſe.

Line 339. *The raſheſt dare not rouſe him up*, &c.] This alludes to a cuſtom of this creature, which is, when fated with fiſh, to come aſhore, and ſleep among the reeds.

Who

Who, great in arms, e'er ſtrip'd his ſhining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a ſingle ſcale?
Whoſe heart ſuſtains him to draw near? Behold
Deſtruction yawns; his ſpacious jaws unfold,
And, marſhall'd* round the wide expanſe, diſcloſe
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:
What hideous fangs on either ſide ariſe!
And what a deep abyſs between them lies!
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet ſound,
The one how long, the other how profound.
His bulk is charg'd with ſuch a furious ſoul,
That clouds of ſmoke from his ſpread noſtrils roll,
As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
Fate iſſues from his jaws in ſtreams of fire.

---

* Fix'd around the orb of his jaws.

Line 353. ——————————*Behold,*
Deſtruction yawns, his ſpacious jaws unfold, &c.] The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes, ſays Pliny, fit totum os. Martial ſays to his old woman,

Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora
Niliacus habet crocodilus anguſta.

So that the expreſſion here is barely juſt.

Line 364. *Fate iſſues from his jaws in ſtreams of fire*] This too is nearer truth than at firſt view may be imagined. The crocodile, ſay the naturaliſts, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repreſt is hot, and burſts out ſo violently, that it reſembles fire and ſmoke. The horſe ſuppreſſes not his breath by any means ſo long, neither is he ſo fierce and animated; yet the moſt correct of poets ventures to uſe the ſame metaphor concerning him.

Collectumque premens volvit ſub naribus ignem.

By this and the foregoing note I would caution againſt a falſe opinion of the eaſtern boldneſs, from paſſages in them ill underſtood.

The

The rage of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas,
Thy terror, this thy great ſuperior pleaſe;
Strength on his ample ſhoulder ſits in ſtate;
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
His flakes of ſolid fleſh are ſlow to part;
As ſteel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

When, late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
And, ſtretching forth his ſtature to the clouds,
Writhes in the ſun aloft his ſcaly height,
And ſtrikes the diſtant hills with tranſient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror ſpread;
The mighty fear, nor bluſh to own their dread.

Large is his front; and, when his burniſh'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning ſeems to riſe.

In

Line 377. *Large is his front; and, when his burniſh'd eyes*, &c.] His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning. I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would expreſs, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable, that the Egyptians ſtole their hyeroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this paſſage, though no commentator I have ſeen, mentions it. It is eaſy to conceive how the Egyptians ſhould be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moſes, whom I ſuppoſe the author of this poem.

I have obſerved already, that three or four of the creatures here deſcrib'd are Egyptian: the two laſt are notoriouſly ſo; they are the river-horſe, and the crocodile, thoſe celebrated inhabitants of the Nile; and on theſe two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moſes, in a catalogue of creatures produc'd to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largeſt works of his hand, viz. the elephant, and the whale: this is ſo natural an expectation, that ſome commentators have render'd Behemoth and Leviathan, the elephant and whale, tho' the deſcriptions

in

In vain may death in various ſhapes invade,
The ſwift-wing'd arrow, the deſcending blade;
His naked breaſt their impotence defies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle faulchin flies.
Shut in himſelf, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempeſt of their rattling ſpears;
The cumber'd* ſtrand their waſted vollies ſtrow:
His ſport, the rage and labour of the foe.
His paſtimes like a caldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the riſing mud;
The billows feel him, as he works his way;
His hoary footſteps ſhine along the ſea; [green,
The foam high-wrought, with white, divides the
The diſtant ſailors point where death has been.
His like earth bears not on her ſpacious face:
Alone in nature ſtand his dauntleſs race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd.
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around;
Makes ev'ry ſwoln, diſdainful heart ſubſide;
And holds dominion o'er the ſons of pride.
Then the *Chaldæan* eas'd his lab'ring breaſt,
With full conviction of his crime oppreſt. [might!
"Thou canſt accompliſh all things, Lord of
"And ev'ry thought is naked to thy ſight.
"But oh! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
"Beyond the deepeſt reach of mortal eye.

---

in our author will not admit of it; but Moſes being (as we may well ſuppoſe) under an immediate terror of the hippopotamos and crocodile, from their daily miſchiefs and ravages around him, it is very accountable why he ſhould permit them to take place.

* Aſſembled multitudes dart their arrows unſucceſsfully.

"Oft have I heard of thine Almighty pow'r;
"But never ſaw thee Till this dreadful hour.
"O'erwhelm'd with ſhame, the Lord of life I ſee;
"Abhor myſelf, and give my Soul to Thee.
"Nor ſhall my weakneſs tempt thine anger more:
"Man was not made to queſtion, but adore."

AN

INDEX to the NIGHT THOUGHTS,

By W. WARING.

(The first figures refer to the book, the second to the line.)

ADULTERY, its horrors, 9. 956.
Affliction, beneficial to virtue, 9. 405. 474.
Age, our folly when we reflect on it as in delay, 1. 402.
—— neceſſity of its contemplation on death, 4. 18.
—— the inconſiſtency of its chaſtiſing the follies of youth, 5. 606.
—— its increaſing deſires of life, 5. 637.
—— peace and eſteem its utmoſt reaſonable wiſhes, 5. 657.
—— its neceſſary duties, 5. 667.
—— its beneficial effects, 9. 1315.
Ambition, the error and fatal conſequences of its attachments, 5. 946.
—— deſtructive to man's dignity, 6. 221.
—— its nature conſidered as a virtue, 6. 237. 399.
—— as a vice, 6. 404. 8. 422.
—— depoſition againſt Lorenzo, 7. 377.
—— ſhame, 7. 341.
—— boundleſs appetite, 7. 354.
—— diſguſt, 7. 365.
—— inextinguiſhable nature, 7. 384.
Amuſement, man's grand purſuit, 2. 59.
Angels, viewed comparatively with man, 4. 533.
—— inferior to man in excellence, 8. 436.
—— their influence and appearance at the judgment, 9. 254.
—— depictured, 9. 874.
—— their beneficial influence, 9. 884.
Annihilation, its horrors, 7. 649. 962.
—— natural reflections ariſing from the belief of ſuch a ſyſtem, 7. 653 to 843.

INDEX.

Annihilation, the inhumanity of ſuch a reaſoning, 7. 872. 882.
——— founded on loſs of virtue, 7. 889.
——— naturally perſuaſive of vice, 7. 1375.
Antiquity, appeal to, 7. 560.
——— its notions in regard to man, 7. 567.
——— prophetic merits, 7. 576.
Apoſtates, addreſs to, 4. 477
Art, deſtructive of modeſty, 5. 43.
—— its vanities, 6, 259.
—— with its concomitant inſtitutions originating from intellect, 6. 455.
—— its inferiority to nature, 9. 916.
—— review of its miracles, 9. 919.
Atmoſphere, view of its embryo, contents, 9. 618.
Avarice, a paſſion injurious to the dignity of man, 6. 221.
Aurelia, her widow'd grief remov'd by marriage, 5. 583.
Author, reflection on his ſhort ſlumbers, 1. 6.
——— on his former attachments to the world, 1. 155.
——— on the vanity of his complaint, 1. 234.
——— on his age and retirement, 4. 46.
——— on his tranquility, 4. 80. 9. 12.
——— on the moderation of his deſires, 4. 102.
——— on the inſtability of human fortitude, 5. 216.
——— on man's natural propenſity to ſorrow, 5. 1054.
——— on the death of his wife, 6. 1. 15.
——— on his writings, 9. 2408.
——— his deluſions, 1. 180.
——— recollection of former felicity, 1. 220.
——— His wiſhes for the fire of Philander, 2. 602.
——— ſenſations on commencing the ſubject of immortality, 2, 621.
——— return from fancy to reaſon, 2. 1.
——— laſt farewell to Narciſſa, 3. 171.
——— rancour againſt her enemies, 3, 182.
——— welcome to death, age, and diſeaſe, 3. 487.
——— addreſs to his coevals, 4. 109.
——— to his work, 8. 1395.
——— to the ſuppoſed inhabitants of air, 9. 1754 to 1825.

INDEX.

Author, his addreſs to the learned in aſtronomy, 9. 1832.
——— his diſregard to the warnings of death, 4. 155.
——— ejaculations on immortality, 4. 286.
——— on our Saviour's crucifixion, 4. 587.
——— invocation to death, 4. 656.
——— the plan of his work a review of truth, 5. 67.
——— his reſearches in the fields of nature and reaſon, 5. 282.
——— his preparation and preſcience of death, 5. 707.
——— wiſhes for the ſerious attention of mankind, 5. 1022.
——— perſuaſive admonitions to Lorenzo, 7. 907.
——— appeal to ſcripture in defence of his arguments, 7. 1475.
——— wiſhes for the preſence of Lucia, 8. 1356.
——— cenſure on himſelf, 9. 371.
——— brief review of his works, 9. 529.
——— invocatory wiſhes, 9. 1590.
——— reſearches for the Almighty, 9. 1688 to 1753. 1826.
——— ſublime reflections on the Trinity, 9. 1908.
——— Final reſignation, 9. 2171.
——— Fervent prayer for mercy, 9. 2310 to 2342.

B.

Balchen, admiral, alluſion to his death, 8. 172.
Belſhazzar, alluſion to, 2. 404.
Bluſhes, emblems of morality, 7. 347.
Britain, infamous for ſuicide, 5. 442.
——— diſjoined from reaſon, 5. 444.

C

Calamities, the variety of them allotted to mankind, 1. 241.
Care, a neceſſary comfort, 2. 160.
Chance, the folly of building our hopes on it, 1. 376.
Chaos, its ſecond exiſtence, 9. 2431.
Charity, the numerous objects of it, 1. 258.
Chriſtian, the higheſt ſtile of man, 4. 788.

Chriſtianity, productive of real joy, 8. 771.
Circumſtances, our virtues deducible from them, 2. 91.
Comet, poetical deſcription of it, 4. 706.
Complaint, the impropriety of it, 2. 6.
——— its irrational impiety, 9. 375. 463.
Conflagration, its rage perſonified, 9. 138.
——— future horrors, 9. 157.
Conſcience, her machinations perſonified, 2. 256.
——— emblematically deſcribed as a ſpy, 2. 265.
——— its impartial judgment on ſerious reflection, 5. 173.
——— its friendly admonitions, 7. 628.
——— perſonified, her addreſs to mankind, 7. 505.
——— good, her ineſtimable pleaſures, 8. 733.
Conſtellations, invocation to, 9. 1701.
Contemplation, uſeleſs unleſs maintained by converſe, 2. 488.
——— moral, its dignity, 8. 40.
Creation, its inſignificancy compared with the omnipotence of God, 4. 419.
——— the ſuperiority of the brute to the rational, unleſs immortal, 7. 294. 735.
——— the abſurdity of its excellence, ſuppoſing no futurity, 7. 800.
——— its incomprehenſible miracles, 9. 1447 to 1504.
——— unconfined, 9. 1534.
——— conſidered as a ſpeck in nature's map, 9. 1595.
——— in an imaginary view, 9. 1603.
——— the primary leſſon of mankind, 9. 1657.
——— the inſcription on its ſuppoſed terminating pillar, 9. 1527.
Croſs, the healing merits of it, 4. 677.

D

Darkneſs, daughter of night, 1. 28.
——— invocation to, 1. 32.
Day, prejudicial to contemplation, 5. 115.
Days, perſonified, the daughters of time, 8. 113.
Dead, folly of deploring their loſs, 1. 106.
—— the veneration due to them, 3. 191.

INDEX.

Death, repreſented as the gate of life, 1. 122.
——— ——— as reading the ſummary of our crimes, 2. 276.
——— ——— as a ſpendthrift, 5. 849.
——— addreſs to, on his power over ſublunary events, 1. 204.
——— reflections on a ſlow-ſudden, 1. 385.
——— ——— on his near approach, 2. 34.
——— ——— on a ſudden, 2. 653.
——— thoſe particularly of the author, 3. 511.
——— his continual warnings, 2. 366.
——— ravages, 3. 459.
——— equal dominion over the human ſpecies, 3. 465.
——— omnipotence, 3. 495.
——— character, 5. 765.
——— plans in the deſtruction of mankind, 5. 809.
——— peculiar conduct in regard to Narciſſa, 5. 835.
——— aims lofty, 5. 911. 1011. 9. 56.
——— depredations perſonified, 6. 28.
——— beneficial, 6. 40.
——— preſence, in varied forms, 9. 68 to 134.
——— final expiration, 9. 310.
——— fit object for man's contemplation, 3. 255.
——— its thoughts to be indulged, 3. 303.
——— fears condemed in the virtuous, 3. 481.
——— abated by diſregard to the world, 4. 65. 5. 686.
——— arrival uncontemplated by man, 5. 384.
——— terrors increaſed by regular gradation, 6. 7.
——— free from horror, 4. 6.
——— the pangs of its admonitions, 5. 161.
——— interrogatory view of our inattention to it, 5. 417.
——— the ſalutary effect of its fears, 5. 427.
——— ariſing from a forgetfulneſs of it, 5. 493.
——— our inattention to his calls, 5. 616.
——— the neceſſity of reflecting on it, 5. 681. 888.
——— viſible in our paſt hours, 5. 709.
——— folly of its fears, 5. 721.

INDEX.

Death, addreſs to mankind, as inattentive to it, 5. 726.
——— impartial in his plunders, 5. 788.
——— habited as life, 5. 818.
——— as Nero, 5. 823.
——— ever preſent when reaſon is diſmiſſed, 5. 863.
——— the horrors of his ſudden appearance, 5. 877.
——— haſtened by fortune, 5. 1007.
——— view of its gallery, 6. 12.
——— the reality of its effects unknown, 6. 54.
——— cheap purchaſe of eternity, 6. 201.
——— a welcome gueſt, ſuppoſing no futurity, 7. 779.
——— that of vice, a double, 7. 1279.
——— productive of virtuous reflection, 9. 2001.
Death bed, of the juſt, within the verge of heaven, 2. 631.
——— a detector of the heart, 2 639.
——— ſenſations ariſing from it, 2. 675.
——— view of, 5. 496.
Deceit, its machinations and final ill ſucceſs, 8. 344.
Deluge, perſonified, 9. 318.
Devotion, a compelled virtue, 4. 259.
——— the daughter of aſtronomy, 9. 770.
Diſeaſe, of the mind demands a moral cure, 2. 46.
Diſcontent, the emblem of mental pains, 8. 900.
——— prejudicial to virtue, 9. 418.
Divines, lukewarm, addreſs to, 7. 521.
Dreams, of the night, ſalutary, 1. 162.
——— of the day, fatal, 1. 163.

E

Earth, our abode there, horrid to contemplation, 3. 325.
——— ſwallowed up in reflections on eternity, 6. 598.
——— its various miracles and beauties, 6. 766.
——— the ſpot of probation only, 7. 40.
Epitaph, on the univerſal rational world, ſuppoſing no reſurrection, 7. 853.
Evils natural, moral goods, 9. 389.
——— occaſioned by man alone, 9. 444.
Example, the force of it pernicious, 5. 153.
——— neglected, when moral, 5. 624.
Experience, what it is, 2. 379.

INDEX.

F

Faith, its momentous leſſons to man, 4. 719.
——— neceſſarily dependant on reaſon, 4. 761.
——— productive of a belief in immortality, 7. 1406.
——— urged from nature and reaſon, 9. 2094 to 2140.
Fame, its follies, 5. 2.
——— the vanity of its reſearches, 6. 234.
——— in a general ſenſe, the fall of glory, 6. 262.
——— the univerſal extent of its deſires, 8. 488.
——— its deceits, 8. 496.
Fancy, unneceſſary in moral contemplation, 9. 1611.
Fate, its ſhocks ſoon eraſed from the mind, 1. 424.
Firmament, moral ſurvey of it, 9. 680.
——— poetical view, 9. 1037.
——— its mathematical glories, 9. 1080.
——— regular arrangements and univerſal order, 9. 1106 to 1132.
——— incomprehenſible wonders, 9. 1133.
Florello, his youth and innocence, 8. 238 to 265.
——— acquaintance with the world productive of a knowledge of vice, 8. 266 to 328.
——— urgent perſuaſions to Lorenzo's reformation, 9. 2148.
Flowers, addreſs to, 3. 124.
Folly, apparent in our miſapplication of time, 2. 166.
Fortitude moral, its excellence, 9. 235.
Fortune, loſt in the ravages of death, 5. 924.
——— leagued againſt mankind, 5. 931.
——— perſonified, 5. 958.
——— renown'd for ſlaughter, 5. 1001.
——— productive of death's approach, 5. 1007.
Free-thinking, its real nature, 7. 1222 to 1272.
Friend, his boſom the ſhrine of happineſs, 2. 516.
——— counſels on the choice of one, 2. 565.
——— his value, 2. 571,
Friends, advantage to be reaped from their death, 3. 277.
——— falſely ſo called, unleſs attached to religion, 4. 766.

Friends, when divided, the ſurvivor dies, 5. 1067.
Friendſhip, its amiableneſs and ſalutary effects, 2. 463.
——— ariſing from love alone, foreign to intereſt, 2. 544.
——— wounded by reſerve and miſtruſt, 2. 561.
Futurity, its pleaſing view, 4. 661.
——— the neceſſary and natural object of man's contemplation, 7. 1435.

G

Genius, its uſurpation and folly, 5. 265.
——— its vanities, 6. 259.
God the Father, addreſs to, 1. 35. 4. 138. 9. 288. 4. 596.
——— invocatory, 6. 660. 8. 134. 9, 1319. 577.
——— as the author of our redemption, 4. 201.
——— his excellence wounded by infidels, 4. 225.
——— his omnipreſence, 9. 1665. 4. 390.
——— his omnipotence, 4. 400.
——— his omnipotence creative, 9. 1282. 1558.
——— his omnipotence evident in his works, 9. 680. 755. 845.
——— his throne local, 4. 404.
——— his attributes, 6. 661. 9. 2214 to 2258. 4. 409.
——— his manifold mercies, 4. 601.
——— his love to mankind, 6. 101.
——— inconſiſtency of contemplating his attributes on a belief of annihilation, 7. 680.
——— the fountain of love and mercy, 7. 931.
——— his horrors in an annihilating view, 7. 950.
——— his juſtice, 7. 1287.
——— his omniſcience, 8. 46. 9. 2192.
——— the rectitude of his proceedings, 9. 453.
——— the incomprehenſibility and unbounded power of, 9. 815 to 844.
——— nocturnal ſurvey of, 9. 1270. 2192.
——— his inconceivable grandeur, 9. 1584.
——— diſcovered by devotion, 9. 1586.

God the Son, digreſſions on the merits and death of, 4. 166.
——— his crucifixion poetically deſcribed, 4. 243. 576.
——— his aſcenſion the proof of immortality, 4. 270.
——— his deſcent on the judgment-day, 9. 175.
——— ſeated on the throne of judgment, 9. 268.
——— his omnipotence, 9. 2259.
——— his manifold mercies, 9. 2347.
Glory, its real nature, 6. 234.
Gold, its luſtre inconſiſtent with virtue, 5. 966.
—— view of its purſuers, 5. 969.
—— the various effects of their purſuit, 5. 985.
—— baſeneſs of its uſual offices, 6. 215.
Grandeur, *real*, view of it, 9. 1059.
Grave, the moral leſſons to be drawn from it, 1. 115.
——— the ſtage of life, 2. 360.
——— a friend's, productive of moral counſel, 5. 372.
Greatneſs, *real*, not concomitant with diſtinction, 8. 427.
——— *imaginary*, the meaneſſes attendant on it, 6. 287.
Grief, of greater efficacy than learning or genius, 5. 253.
—— its excellencies when moral, 8. 763.
Guilt, forgetfulneſs of death, the origin of, 4. 154.
—— its final condemnation, 9. 271.

H

Happineſs, not really exiſtent, 1. 273.
——— the picture of earthly, 4. 798.
——— incongruous with our ideas of it, 6. 201.
——— its reſearches founded on error, 6. 204.
——— an arduous purſuit, 8. 613.
——— contrary to vice, 8. 1338.
——— *worldly*, the origin of miſery, 8. 216.
Heaven, its favours, trials, 1. 329.
Hiſtory, expreſſive of man's misfortunes, 8. 182.
Homer, *Milton*, and *Pope*, addreſs to, 1, 449.
Honours, their effect, 8. 513.
Honeſty, the moſt pleaſing object in the view of the Almighty, 8. 475.

Hope, its excellence, when properly directed, 3. 442.
—— its influence, 7. 107.
—— its nature and progreſſion, 7. 131.
—— its machinations when ill-grounded, 7. 1145.
—— its ineſtimable value when founded on moral futurity, 7. 1459.
Hopes, their continual riſe, 2. 437.
Hours, reflections on our paſt, ſalutary, 2. 376.
Hypocriſy, view of it, 8. 552.

I

Imagination, her effects, 8. 994.
—— her follies, 8. 1004.
Immorality, inconſiſtent with a peculiar clime, 5. 452.
Immortality, the value of it to mankind, 1. 63.
—— perpetual bliſs, 180.
—— its miraculous ſplendor, 6. 156. 176.
—— its beaming luſtre and ſolution, 7. 313.
—— its ſolicitations, 9. 312.
—— its momentous bleſſings, 1. 140.
—— its ſubject neglected by ancient and modern writers, 2. 611.
—— its merits even to ſinners, 4. 306.
—— its nature, 6. 76.
—— its communicative powers with the whole of mankind, 6. 86.
—— its claim to heaven's ſplendor, 6. 92.
—— its real and eternal knowledge, 6. 94.
—— its univerſal value, ſuppoſed as the inheritance of one only, 6. 566.
—— its aſſuaging relief amidſt calamities, 6. 573.
—— its communicative dignity to man, 6. 586.
—— its importance, 7. 992.
—— the transformation of nature occaſioned by it, 4. 502.
—— expoſed to man's contemplation, 6. 164.
—— diminutive when compared with God, 6. 192.
—— unconcerned in ſublunary wiſdom, 8. 1358.
—— excluded from time, 9. 311.

Immortality, view of its regions, 9. 321.
—— perſonified as diſtributing rewards and puniſhments, 9. 336 to 350.
—— the baſeneſs of our ſtate on a diſbelief of it, 2. 338.
—— prov'd by our Saviour's death and aſcenſion, 4. 270.
—— prov'd from the denials of the ancients, 7. 565.
—— prov'd from every ſelected paſſion of the mind, 7. 859.
—— prov'd from the fears of infidels, 7. 1319.
—— the tranſcendency of its views, 8. 1187. 6. 613 66.
—— a ſecondary life, 6. 77.
—— ſentiments ariſing from it, 6. 112.
—— inattention to it, the origin of vice, 6. 366.
—— ſublime reflections occaſioned from it, 6. 541. 556.
—— earthly diſtinction diminiſhed on its conſideration, 6. 581
—— enraptured reflections on it, a laudable enthuſiaſm, 6. 603.
—— folly of incredulity in regard to it, 6. 701.
—— explanatory of man's attributes and paſſions, 7. 104.
—— the indubitable and natural reaſon of its belief, 7. 205.
—— the baſis and ſupport of virtue and creation, 7. 290. 1160. 1172.
—— a proof of God's exiſtence, 7. 979.
—— the ſolution of his deſigns, 7. 1124.
—— the virtuous ſteps conducive to it, 9. 2379.
—— deduced from the life of Philander, 7. 981.
—— deduced from God and nature, 7. 1000 to 1047. 1002 to 1116. 1133.
Infidels, addreſs to be baptiſed, 7. 1195. 4. 234.
—— the hypocrites of Satan, 7. 1331.
Intereſt, baſeneſs of its views, oppoſed by virtue, 5. 468.

INDEX.

J

Joy, unpoſſeſſed by a monopoliſt, 2. 508.
—— inconſiſtent with human purſuits, taſted only in an immortal contemplation, 5. 648.
—— injured by an indulgence of pleaſures, 8. 791.
—— its tranſient exiſtence, when founded on ſublunary purſuits, 8. 801. 1268.
—— its beneficial influence, 8. 815.
—— ſupported by virtue, 8. 826. 9. 401.
—— founded on reaſon, 8. 975. 1342.
—— celeſtial, and univerſal of the bleſt, 9. 352. 2362.
—— its horrors when diſunited from virtue, 9. 2060.
Joys, their different natures, 8. 1036.
—— their future conſequence, 9. 48.
Judgment-day, review of, 4. 691.
———— its introductory ſolemnity, 9. 200.
———— its period unknown, 9. 283.

K

Knowledge, neceſſary, common to mankind in general, 5. 740.

L

Laughter, an immoral comfort, 8. 748.
Law, its malign effects, 5. 996.
Learning, its vanity unleſs communicated, 2. 480.
——— view of its errors, 5. 255.
——— fooliſh beyond moral and reaſonable bounds, 5. 735.
Learned, addreſs to the, 5. 753. 6. 146.
Leiſure-hours, ill conſequences ariſing from them, 2. 125.
Life, the origin of death, 9. 65. 2. 418.
—— its vanities, particularly at the period of age, 3. 310.
—— what is the preſent, 3. 400.
—— viewed comparatively with death, 3. 448.

Life, fondneſs of it condemned, conſidered ſenſually, 3 474.
—— attended with ſatiety, 4. 37.
—— the uncertainty of its duration, 4. 635.
—— its diſguſting iterations, 6. 153.
—— conſidered as animal, 7. 1275.
—— conſidered as rational, 7. 1277.
Litchfield, earl of, addreſs to, 5. 88.
Lorenzo, addreſs to, 1. 321.
——— addreſs to, in favour of reformation, 7. 1342. 1357. 9. 1946.
——— addreſs to, in favour of immortality, 6. 761. 9. 29. 596.
——— final addreſs to, 9. 2401.
——— the ſtate of his mind, 8. 981.
——— his inattention to celeſtial concerns, 9. 1642.
Love, ſelf, the neceſſity and reaſon of it, 7. 170.
—— its influence, 8. 873.
Lyſander and *Aſpaſia*, their hiſtory, 5. 1033.

M

Machiavel, his errors, 8. 329.
Man, reflections on his wonderful formation, 1. 68.
—— unreaſonably attached to the world, 1. 134.
—— his paſſions compared to the variety of ſcenes in the terraqueous globe, 1. 289.
—— bleſt by blindneſs, 1. 313.
—— his foreſight limited, 1. 359.
—— all promiſe, no execution, 1. 421.
—— the final cauſe of his creation, 2. 8.
—— unjuſt in his judgments, 2. 112.
—— the numerous cauſes urging him to a knowledge of himſelf, 2. 292. 4. 484.
—— the origin of every revolution in creation, 2. 302.
—— the neceſſity of a veneration for himſelf, 2. 355. 6. 126.
—— review of his paſſions, 3. 136.
—— his enmity againſt his fellow creatures, 3. 210.
—— his day of diſſolution the centre of felicity, 3. 501.

Man, his real neceſſities few, 4. 118.
—— his demerits contraſted with his redemption, 4. 320.
—— his ſuperior claim to the angels, 4. 441.
—— his appropinquity to divine beings, 4. 462. 327.
—— his griefs neceſſary to his happineſs, 5. 245.
—— his moral pride and ambition laudable, 6. 134.
—— his meanneſs in ſubmitting to worldly intereſts, 6. 222.
—— his nature and reaſon proofs of his guilt, 6. 244.
—— his rational claims, 6. 248.
—— his follies, 6. 354. 389.
—— his conduct inconſiſtent with his greatneſs, 6. 437.
—— his numerous diſcontents, 7. 45.
—— his griefs the emblems of immortality, 7. 57.
—— his real miſeries in an annihilating ſyſtem, 7. 701.
—— his importance, 7. 1060. 1092.
—— his frailty, 8. 72.
—— his different natures, 8. 89.
—— his different purſuits, 8. 154.
—— his fortitude ſhewn in tranquility, 8. 922.
—— his chief and primary leſſon, 8. 1044.
—— his obſtinate folly, 8. 1306.
—— his powers and bliſs unfathomable, 9. 424.
—— loſt, but for redemption, 4. 216.
—— elevated by it, 4. 451.
—— regarded as rational, 4. 521.
—— compared with the angels, 4. 533.
—— wiſe on his death-bed, 4. 842.
—— drawn contrary ways by pleaſure and pride, 5. 17.
—— neceſſity of his meditation on death, 5. 299.
—— truly happy in ſilent contemplation of futurity, 5. 310.
—— view of, drawn from truth, 5. 336.
—— inattentive to the force of moral example, 5. 511.
—— inattentive to that of immortality, 9. 262. 6. 620.
—— led to eternity for relief, 5. 570.
—— ſhould be eſtranged from the world before death, 5. 664.
—— aggrandized by reflections on immortality, 6. 110. 348.

Man, ill qualified for a continuance on earth, 6. 137.
—— viewed comparatively with the brute creation, 7. 291. 6. 240. 7. 1163.
—— unaggrandized by ſtation, 6. 306.
—— exalted by virtue only, 6. 311. 334. 634.
—— ſelf-condemned by pride, 6. 318. 333.
—— in his follies, ſimilar to Nero, 6. 328.
—— view of his ambition between birth and death, 6. 342.
—— ſalutary effect of his reflection on futurity, 6. 370.
—— ennobled by the qualities of reaſon, 6. 470.
—— loſt to ſublunary revolution, in a contemplation of eternity, 6. 745. 588.
—— conſidered as plunged in vice, 6. 634.
—— immortal truths derived from, 7. 20.
—— the final effect of his paſſions, 7. 63.
—— their refinement in a future ſtate, 7. 76.
—— multiplicity of objects demanding his attention, 7. 86.
—— interrogatories in his immature exiſtence anſwered by immortality, 7. 93.
—— attached to heaven by providence, 7. 119.
—— a reproach to heaven, unleſs eternal, 7. 284.
—— attached by inſtinct to ambition, 7. 389.
—— inconſiſtency of his being, on a diſbelief of eternity, 7. 606.
—— the grand engine of his own felicity, 7. 1303.
—— divided in the purſuits of pleaſure, grandeur, and gold, 8. 57.
—— the fallacy of his appearance, 8. 451.
—— conſidered as worldly minded, 8. 868. 9. 1965.
———— as immortal, 8. 1072.
—— the nature of his happineſs, 8. 935.
—— view of the good, 8. 1050. 1083. 1160.
———————— compared with worldly minded, 8. 1094 to 1154.
—— addreſs to, 9. 2075.
Man of the world, an inglorious epithet, 8. 8.
Mankind, addreſs to, on their follies, 2. 234.
Mead, Dr. addreſs to, on the author's recovery, 2. 40.

Mead, Dr. compliment, on his preſent exiſtence, 4. 132.
Mediocrity, its undiſturbed felicity, 6. 506.
Mercy, ſometimes inconſiſtent with juſtice, 4. 233.
Mind, its dignity when attached to ſuperlunary objects, 3. 378.
—— the extremity of its pains, 8. 858.
Misfortune, an equal ſhare allotted to mankind, 1. 237.
—— impartial to every ſtation, 7. 29.
Moon, addreſs to, 1. 214.
—— invocation to, 3. 49
—— productive of contemplation, 5. 179.
—— the connection of her natural and moral influence, 9. 1199.
Monarch, regal in merit, not ſtation, 6. 298.
Morality, the love of the Deity, 4. 781.

N

Narciſſa, her eulogy. 3. 81.
—— reflections on her death, 3. 111.
—— as immature, 5. 898.
—— barbarity of her enemies, 3. 139.
—— her burial, 3. 171.
—— the centre to which the author's ſorrows gravitate, 3. 233.
—— moral leſſons to be derived from her death, 5. 319.
—— her amiable qualities productive of reformation, 5. 592.
—— her youth, 5. 598.
—— her gaiety, 5. 779.
—— her fortune, 5. 902.
—— invocation to, 5. 696.
Nature, painful in many circumſtances, 4. 25.
—— her leſſons to mankind, 4. 703.
—— explanatory of eternal exiſtence, 6. 649. 804.
—— the daughter of the Almighty, 6. 671.
—— alluſion of, to Delphos, 6 675.
—— viewed comparatively with man, 6. 678.
—— diſtinctly, 6. 690.
—— in her gradation, 6. 712.
—— the path of rectitude, 8. 840.

Nature, injured by an oppoſition to conſcience, 8. 845.
——— perfect and beneficial in all her works, 9. 480.
——— productive of reflection and virtue, 9. 905.
——— her arguments in defence of God and morality, 9. 2022.
Night, its influence over the world, 1. 18.
——— invocation to, 9. 20. 3. 26. 4. 187.
——— addreſs to, 9. 549. 1676.
——— favourable to the ſoul, 5. 120.
——— productive of virtuous ſentiments, 5. 177.
——— depictured, 9. 553.
——— its moral leſſons, 9. 655. 720. 2099.
——— the period of vice and conſpiracy, 9. 942.
——— a final farewell to, 9. 2374.
Ningtingale, digreſſory addreſs to the, 1. 440.

O

Ocean, addreſs to, 8. 168.
Orbs, planetary, expreſſive of God's exiſtence, 9. 867.

P

Pain, derived from error, 9. 394.
——— the probation of mankind, 9. 499.
Paſſion, the counterfeit of friendſhip, 2. 522.
——— in regard to religion, a virtue, 4. 640.
Paſſions, the iteration of earthly, 3. 373.
——— more favoured than morality, 5. 47.
——— the inconſiſtency of moral, unleſs there be an eternity, 7. 430.
——— their amiable utility, when guided by reaſon, 7. 540.
Peace, ariſing from wiſdom only, 5. 658.
——— directly oppoſite to ambition, 5. 935.
Phœbus, the author's contempt of, 3. 19.
Philander, reflections on his immature death, 1. 344.
——— moral leſſons to be thence deduced, 2. 15.
——— addreſs to, 2. 447.
——— contemplative, 3. 71.

Philander, his amiable virtues, 2. 584.
——— his future happineſs, 2. 600.
——— his conduct, a legacy to mankind, 2. 670.
——— view of, in the hour of death, 2. 688.
——— his poſthumous counſels to Lorenzo, 9. 2144.
Piety, the ſource of virtue, 8. 691.
——— the origin of good, 8. 697.
——— its general nature, 8. 707.
——— its demerits when lukewarm, 4. 621.
Philoſophers, ancient, their virtue and merits, 9. 974.
Planets, their incredible diſtance, 9. 1224.
Pleaſure, addreſs to the ſons of, 1. 261.
——— enjoyed only by mutual exchange, 2. 515.
——— its conjunctive dominion with pride over man, 7. 405.
——— her depoſition againſt Lorenzo, 7. 477.
——— conſidered as a virtue, 7. 497.
——— her neceſſary and amiable attributes, 8. 533.
——— her different natures, 8. 543.
——— her effects. 8. 559.
——— the origin of virtue, 8. 574.
——— the elder ſiſter of wiſdom, 8. 597.
——— her birth and grandeur, 8. 624.
——— her final purpoſe, 8. 639.
——— conſidered as a vice, 8. 663.
——— falſe, 8. 925.
——— true, 8. 927. 1027.
——— derived from previous pain, 9. 379.
Poets, advice to them to addreſs their invocations to the moon, 3. 37.
Poetry, decently proud, 5. 64.
Policy, the palliation of vice, 8. 366.
Portland, addreſs to the ducheſs of, 3. 29.
Pope, digreſſion on his deceaſe, 7. 6.
Praiſe, due to heaven only, 4. 340.
——— its baſeneſs when directed to mankind, 4. 344.
——— invoked to a return to its priſtine purity, 4. 361.
——— human, its merits, 7. 402.
Prayer, its beneficial influence over man, 8. 721.
Pride, its ſalutary effects, 7. 410.

Pride, a ſecondary guard to virtue, 7. 422.
—— its urgent perſuaſions to the belief of eternity, 7. 848.
Prince, his path to greatneſs, 7. 362.
Procraſtination, the thief of time, 1. 392.
Proſperity, injurious to man, 5. 308. 915.

R

Reality, the ſame on a death-bed with appearance, 2. 642.
Reaſon, the rectitude of its judgment, 2. 450.
—— its compulſion of mankind to truth, 4. 731. 9. 1442.
—— its merits and immortality, 4. 751.
—— baffled by earthly calamities, 5. 225.
—— conſidered as virtue, 5. 422. 430.
—— its ineſtimable wealth, 5. 449.
—— ſuperiority to riches, 6. 535.
—— grandeur when conjoined to piety, 6. 462.
—— misfortune, ſuppoſing a dormant ſtate, 7. 759.
—— viewed as interrogating ſenſe and fancy, 5. 450.
—— viewed comparatively with inſtinct, 7. 81.
Relapſe, the author's, productive of ſome advantage, 5. 279.
Religion, perſonified, her effects, 4. 550.
—— abſurd and erroneous, on a belief of annihilation, 7. 716.
Repentance, its merits, 4. 312,
Riches, their vanity, 6. 483.
—— a more ſevere, tho' refined poverty, 6. 487.
—— a never-ceaſing diſeaſe, 6. 507.
—— unſtable and deluſive, 6. 525.
—— attendant only on a compliance with nature, 6. 530.

S

Satan, receiving the ſentence of judgment, 9. 275.
Sea, view of its miraculous formation, 6. 775. 786.

INDEX.

Seaſons, regular ſucceſſion of, 6. 680.
Senſe, plain, its beneficial effects, 6. 278.
Silence, the daughter of night, 1. 28.
——— invocation to, 1. 28.
Sleep, introductory reflections on it, 1. 1.
Solitude, not exiſting in a contemplation of God, 3. 6.
Socrates, fond of nocturnal contemplation, 5. 181.
Sorrow, its ſalutary influence, 1. 295.
Soul, its immortality proved by the phantaſms of night, 1. 90.
—— acts with double force on a midnight intercourſe with heaven, 5. 198.
—— its neceſſary dignity, 5. 456.
—— view of its nightly contemplation, 9. 1015.
Speech, the canal of thought, 2. 469.
Spirit, invocatory addreſs to the unknown, 5. 97.
——- holy, connected in the Trinity, 9. 2275.
——- his attributes, 9. 2284.
Stars, their grandeur and moral influence, 9. 746.
—— the volubility of their motions, 9. 1092.
—— the thrones of angels, 9. 1156.
—— conſecrated manſions, 9. 1879.
—— addreſs to, 9. 1306. 1358.
Suicide, view of its baleful effects, 5. 436.
——— originating from a life of vice, 8. 1326. 5. 476.
Superſtition, its baleful influence in regard to Narciſſa, 3. 161.

SIMILIES.

The author's ſorrows, to the locuſts on Nile, 3. 237.
———————— to a ſhepherd, 4. 89.
———————— to Curtius, 8. 1393.
———————— to a traveller, 9. 1. 512.
———————— to Job, 9. 1687.
———————— to Eridanus, 9. 1900.
———————— to Dædalus, 5. 243.
Body and ſoul, their diſagreement, to man and wife, 2. 175.
Converſe, to a menage, 2. 491.

INDEX.

A chriſtian, to Uriel, 7. 1354.
An inattentive mortal, to Bellerophon, 7. 24.
Death, to a beſieging army, 6. 21.
Deaths, to Mercuries, 7. 4.
——— admonition, to ſhafts ſhot upwards, 4. 158.
Emulation, to a ſpur, 2. 492.
Eternity, to the leviathan, 8. 34.
Falſe ambition, to an idiot gazing in the mud, 6. 396.
—— pleaſure, to Cain, 8. 929.
God reflected by nature, to the ſun by the ſea, 9. 1005.
Deities, to ſummer ſwarms, 9. 266.
The grave, in regard to the author's calamities, to Cerberus, 7. 1259.
Glories of eternity to the Almighty, as a floweret to the ſun, 6. 196.
Grandeur, to a mitt at diſtance, 8. 1214.
Happineſs, feeble, to Vulcan, 8. 995.
Joys, to the reflection of ſpires in the water, 5. 1041.
Life, to a brook, 5. 401.
—— to a veſſel, 5. 410.
—— its deſcent, to a plain, 2. 438.
—— to a paper, 5. 719.
Learning, to the beams of the morn, 5. 750.
Lorenzo, to Prometheus, 8. 420.
Man, the days of the good, to the Sybil's books, 5. 360.
—— to a ſtately oak, 5. 1014.
—— productive of his own felicity, to Eve gazing on the lake, 6. 435.
—— the good, to Kouli Kan, 8. 522.
Merit, to a mountain on approach, 8. 1217.
Misfortune, to a ſevere creditor, 1. 417.
Moment, to a fickle, 1. 192.
Moral impreſſions, to letters on the ſands, 5. 514.
Nature, to an earthquake, 9. 265.
Narciſſa's Gaiety, to the Jewiſh oracle of gems, 5. 780.
Nature's circle to a chariot-wheel, 3. 390.
Night, to a widow, 9. 1976.

Philander, to a roſe, 1. 357.
——— to a flower, 2. 688.
——— his glories, to the wings of a bird tinged with the ſun's rays, 2. 597.
Paſſions, to Nebuchadnezzar, 7. 533.
Pleaſure, to a lark, 5. 20.
——— its ſtream, to Euphrates, 8. 656.
——— true, to Narciſſus, 8. 930.
Pride, to an eagle, 5. 19.
—— to a hooded hawk, 6. 324.
—— to the delphic prieſteſs, 7. 595.
Pride and ſenſuality, to a vulture, 8. 408.
Preſent day, to a ſtruggling bird, 4. 813.
Proſperity, to a comet, 5. 916.
Reaſon (on the ſubject of death) to Jehu, 4. 705.
Sleep, to the world, 1. 2.
Sun, its ſhadow, compared to life, 2. 421.
Soul, riſing to virtue, to a diſcharged priſoner, 4. 563.
Toys at our laſt moments, compared with cities to a ſinking veſſel, 2. 70.
Time paſt and miſpent, to the Parthian, 2. 334.
Thought, the exchange of it, to conflicting waves, 2. 485.
Wiſhes, to ſhadows in their increaſe, 5. 662.
World, to the moon, 3. 424.
——— its glories, to a ſeven-fold ſhield, 6. 754.

T

Taſte, the faſhionable, 3. 347.
Tears, their ſalutary contents, 5. 516.
——— various kinds and effects, 5. 524 to 531.
——— a conſcientious debt, 5. 537.
—— their additional luſtre to the eye, 5. 540.
—— ſolitary, 5. 547.
——— irrational, 5. 551.
——— cuſtomary and of ſhort duration, 5. 562.
——— productive of more follies, 5. 568.
Temperance, never to be exempted from diſeaſe, 1. 268.

Theatres,

Theatres, converſant with death, 9. 73.
Thought, its neceſſary connection with converſe, 2. 455.
——— influence borrowed from truth, 5. 208.
——— productive of real joy, 5. 643.
——— converted into pain on the belief of annihilation, 7. 674.
Time, reflections on its volubility, 1. 54.
——— on the man who knows its value, 2. 325.
——— Its perpetual revolutions, 1. 189.
——— value apparent in our laſt moments, 2. 51.
——— omnipotence, 2. 194.
——— origin, attributes, and attendants, 2. 205 to 222.
——— diſunion from man, an irreparable calamity, 2. 226.
——— value deducible from nature, 2. 285.
——— volubility, 4. 809.
——— leſſons to mankind, 7. 2.
——— avarice of it laudable, 2. 25.
——— the neceſſity of man's contemplation on it, 2. 103.
——— our averſion to its duration, 2. 130.
——— in advance concealed, viſible when paſt 2. 139.
——— our miſuſe of it, 2. 149.
——— preſent, the return of time paſt, 2. 316.
——— perſonified on the day of judgment, 9. 297.
——— the immoral metamorphoſe of it, 9. 665.
Triſles, man's continual and earneſt purſuit of them, 2. 258.
Truth, evident on a death-bed, 2. 825.
——— of God's council, 2. 828.
——— its unavoidable conviction, 2. 836.
——— beneficient effects, 2. 328.

U

Urania, the author's favourite muſe, 8. 24.
Unbelief, occaſioned by pride, 9. 1365.

INDEX.

V

Vanity, its impotence and fatal conſequences, 2. 177.
Vice, its nature, 8. 886.
—— united with hypocriſy, 8. 1312.
Virtue, her effects in regard to time, 3. 366.
———— appropinquity to celeſtial beings, 3. 434.
———— ſuperiority to genius, 6. 282.
———— amiable ſtability, 6. 477.
———— nature, 7. 143. 8. 888.
———— lovelineſs, allowing man's immortality, 7. 218.
———— ſubjection to misfortune, 8. 384.
———— infected by the world, 5. 139.
———— ſhaken by trifling cauſes, 5. 146.
———— the peculiar object of the mind, 5. 772.
———— the abſurdity of its ſyſtems unaſſiſted by immortality, 7. 155. 173 to 200. 703.
———— contraſted with vice, 7. 240.
———— inconſiſtency of ſearching her rewards on earth, 7. 250.
———— the manifold neceſſity of it, 9. 2044.

W

Want and Diſeaſe, filters, 1. 253.
Warnings, the alarms they ſhould excite, 2. 402.
Wealth, its real nature, 6. 234.
Wiſdom, the means of happineſs, 2. 498.
———— without it, folly, 2. 501.
———— extracted from friendſhip, 2. 533.
———— delighted with ſolitude, 5. 169.
———— that of the world, 6. 381.
———— ſimilar to the Sibylline oracles, 5. 347.
———— abſurd, unleſs aſſiſted by immortality, 7. 230. 258. 8. 1410.
———— her character, 8. 914.
———— her grandeur, 8. 1247.
———— compared with wit, 8. 1254.
Wiſhing, its numerous follies, 4. 71.

Wit, a deification of the brute, 5. 13.
—— the transformations occaſioned by it, 5. 28.
—— injurious to virtue, 5. 30.
—— more diſtant from wiſdom than folly, 5. 273.
—— its chicaneries, 8. 1225.
—— nature and origin, 8. 1238.
Wit, half, the folly of it, 8. 1266.
Woes, fond of a cluſter, 3. 63.
World, emblematical of the Creator in the view of night, 4. 385.
—— productive of evil principles, 5. 163.
—— conſidered as tranſient, 8. 148.
—— its deceits and flatteries, 8. 333.
—— either conducive to virtue or vice, 8. 376.
—— the knowledge of it neceſſary, 8. 1275.
—— deaf to the voice of immortality, 8. 1375.
—— addreſs to, in favour of eternity, 8. 1385.
Woman, her deceits, 8. 119.

Y

Yorke, addreſs to Mr. 4. 1.
Youth, its fondneſs for action, 8. 180.
—— various ſucceſs, 8. 188.
—— final misfortunes, 8. 210.

Directions to the BINDER for placing the CUTS.

1. The Frontiſpiece with Dr. Young's Head, to face the Title to Vol. I.
2. Philander on his Death-bed, page 20.
3. Dr. Young lamenting the Death of Philander, page 57.
4. Dr. Young and his Servant burying, by Night, his Daughter Narciſſa, page 125.
5. Narciſſa's Monument, page 176.
6. The Infidel reflecting on Eternity, page 229.
7. Place the Title of Vol. II. before page 301.
8. The view of a Country Church-Yard, as a Frontiſpiece to Vol. II.
9. The Reſurrection of Chriſt, page 385.
10. The Archangel calling to Judgment, before the Laſt Day.
11. Job and his Three Friends, before the Paraphraſe on Job.

LIST